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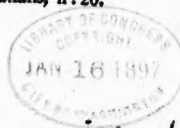
HENRY OSTROM, Milwaukee, Wis.

OUT OF THE CAIN-LIFE
INTO THE CHRIST-LIFE.

BY

REV. HENRY OSTROM,
EVANGELIST.

Not as Cain.—I John, iii : 12.
Christ liveth in me.—Galatians, ii : 20.



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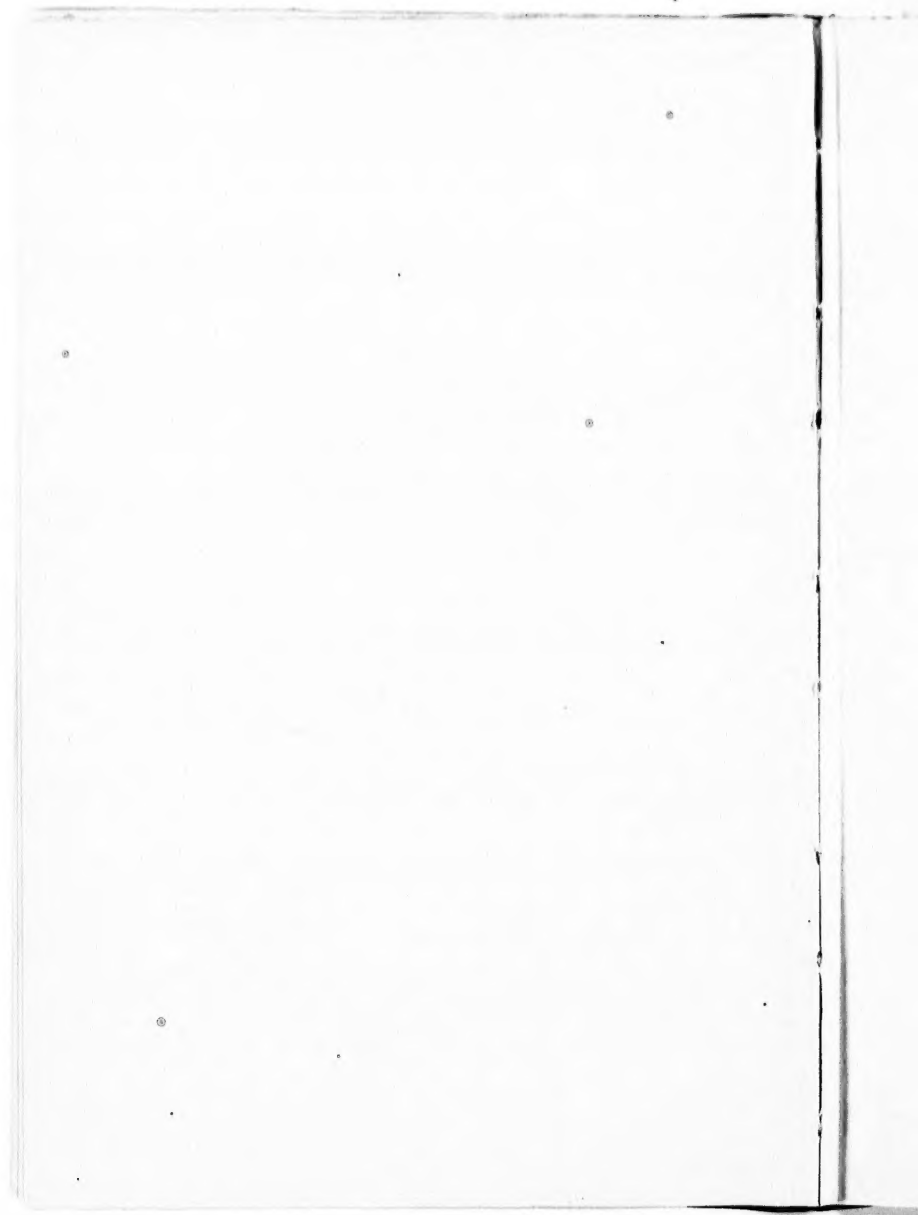
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TO MY DEVOTED WIFE.



PREFACE.

An apology for the appearance of this little book would be superfluous. An all but limitless subject calls for a plentitude of expressions. More hewers will yet be needed before a clear path through the forest of *self* has been hewn out.

These chapters have grown forth during my three years' labors as an Evangelist. During these years the conviction has thrilled my very soul that Mercy, Kindness and Love must be set forth unbecloved before the people of this age. Our diminutive life will never sweep out into its intended vastness until the gentler graces flow into the most delicate and extreme channels of the being.

The coming victory of the Kingdom of Heaven waits only upon true unity of spirit among the people called Christians. Let the *Christ-spirit* supplant the *Cain-spirit* and we shall not so readily wonder what Jesus meant when yet standing upon this earth he said to Nicodemus, "Even the Son of Man which is in heaven." for in that spirit heaven meets earth and laps over it.

Should these pages prove to be the Holy Spirit's

messengers of help to any, then those aged and younger people who have requested their publication and assisted in their production will find eternal fruitage from their words.

They have been written in the midst of active undertakings in my evangelistic work, and if it should appear in any instance that the lines of thought show a very light touch of the pen, the reader can always find the key to the meaning of my message in the words of a Christian Philanthrophist, "People seem to forget that it is manly to be godly."

HENRY OSTROM.

NOTE.—Most of the Scripture quotations used in this book are taken from the Revised Version.

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THE CAIN-LIFE.

"The Bible will be honest with you, and while it makes all admissions, on certain grounds, as to what differentiates you from other people who are dishonorable and dishonest and have broken vows outwardly it goes straight into the conscience and says, 'After all you are a sinner, you are smitten with an incurable disease which knows no remedy save the knowledge and experience of which come not from earth but straight and miraculously from heaven.'"

REV. JOHN MACNEIL.

And the Lord said unto Cain, where is Abel thy brother? And he said I know not: Am I my brother's keeper? And he said what hast thou done?—Genesis, IV: 9, 10.

"And apart from races we deem barbarous, is not the passion for dominion and wealth and power accountable for the worst chapters of cruelty and oppression written in the world's history? Few people—perhaps none—are free from this reproach. What indeed is true civilization? By its fruit you shall know it. It is not dominion, wealth, material luxury, nay, not even a great literature and education, widespread—good though these be. Civilization is not a veneer; it must penetrate to the very heart and core of societies of men. Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for woman, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation or religion, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile; ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice. Civilization in that, its true, its highest sense, must make for peace."

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL,

Lord Chief Justice of England.

THE CAIN-LIFE.

WHERE the fields of art bear their newest growths, the head of Cain, the first-born of Adam and Eve, is rising into prominence. In the art galleries of Europe and America the traveler is surprised to find this man pictured and sculptured so often. That it would be an unspeakably blessed circumstance if the spirit of this first son of humanity could be entirely banished from our race, so that it finds expression nowhere upon earth, saving in stone or on canvas, there to remind all men of their deliverance from the Cain-life until they rejoice and serve in the very spirit of Jesus the Christ, shall be the burden of the message here set forth.

"Not as Cain," says the aged apostle John when he would plainly present to the people "a model to avoid," for Cain "was of that wicked one, and slew his brother," when jealousy had grasped him as if soul and body had been grasped and thrown down against the righteous conduct of Abel. If, as so many think, Eve really believed that her first-born was the Messiah, how sadly disappointed she must have felt when

her bruised hopes lay at the feet of this cringing, self-excusing murderer. But whatever she may have thought, either then or previously about the mission of her boy, she knew that she was his own mother and you and I know that Cain is our own brother!

Yes. Cain, too, is our brother. *He* might all but disown that dear bond with Abel, but we can not disown Cain. The poor murderer. Opportunity has been piled up into heights since he thrust his brother down, and the word "brother" has always been kept higher than opportunity, for that word does not abide in the mere letter of the law. It breathes the spirit of the deathless law of love. So, we can not disown Cain. {The pity is that we have been like smaller or younger brothers copying his ways and drinking of his spirit instead of nobly setting up the standard of love to attract our fellow men from the Cain-spirit. For this sad reason our kinship is to be deplored. That we can not disown it may appear more real to us as we consider how our hands have been lifted in the very same positions as Cain's and our hearts too have burned with the same slaying heat, while God said to us "Where is thy brother?"

But there has appeared amid the centuries another brother, even Jesus the Christ. We may

well wish to wash our lips as we apply such a title as "Brother" to him whose every act and word stand forth in history as the light and life of men. But let us by faith claim the kinship with him and seek to find all our fellow men in this family, in the kinship of which life is given rather than taken, and salvation rather than murder is written over the door of the heart.

The elevator of human history fell with a crash when man became a sinner. Adam was in that falling elevator. And the splinters flew everywhere. They wounded Cain. They have since been festering the race. Adam sinned directly against God, Cain sinned directly against man. Adam excused himself by casting the blame upon the woman, Cain excused himself by pleading ignorance. Adam was a rebel, Cain was a murderer.

What heart can conceive the awful change which must have come into the nature of Adam when he undertook to hide away from God. But would not the change in the relation between man and man be equally marked and awful, how awful did not really appear until Cain had caused the blood of his brother to flow out upon the unforgiving earth.

I desire you to study with me not so much the act of Cain as the spirit of the man. The Cain-spirit, the Cain-life is a murderous life. We

must not over-estimate the extent to which this spirit has affected us, for this would be to slander humanity, but on the other hand we may well pray to be kept from condoning or overlooking it, lest, deceiving ourselves, we lower the standard of character, and when you lower that you can heighten nothing.

That murderous spirit has scattered its contagion among humanity until there is a little murder in us all. Anger, strife, scorn, heartless competition, malice, wrath, the look of reproach, the unforgiving spirit, these would never have been known to exist between man and man had not the Cain-spirit crimsoned the race. The drooping arms of Cain form on either side the water-shed of the human race. See how instead of the tropical gulfs of peace and good will among men, receiving ever fresh and full supply, this murderous spirit has sent forth the chilly waves of rebellion and anger until they have become frozen into treacherous heights against which the millions have dashed into shipwreck. Had Cain raised his right hand unto his God and lowered his left hand helpfully to his brother, peace on earth, good will among men might this very moment have charmed the whole race into the REST of its God.

Then man would have lived for his fellows, each man would have been a benediction to all other men

—no conflict, no discord, but sweetest accord and harmony would have prevailed. The united whole family would have abode in peace, and each man's character would have been a pure fountain out of which his fellows would have drunken, each in turn, producing an increase of benedictions for the other so naturally that even angels would have had a joy in it, all free from astonishment as they would have said, "Behold how these children love each other."

But how wide the contagion has spread, how plentiful the poisonous crop which has grown from the Cain-spirit. At its root it may appear to be little more than self-assertion, or self-independence. Now any man can assert his own independence, yes, any devil can do that much, but it took the Son of God to be great enough to make himself of no reputation, taking upon him the form of a servant, to lay down his life for the world. Self-assertion! Yes, indeed, little children have had their happy hours blighted and blasted with its murderous sweep. Oh, the pity of it! Two little children could not play together without the quarrel. A sweet little girl of four years was talking very rapidly and eagerly to her father, who had returned home after a prolonged absence. Her little brother, who was two years her senior, whispered humorously to the father, "She thinks she is mistress here, don't

she?" The little girl immediately requested of the father to tell her what her brother had said, when the following episode occurred:

Father: "Oh, it's a secret between him and me, you never mind."

Little daughter cries piteously.

Father: "My darling, you must not cry so. Why I thought you were having such a nice time; now let us go right on with our visit."

Little daughter: "I want to know what he said when he whispered to you."

Father: "My son, tell her what you said to me."

The little boy: "No, papa, she does not need to know what I said."

Father: "Yes, my son, you tell her."

The little boy: "No, papa, I don't want to."

Father: "My son, you must tell your sister what you said."

Little boy: "I said that you thought that you were mistress around here."

Little daughter greatly increases her crying.

Father: "My son, throw your arms about your little sister's neck and tell her you are sorry to have grieved her."

Little boy: "I don't want to."

Father: "Yes, my dear, you must tell her you are sorry. Throw your arms about her neck and kiss her, right away."

The act is done.

Little daughter: "Papa, he did not kiss me at all, he just put his lips up against my face."

The father: "My son, I can not tell you again—throw your arms about your sister's neck, kiss her and tell her you are sorry."

The hearty spirit of forgiveness was evident, the crying had ceased, the visit was resumed, and the children were once more under the dominion of love; but through all the preceding stages of this episode there was evident the Cain-spirit. The little children who belong to Jesus, and who are the heirs of his kingdom, find the same tempter who induced Cain to slay his brother blighting their play hours with a deadly spirit of strife.

They grow up, until a dozen summers have passed and the little school quarrels come; less than a dozen more years have passed, and the unwillingness to speak with each other or the opposition in conversation against each other comes into the field. At mid-age and in old age the strife becomes hot, intense, and spiteful. Plots and murders are but the outbreakings of the same, one, common spirit; it gets into the nations, it gets into the churches, it gets into the families. Andrew Murray has said, "In these later times, even the baptism of the Holy Spirit is a cause of separation. Let us learn not to ex-

pect that all should think the same or express themselves in the same way; let our first care be to exercise love, gentleness, kindness. We often think we are vallant for the truth, and we forget that God's word commands us *to speak the truth in love.*"

Men are known to live within a hundred yards of their fellow men for twenty years without speaking to them. Members of the same family will live in the same city for years without greeting each other; and if they resolve that they will come out of this awful thralldom of the Cain-life they find it next to impossible to do it. A woman who was a member of the Christian church arose in a prayer meeting one morning and said, "I would like to be excused from this meeting. I want to go and see a friend of mine to whom I have not spoken for three years. She lives in this city and I must see her." That woman retired from the meeting and appeared again at the afternoon service. When asked if she had succeeded in meeting that neighbor, with whom she had not spoken for so long, she answered, "No, I went to her home three times but failed to gain admission." "Could not we help you find her? How far away does she live?" "Oh," said the woman, "she lives less than three blocks from my home. She is my sister." Here were two people born of the same mother, nursed at the

same bosom, rocked in the same cradle and called by the same surname, living in the same city, so thoroughly enslaved by the Cain-spirit that they had not spoken to each other for three years.

In one of my meetings there sat a man whose face wore the expression of intelligence but who appeared very much dejected. At the close of the meeting I said to him, "My friend, are you in trouble?" "Well," said he, "I am a church member and I do not think I am living right." "Then," said I, "do you know what the difficulty is?" After deep sighing with many nervous gestures, he replied, "Yes, I have an uncle living in this city, and between him and me there arose a difference some years ago, and we have not spoken to each other during all these years. I feel that I ought to go and see him, but he does not profess to be a Christian and I do not know how he will receive me." He promised to see his uncle about the matter that night. He consented that I should accompany him until we came to the corner of the street which led up to the home of his uncle, then he told me that he would go alone and that all would be well. I wished him the abundant blessing of God upon his splendid decision and bade him good-night. Next day he sat in the meeting the picture of dejection still. After we had concluded the public service I approached him and asked him how

he succeeded with his uncle. "O," said he, "I went right up to the door of his house, but I could not go in." Then he promised me that he would go and see his uncle immediately. That night he returned, O, so dejected. I approached him again and said, "You have not seen your uncle." "No, sir," said he. Then we prayed together. He wept and pleaded with God to grant him grace sufficient to make him strong enough to speak to that uncle. Ah! the struggle. The next time I saw this man he was approaching me on the street, his head was erect, his step was elastic and his face was beaming. Before he had gotten near enough to me for us to shake hands, he said, "I saw my uncle. It is all right now." "Well," said this conqueror, fresh out of the Cain-life, "I went into the house and told my uncle about the difference. I said that I had always thought he was in the fault in the matter, but I could plainly see now that I had not shown him the spirit of Christ, and I had made up my mind to live a Christly life henceforth and I wished him to forgive me for not having done so before. O, you should have seen him; he threw his hands down on the arms of the chair and said, 'I could not have done it, I could not have done it.'" No, the natural man can not from the heart perform such a great act, neither

can he account for it, but when he sees it an impression of the divine presence affects his soul.

A vast revival undertaking was practically snow-bound with a yard of carpet about which two prominent church members had quarreled, and we did not know that the quarrel existed until they confessed it and forgave each other; then the revival proceeded. Another revival was full-fledged in a day, by a Sunday-School superintendent and a leading church worker giving up disagreement and each requesting the other's prayers. Over and over and over again this truth is verified beyond the shadow of a question, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples when ye have love one to another." When sermons and songs and arguments, when pleadings and strugglings have failed, the spirit of Christian love will make a channel through which the Holy Ghost will reach the hardest infidel in the community. These cases are rather typical than extreme. The Cain-spirit is not incidental, it is in the flavor of the natural character, and when analyzed Paul calls it "bitterness."

1. The New Testament description of the natural man is very explicit. When I say the natural man I use the word "natural" in its commonly accepted meaning. Really to become a Christian is in the highest sense to become natu-

ral, for as William Arthur has said, "As sinners our nature is unnatural."

Let us look at some of these descriptions of the natural man as given in the New Testament. "From that time forth began Jesus to show unto his disciples how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day. Then Peter took him and began to rebuke him, saying, be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee. But he turned and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me Satan; thou art an offense unto me; for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men. Then Jesus said unto his disciples, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." Matt. xvi: 21-25.

See how clearly Jesus teaches here that the natural man is an unsacrificial being; he does not believe in going to his Calvary but rather the opposite. That very spirit which made the Cæsars build their thrones upon the sufferings of their fellow men is the spirit of the natural man. That very spirit of the Pueblo Indian which made him scalp a white man that he might himself inherit some ability which the white man had, so that

the more scalps he could fasten to his girdle the more of other men's abilities he thought he had captured—that is the spirit of the natural man and is it not the Cain-spirit? Christ came into the world, teaching us greatness in sacrifice, "Take up your cross and follow me." I think if he were saying it to-day he would use some such expression as, "Follow me to the very gallows or to the electrocutioner's chair." "Lose your life," saith he. The natural man does not believe in it, and were it not for those mild etchings represented by such types of character as that of the mother, we would hardly find a vestige of a hint of the sacrificial left in the race. It was no mere touch of insight into human character which caused Isaiah to say: "Cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils." I do not mean now to say simply that man is a sinner and unreliable by nature, but I mean that my reader and I shall so see man that we shall know that the sacrificial life is not naturally welcome to him. Man has not only lost his loyalty to God, but he has lost that holy charm of the divine nature which has been the secret of all mercy ever shown to needy rebels. Poor selfish soul, afraid of circumstances and afraid of death, bethink thee God made thee to have dominion and to rule, but never canst thou take thy victorious position until thou hast the sacrificial spirit.

2. The natural man is given to mingle religion and worldliness. When Jesus said to the people, "Ye can not serve God and mammon," and "No man can serve two masters," he had just drawn a remarkable picture of business shrewdness, closing it up with the expression of the sacrificial spirit in business, and Luke says, "Immediately the Pharisees who were lovers of money heard all these things and they scoffed at him." Jesus replied, "That which is exalted among men is abomination in the sight of God." (See Luke, ch. 16.) Here Jesus used the word "men" as he did in the previous case when speaking to Peter. Why did he not say that which is exalted of the devil? Or, when speaking to Peter, why did he not say thou mindest not the things of God but the things of the devil. No, in each case he uses the word "men."

The natural man has the Cain-spirit, and he wants to mingle religion and worldliness. Christ came proclaiming God as the manager of business, saying in his message, "Seek first the kingdom of God," promising clothing and food to be added. He would have nothing secular; he would lift every necessary toil and business transaction up into the sacred realm, and make life, all life, religious. But the natural man has shut this out from his view; he sees what he calls prosperity; he does not see God. He talks about making a living, forgetting

that making a living is surely the least duty in this life. He proposes to exhale righteousness before he has inhaled it. He would shut the whole universe out from his vision by holding a penny before each eye. Worldliness is blind. It is money-blind.

3. The natural man is a vain-glorious being. "How can ye believe," says Christ, "which receive glory one of another, and the glory that cometh from the only God ye seek not."—John v: 44. Just ten verses preceding this Jesus said, "The witness I receive is not from man." Now, Christ loves the witness of the regenerated man, but man as he is, the natural man can not bring acceptable witness to the Christ. Jesus could not exalt and commend Herod, but he could exalt and commend Mary Magdalen after she was saved, for she had lost the Cain-spirit and found true character. The natural man does not reckon values properly; he does not see the worth of Jesus. Jesus came, completely changing the idea of greatness. The natural man believes that it is great to be exalted. Jesus teaches that it is great to serve. The Cain-spirit kills the brother, the Jesus-spirit prays for its murderers. Oh, let us lose our vain-glory, and find to-day that humility which comes from the very life of the Spirit of God. Your lamp turned up too high will smoke and sputter; turn it down and it will

give light to all the family. The light of the soul appears when burnished with service.

4. The natural man is spiteful. Said Jesus to his disciples, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." Matt. x:22. He had told the disciples that men would deliver them up. He warned them to beware of men. He did not here say beware of Satan, but of men. The natural man is spiteful. In the 18th chapter of Matthew's Gospel a record is made of Jesus' touching parable of the king who forgave his servant, being moved with compassion; and the servant in turn taking his fellow servant who owed him, by the throat says, "Pay what thou owest." He refused all pleas and cast his fellow-servant into prison. Then the king said, "Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt because thou besoughtest me; shouldst not thou also have had mercy on thy fellow-servant, even as I had mercy on thee?" The servant is delivered to the tormentors and Jesus adds, "So shall my Heavenly Father do unto you if ye forgive not every one his brother *from your hearts*. This spiteful spirit may not come out in words or deeds, but it is in the man and to be a Christian implies its banishment.

A young man who was near death professed to give himself to Christ. He had been an avowed infidel. One morning he said, "O, I trust I am

saved, but the slightest mistake my wife makes in arranging my pillows or anything else about my room makes me so angry." When told that he must not speak hastily to his young wife, for it might grieve her sadly in after years, he said "I do not say anything, but I feel it, I feel it." What is an expression of heated anger but the emphasis of this vicious spirit, made noticeable by some special strategy of the enemy.

5. The natural man is jealous. How the following words burn into our feelings as we write them, "Pilate knew that for envy the chief priests had delivered Christ up." Matt. xxvii: 18. Paul says, "Whereas there is among you jealousy and strife; are ye not carnal and walk after the manner of men." Now, mark you, he does not say after the manner of Satan, but men, natural men. Jealousy and strife are almost living forms. You can almost photograph them. When two people are under the influence of either the one or the other of these vices, it is as if a third person of hideous appearance and hellish character sat in the same room with them. You can almost see the finger in the mouth, and hear the defiant clap of the foot upon the floor, and this awful power so common to the natural man is all but a visible spirit, is the Cain-spirit. On its account Christ was delivered up. Is there no sacred place on earth, no lovely order, no prec-

ious aim, no holy shrine on earth, where Satan will not dare intrude with this awful spirit?

In great church assemblies, amid the city missionaries and even the foreign missionaries, by the coffins of the dead, and close to the cross of the Son of God, men will debate who shall be greatest. And if these things do occur in places of such sacred vows and noble ambitions, who but the Son of God would be strong enough to endure for one moment the awful disharmony of the multitudes who willfully reject the way of love and life. The natural man is anti-Christian. "If I were still pleasing men, I would not be the servant of Christ."

We may well tremble with eagerness to have introduced to the soul's vision Christ's estimate of man's relation to his fellows, bearing in mind meanwhile that the measure of the stature of Christ is perfect manhood. And if man may readily learn truth by contrast, then surely Jesus presents an overwhelming claim for his study. We seem to forget what a revelation in thinking and in estimating character Jesus wrought during his brief ministry on this earth in the flesh. He is the Man from above; the second Adam, the Life, the Way. Men did not rush to him in allegiance. They questioned, they argued, they started and withdrew again; they

prayed and despised again; but the contrast made evident the Christ as the ideal man.

If a considerate father could find a perfect man who was willing to live with his boy, to instruct him and to inspire him, and to call his son up in fellowship with himself, think you that he would not be willing to undergo any kind or degree of hardship or sacrifice to have that son under the influence of such a man. But the perfect man has appeared, and we are welcome not only to his influence but to his life, his thrill, himself.

To be Christly is to be a man. Only in so far as we fill out this ideal in our characters have we regained true manhood.

Trace along those drooping arms of Cain, the warping of human influence, radically in contrast with the Christian ideal for "the Lord taketh pleasure in his people;" and the only way by which you or I can serve the Lord is by using the life he imparts to us, in the service of humanity.

My praises will never glorify God except they come from a heart eager also to glorify humanity. My prayers can not ascend acceptably to the Father in Heaven unless they carry in their embrace my brother upon earth. There is not an "I" or a "me" or a "my" in all the Lord's Prayer—it is all "our" and "us" and "they." In the condemnation pronounced against the rich man there is no declaration of any other wrong in

his life excepting that he did not provide for Lazarus, his poor brother. He fared sumptuously every day, he was clothed in rich apparel, and he withheld help from the poor man laid at his gate. That rich man could not possibly find any other way to serve God but by serving Lazarus. Lazarus had been laid at his gate; he was the very embodiment of need. God could have fed him as in the case of Elijah by employing ravens, but the rich man was the proper instrument for God's use in this event, just as Philip the Evangelist was the proper instrument for God's use when the Ethiopian eunuch needed very plain instruction concerning the way of Life. Jesus was ever emphasizing this upon the attention of the people in his words and in his practices. Take those remarkable sayings of his uttered on the mountain-side. I am glad we do not have to call them sermons, because we are so apt to fill in the thought with certain peculiar interpretations of the occasion when we think of sermons. They must be about so long and so deep, and so thin and so thick. The method of preparation, method or quality of reception must all be reckoned into the estimate, before we can tell whether they are good sermons or not. But Jesus did not call this wonderful mountain-side deliverance a sermon. "These sayings of mine"—just a saying, you know, some truth told so that you are captured

by the truth rather than the telling. The jewel appears more prominent than the setting.

In these wonderful sayings Jesus teaches ten specific duties toward man, every one of which implies great gentleness, and tenderness, and love. Only once in all these sayings does he warn us against humanity. Here it is, "Beware of false prophets." As if to say, keep in touch with God, do not let man side-track you, serve man but do not follow man, follow God. Do not demand of him, make no claims against him, but help him. How prominently this is seen in the wording of the Golden Rule, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" not demand of them, but do to them. Ah, yes, surely this is the way of life, that we should "by love serve one another." Again in that wonderful summing up of affairs in the 25th Chapter of the Gospel of Matthew the justification of those on the right hand is based upon what they did for their fellows, and the condemnation of those on the left hand is based upon what they did not do when their fellows were in need of help. Here were the hungry, the sick, the prisoners, the strangers; the one "fed" and "visited" and "gone unto" and "taken in;" the other class, "fed not" "gone not unto," "visited not" and "taken not in." Now right here Jesus gives the great reason

which lies deep under all this interpretation of Christianity, when he says, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me," or again, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these ye did it not unto me." Christ has identified himself with humanity, born in human flesh, associated with human company, going over the human path of death, calling himself the Son of Man and saying that his children are to be in him as he is in the Father. Hence when I come to serve Christ I must look about me to find him. Then he says to me, "Here I am, and here, and here also." This man is sick, this man wayward, this poor, here is another child of want, here is your enemy, yonder is the wild-hearted woman, here is the vicious criminal, again there is the degraded nature where scarcely an expression of the divine remains to identify it with the Christ, here the poor, drivelling fetish-worshipper. "Would you serve me" Jesus says, "then find me among these." Thus Mrs. J. Fowler Willing, speaking of poor girls and boys who are employed in the cigarette factories of New York, says, "The really pathetic part of the case is the fact that Christ wanders alone and uncared for through the streets."

There is that wonderful expression of godliness written in the 13th Chapter of 1st Corinthians. Look at how Paul undertakes to analyze the un-

failing grace of love. By far the greater fraction of the analysis is given in expressions which refer to duty to man. And no wonder, when we recall the basis upon which this man's Christly-life was built. He never used the large word humanitarianism, but he was a conscious phonograph uttering the short word Christ. The word altruism did not find a place in his writings, but the words sacrifice, debtor, bond-servant and brother, did. Harken, "I am debtor both to Greeks and to Barbarians, both to the wise and to the foolish." And when Paul spoke of debts, it was with no dishonorable pathy. He meant to undertake to pay. And our debts are no less than his.

The Epistle of James talks in the plainest terms of rebuke against the rich who despise the poor.

Peter, in his Epistle, bids us rejoice, "inasmuch as we are partakers of Christ's sufferings," and adds his teachings concerning the duties of individuals to each other in the home. The Epistle of Jude tells us to "save men with fear, pulling them out of the fire."

And John in the great Revelation seems to be shouting down the centuries the very essential of the Gospel, when he says, "Let him that heareth say come;" while his Epistles with strongest terms of expression teach that no man can love God unless he love his brother also. Here, then, is

the field of Christian service, wide as the human race. Yes, wide as the human race. There is no color line, no sex line, no caste, no grade here; neither Jew nor Greek, neither male nor female, neither bond nor free. With this interpretation of humanity, the most *elite* person can recognize without a shudder of recoiling how perfectly appropriate it was for Delia, called "the Blue Bird" of that wretched ante-room of hell in her day, Mulberry Bend, to subscribe herself, when writing to Mrs. Whittemore, who was God's angel of deliverance to her, "your own daughter in Christ," or for Ananias to address Saul of Tarsus in holy gentlemanliness, "Brother Saul."

A little while ago I said that Jesus had identified himself with humanity and that when we wish to serve man he would point to human needs and say, "Here I am." But how? If I should undertake to serve humanity, as a natural man it would be impossible. I have not the purchase power. We have seen that the natural man is positively opposed to the spirit of service, but in Jesus the spirit of service becomes my very life, then seeing humanity in Jesus, service of the lowest or the meanest becomes a privilege of rarest worth. Now mark that fact, we can not naturally serve humanity. We can not begin to pay the indebtedness. True beneficence would never begin until our debt is paid,

and more, we have not the moral grip to be true servants of humanity, we have not the moral life, we have not the moral caste or tone or flavor. It is not in us. Much that is commendable has been given to us, perhaps through Christian parentage or excellent influence in our childhood days. But you might as well undertake to lift yourself up by the laces of your shoes as to undertake to serve humanity without a Christly enthusiasm. O, identify yourself with Christ and get the purchase power which shall lift you, and through you a multitude of others to the very heart of eternal goodness. There are not wanting approaches to this kind of character in men who make no profession as followers of Christ. Recently there has died a Jew whose gifts of large sums of money drawn from abnormally large sums in his possession have caused his name to be upon many lips and printed with many types. And we do well to recognize that which might be substituted by something worse in any man, but here is the very difficulty; right here you may, if you will hear the bells of warning ringing all up and down our days and nights, humanity does not want the gold of other men, it wants humanity. Not it, but them. Rusted steel looks like gold when lying in the sun at a distance, so do the gifts of men look like charity. Of course there are not wanting

those who will take the gold, and even those who would demand it by force, but this is rather the expression of a diseased appetite. We know that an indulgence of this will never save humanity. . Man must give himself to his fellows. "Brethren, if Christ laid down his life for us, we ought to lay down our lives for one another," and let us not be content to endorse the general programme which implies that we are to give ourselves to humanity in Christ, but let us be willing to put brain into the problems and sweat into the toils, let us gladly contribute all our nerves to be burnt out in toil, that hearts may be warmed at their very fires as they burn. Let us undertake a life-long effort, having the yoke of Christ upon us as if we were oxen and would plow from East to West and from West to East furrow after furrow until every thistle and briar in all the fallow field of human discord has been buried deep in death.

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THE COMMON LOT.

"The world has been claimed by men. It has always been the dream of the great conquerors that they might bind men together by a principle of unity; but the very fact that man could be willing to conquer his fellows has itself been the uncountable obstacle in the way of their success. As the divine principle of triumph revealed in Christ is self-surrender to the law of love, victory can come only through sacrifice."

B. FAY MILLS.

We are members one of another.

Ephesians iv: 25.

"Obviously in Christ's conception, to serve men is to serve Him. But this is not the common conception; we talk of 'divine service' as if it meant only prayer and praise and the hearing of sermons. Visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction we call philanthropy, and keeping one's self unspotted from the world we would probably call morality; but St. James says that these things are *religion*, 'pure and undefiled before God.' Pure religion is philanthropic and true philanthropy is religious, and to divorce the one from the other is to libel and cripple both." JOSEPH STRONG.

"This learned I from the shadow of a tree
That to and fro did sway upon the wall;
Our shadow selves—our influence—may fall
Where we can never be."

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THE COMMON LOT.

GIVEN the Christly spirit of service and we are not without equipment as real helpers of our fellows. God has given to us that great power of influence always at hand, more subtle than electricity, more searching than the X-rays, and giving color to other people's characters like the morning sun to the clouds which skirt the dawn. The fool has influence, and the wise man can not live without shaping other men's characters. Silence will influence, so will words. What the flavor is to the orange, what the color is to the milk, what the tone is to the bell, that in character is an awful might for good or bad. It is not so much what we say as how we say it; it is not so much what we do as how we do it.

A friend of mine who is to-day a preacher of the Gospel sat in a pew during a religious service when he was a boy, and when the preacher had given an invitation for all those who desired to become Christians to draw near to the pulpit, my friend resisted, stoutly clinging to his Cain-life, until a little cripple, using a crutch under each arm, made his way to the aisle and toil-

somely to the altar railing This broke the Cain-spirit in my friend. He said: "I could not stand it to see that cripple hobble up the aisle, I had to go. I gave myself to Christ that night, and the influence of the cripple saved me." Christ said that virtue had gone out of him when the afflicted woman was healed, and Benjamin Wilson in his translation renders it "He perceived that a power had gone out of him" If that power but reaches into the sphere of influence which you and I continuously carry with us, then it will indeed be honest for us to say with Paul, "For me to live is Christ." Our Christ does not discount the marvelous sweep of influence in little children. The quality of the child-life is so reliant and at its best so guileless! We all know how often it is said the little babe rules the household. What multitudes of adults have entered the kingdom of heaven through some sweet requests or touching utterances of children.

"How often as we crowd along in life's on-rushing mart,
A little seed from childish lips finds lodgement in the
heart,
And there takes root and flourishes in memory's living
bower,
Until it seems a sermon of the most convincing power.

But yesterday while grumbling at the slow descending
rain.

Ah! inwardly condemning it, again and yet again.
A baby sitting by my side remarked in accents low,
"You shouldn't scold it that way, for rain makes
flowers grow."

And when God proposed to upset the throne of the Caesars and bring in a victory to humanity, no more perfect conception of how to accomplish it could be suggested than there should be a babe born in a manger.

Ah, it is not a question of age or of social standing or even of experience: let us stand aghast in the presence of the truth, our common influence over each other is like the ceaseless reigning of a miracle. Benjamin West drew the picture of the baby in the cradle, on the clean floor of his mother's kitchen. His mother, coming in, saw the picture and the coal dust on the floor, which had been very recently scrubbed. Taking little Benjamin up in her arms, she kissed him affectionately. In after years Benjamin West said, "My mother's kiss made me an artist." In one of our Western cities fire broke out in a large school building. One of the boys who had been accustomed to beat the drum while the children marched for exercises, with presence of mind which would have been quite wonderful for a man of years, ran for his drum, took his stand in the hall-room and began beating it, that the children might march down and out of the building in order, averting stampede. What that boy's drum was to the needs of those schoolmates of his, our very appearance may be in its influence upon those who

meet us; orderly marches or stampedes are neither of them so much produced by great speeches as by silent influences. No amount of arrangement will righten up difficulties when the tone of affairs is wrong. The Christ-spirit, the Christ-savour must supplant the Cain-spirit.

One might have thought that our common inheritance to trouble would have made us, long ago, more cautious about our treatment of each other, for trouble is such a mighty leveler. Men who have been the most distant toward each other, and the most individual in their conceptions of life have had the diffidence of their souls broken up in less than an hour by a shipwreck or a fire.

Some years ago while journeying up one of the great canyons of Colorado a passenger train was wrecked. The tender was detached from the engine and run into the gulch, the baggage car was turned on its roof over the precipice, the track was torn up, the ends of the coaches broken in, the water tanks bursted, and the lamps thrown here and there. Two men were in the baggage car, many passengers were in the coaches. Instantly all was confusion and haste. After the two men had been taken from the baggage car alive, and the passengers were given positions of as great comfort as could be provided in that place, they waited in great eagerness for help. The engine without the tender had been run up

the canyon a few miles, carrying some men to telegraph from the lonely little mountain-canyon depot, to the city in the distance for help. But it was eight long hours before they could move away from that desolate stopping-place. The wreck had occurred shortly before noon and all were hungry. That morning one of the tourists had taken the precaution to provide a small luncheon in a paper sack, thinking perhaps that thus equipped he might be able to climb higher up the mountain-sides and take in vaster sweeps of the scenery during the day. Well, the wreck had occurred and here were the passengers sitting in little groups, or walking up and down. Soon the storm swept down the canyon; it rained, it snowed, it blew, it thundered and lightened, but the travelers were all friends. It seemed as if they had all gone to school together, each was ready to converse with the other, and during this sweet sway of social courtesy this one man with the little paper sack of luncheon was distributing the food among more than a dozen people. The first to receive a part of the luncheon was a poor Swedish woman whose two children were crying with hunger, next were two women wearing costly garments and jewels and next were their husbands. So one after the other received a little portion, sharing in homeliest style the luncheon. Trouble did it. I do not say that they should

have been so free in conversation before the wreck occurred or that it would have been necessary for them to have taken their dinner from the hands of one man, a stranger, but I do say that there should have been nothing in their spirits opposed to all this, without the train-wreck.

Again, our common inheritance to need ought to have taught us to fondle dearly every moment of influence for the good of our fellow men.

Who that has read James Russell Lowell's wonderful interpretation of the power of need over the heart in "The Vision of Sir Launfal" can fail to appreciate more than ever the deep lesson upon the power of common need in Jesus' parable of the Good Samaritan. How single and alone, how rich and independent, how haughty and heartless, how priest-like and Levite-like is Sir Launfal that morning as the leper by the gate requests an alms.

"This man, so foul and bent of stature,

Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:

Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold:
He gives only the worthless gold

Who gives from a sense of duty;
 But he who gives but a slender might,
 And gives to that which is out of sight
 That thread of the all-sustaining beauty
 Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
 The hand can not clasp the whole of his alms,
 The heart outstretches its eager palms,
 For a god goes with it and makes it store
 To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Time and circumstance have held their sway,
 and now Sir Launfal is aged and poor. His search
 for the Holy Grail was a failure, but he has found
 a heart of sympathy. His castle, another has
 taken it, but his soul—

"Deep in his soul the sign he wore,
 The badge of the suffering and the poor."

The leper is found near the laughing spring
 and again requests an alms. Now Sir Launfal
 says,

"I behold in thee an image of him who died on the tree."

* * * * *
 "He parted in twain his single crust,
 He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
 And gave the leper to eat and drink."
 * * * * *

"The voice that was softer than silence said,
 Lo it is I, be not afraid!
 In many climes, without avail,
 Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
 Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
 Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;

This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water his blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Common need did it.

We may not slight the sick to-day, our need may be as his to-morrow. The poor, we may not turn them empty away to-day, our own need may beseech for a true friend to-morrow. Yea, and in the presence of all the contrast between the blessed ideal and our poor present experience may we not well say, My needs to-day bring into full life a kindred feeling with all the needy race.

So now here is the question. Will you step out of the Cain-life into the Christ-life? Will you out of the love of God serve his creatures and your brethren? Thus be the channel through which the Lord of Life and Love may make his bounties the common lot of the multitude.

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THE CHRIST MIRACLE.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

Pharisees! with what have you to reproach Jesus?

"He eateth with publicans and sinners."

"Is this all?"

"Yes."

Pilate, what is your opinion?

"I find no fault in this man."

And you, Judas, who have sold your Master for silver; have you some fearful charge to hurl against him?

"I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood."

And you, centurion and soldiers who led him to the cross, what have you to say against him?

"TRULY THIS WAS THE SON OF GOD." Matt. xxvii: 54.

And you, demons?

"He is the Son of God."

John Baptist, what think you of Christ?

"Behold the Lamb of God."

And you, John?

"He is the bright and morning star."

Peter, what say you of your Master?

"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Paul, you have persecuted him; what testify you of him?

"I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord."

Angels of heaven, what think ye of Jesus?

"Unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

And thou, Father in heaven, who knowest all things?

"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Beloved reader, what think you of Christ?

—*La Luz* (Madrid), quoted in *El Abogado Cristiano Ilustrado* (Mexico) and *Missionary Review of the World* (New York).

THE CHRIST MIRACLE.

THE greatest miracle of all the ages is Jesus Christ himself. Every miracle which Jesus performed gives evidence of being intended as a means of opening up the soul-vision of humanity that we might recognize him as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. Not the turning of the water into wine, not the casting out of devils, and not the raising of the dead, but Jesus Christ himself is the miracle of miracles. All other marvels at best are incidental to this, and I question if any man can calmly, quietly and without bias sit down and consider Jesus Christ in his relation to history and to humanity, and to his own claims, without being convinced of the miracle of the very existence of one born among humanity such as Jesus the Man of Galilee.

In a recent article in the Nineteenth Century, Mr. Gladstone says:

"I do not know on earth a more blessed subject for contemplation than that which I should describe as follows: There are, it may be, upon earth four hundred and fifty million professing Christians. There is no longer one fold under one visible Shepherd, and the majority of Christ-

ians (such as I take it now to be, though the minority is a large one) is content with its one Shepherd in heaven and with the other provisions he has made on earth. His flock is broken up into scores—it may be hundreds—of sections. These sections are not at peace but at war. But with all this segregation, and not only division but conflict, of minds and interests, the answer given by the four hundred and fifty millions, or by those who are best entitled to speak for them, to the question, 'What is the Gospel?' is still the same. With conceptions so slight that we may justly set them out of the reckoning, the reply is still the same as it was in the apostolic age—the central truth of the Gospel lies in the trinity and the incarnation, in the God that made us and the Saviour that redeemed us. When I consider what human nature and human history have been, and how feeble is the spirit in its warfare with the flesh, I bow my head in amazement before this mighty moral miracle, this marvelous occurrence evolved from the very heart of discord."

Napoleon, astounded at the prevailing interest of humanity in Jesus, exclaims, "Caesar is dead and forgotten, Romulus is dead and forgotten, Alexander is dead and forgotten, I shall soon be dead and forgotten, but this man Jesus the longer he is dead the more the people will

run after him. I tell you I know man. I have marshalled man on many a battlefield, but Jesus Christ is more than man." Why, here is an unanswerable miracle. Jesus Christ born amid most humble surroundings, the poor man of Nazareth, his poverty can not well be doubted. He said, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." He sent his disciples to procure the money for tribute from the mouth of a fish. He commended Mary his mother to John in the death hour, Joseph of Arimathæa characterized as a rich man provided the tomb for his body, and he condemned all selfish hoarding of goods. Four thousand men besides women and children remain with him in the solitude for three days hungry, then he calls his disciples unto him saying, "I have compassion on the multitude because they continue with me now three days and have nothing to eat and I would not send them away fasting lest haply they faint in the way." It is true he wore a seamless robe, probably a present from some interested follower. It is true there was a purse held in the apostolic company, but there was never sufficient money in it to make it a matter worth the record that any was left over on any occasion, including the occasion of the betrayal of Jesus by Judas. Jesus Christ stood in a wheat field and shelled his dinner, probably

because no one had invited him out. It is a phenomenon to read of him riding even when he had the use of a borrowed boat or a borrowed beast of burden, and promptly after his resurrection finding some of his disciples fishing with sad hearts, he says, "Children, have you any meat?" and after directing them to the source of supplies says to them, "Come and break your fast." Evidently Jesus Christ was a poor man. He who said, "Go tell John that the poor have the gospel preached unto them," "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven," knew what it was to experience what the poor man does, which must have appeared quite a new and astonishing fact to the formal Jews of that day. His hands were empty that he might fill them with gifts of grace for you and me, his hands were bare that he might share the feeling of the blasts with you and me.

"Nay, and he ate our meats,
And drank our drinks, and wore the dress we wore;
And his hair fluttered in the breeze which stirred
Peter's and John's and mine."

Yet this poor man has out-lived all millionaires
and all castled lords unto this present day.
Croesus. Who knows about Croesus? And how
much is known? What children mention his
name? What public addresses or lectures are
delivered about him? Who seeks him or venerates

him? Where is he? The castles have been and are gone and their rich inheritances are forgotten. But Jesus Christ, the homeless teacher of men, lives on during the centuries and bids fair right speedily to outlive all the wealth and possessions of the day in which we live.

Look at the miracle. Jesus Christ was never known to marshal an army. There is not a military incident in his programme during his stay upon earth. He did not, even like Chinese Gordon, carry a cane, as he led forth his followers into battle. Bare-handed he gathered the companies together with the charm of his teaching and of his love, and when Peter drew forth a sharp instrument of some kind to cut off the ear of Malchus, he quickly healed the ear and said, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword, and if my kingdom were of this world then would my followers fight, but now is my kingdom not from hence." When men smote him he rebuked them not; when men derided and spat upon him he antagonized them not. There he stood the Prince of Peace, without a sword, without an arrow, without an army, without what nations would call a battle; yet he has outlived all the generals and captains of ancient Greece and Rome and Phoenecia and Assyria and of all nations until the present day, and continues to outlive them as the days come and go. Stand there

in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago and tell me that Jesus Christ will outlive Herod. How I might laugh you to scorn. But who knows Herod to-day? And who does not know Jesus Christ as a marvelous character in history at least.

Jesus Christ was never known to write a single book. We have been told in later years that he may have at least dictated one, but we have no sufficient proof that he ever did. He does not represent himself as a writer. The four Gospels seem to be studied epitomes of inspired simplicity about him. Yet he has outlived all authors, prose and poetic, during his days and all preceding days, and continues to outlive all authors between his day and the present. Very ancient books there are, revered by benighted peoples, but Jesus right surely wins his way among these, he will not let them alone, they can not let him alone; and in so-called civilized countries you will find ten thousand little boys who can stand up upon the spur of the moment and tell you something Jesus said, while perhaps you could not average five people in a company of ten thousand who could arise upon the spur of the moment and quote from Thales or Socrates or Plato or Aristotle or Zenophon or Buddha or Pericles. Much has been said about the twenty-nine autographs of Christopher Columbus, not including some mar-

ginal notes upon the pages of books. We display no samples of the handwriting of Jesus. He outlives Columbus without that. As he was swordless so he is penless, and he outlives the author as he does the soldier.

Jesus Christ was never known to see a steam engine or a railway train or electric appliances for the transit of messages or of people or for lighting up the cities, yet he has outlived the discoveries and explorations of all the so-called new countries from that day to this; the steamships and railway, telephone, the telautograph, the lineotype, all these and many more modern wonders. Indeed, these very inventions are brought into requisition to carry forth his plain teachings, and to emphasize his deathless character upon the attention of the peoples. Into each opening continent and island of the sea; he presses his way while the waiting people trust him and are glad.

Jesus Christ has a grip upon the heart of universal mankind and it will not let go. The great, tender and consciously mighty interest which he showed (and is still showing) has captured the race. How rich he might have become had he charged but a penny apiece of the people who flocked to hear him or came for his help. He charged nothing, he kept giving. He is the hope of the peoples. The discontented mob of laborers

in Trafalgar Square in London, while being dispersed by the police, called out with enthusiasm, "Three cheers for Jesus Christ." Contend and oppose as you may, buried deep in the hearts of the children of men is the conviction that Jesus is the long-sought hope. And when once men yield their wills to this ray of Christ's own light shining within them, they will plight their allegiance to him, fearless of life or death.

Jesus Christ could not have been an impostor. Had he been an impostor, how quickly he would have sought either the favor of the Roman Government or of the Jewish church. He sought neither. As to the government he said, "The kings of this world exercise lordship over you, and you count them benefactors who exercise lordship over you; but it shall not be so among you, but he that would be great among you shall be your servant." Did they not accuse him of being an antagonist to Caesar? As for the pharisaical church people of his day, he said of them: For a pretense you make long prayers, you tithe mint and anise and cummin, but you forget to practice mercy and truth. He conflicted with their ideas of the Sabbath, he conflicted with their ideas of the Old Testament prophecies, and for envy the chief priests delivered him up. There he stood, no government, no church, no home, no following, no wealth, no fame, doubted and feared, scorned

and despised, yet he has revolutionized the convictions of governments and the convictions of churches until they tremble with fear for the future of either as they mark the contrast between the teachings he gave and their conditions. Whose favor did he seek? You can not imagine from any authentic record of Jesus that he cajoled with anybody. He came to save and he kept at that business. No sign of a plot, no hint at scheming, openly, out and out, yet mercifully he did the deeds, he said the sayings. No impostor!

Again, Jesus Christ could not have been self-deceived. How conscious of his position he appeared, how authoritative and calm, how he fits exactly into prophecy at least 2,000 years old, how at shorter range by some 1,400 years Isaiah has told about the very garments he would wear and the sepulcher into which his body should be laid. So commonly do the occurrences of his life fit into prophecy that Matthew in writing the record refers twenty-six times at least to prophetic utterances. John says, after quoting from Isaiah, "These things said Isaiah because he saw his glory and he spoke of him." How exactly he fitted into his own statements concerning his death and his resurrection and concerning the abiding security of the truths he taught and upon which we now feed. Look these all over, elaborate the line of suggestions for yourselves, and

tell me was there ever recorded any such miracle as this. Hear him, "I came from above." His name is called Immanuel. God with us. He says, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." In turn the chief priests scorned and then feared him, saying, "The people are gone after him."

Pliny, the younger, when he finds that the magistrates are bringing Christians to trial for their religion, writes to the Emperor for advice. He knows not their crimes nor the punishment due them. He has not attended any of the trials. Shall he make any distinction between the young and the old, the tender and the robust? Shall he release any that repent or recant? Here is his letter, written probably in the year 112.

"My method has been this: I asked those brought before me whether they were Christians. If they confessed, I asked them twice afresh, with a threat of capital punishment. If they persisted obstinately, I ordered them to be executed, for I had no doubt that whatever the nature of their religion, a *willful* and sullen *inflexibility* deserved punishment. Some that were infected with the madness, being entitled to the privileges of Roman citizens, I reserved to be sent to Rome to be referred to your tribunal. As information poured in that they were encouraged, more cases occurred. A list of names was sent by an *unknown*

accuser, but some of the accused denied that they were or ever had been Christians. They repeated after me an invocation of the gods and of your image. They performed sacred rites with wine and frankincense, and reviled Christ, none of which things, I am told, a REAL Christian would ever be compelled to do. Therefore, I dismissed them. Others, named by an informer, first confessed and then denied it, and declared that they had forsaken that error three or four years, some even twenty years ago. * * * And this was the account which they gave of the nature of the religion they once professed, whether it deserves the name of crime or error: That they were accustomed to meet on a stated day, before sunrise, and to repeat among themselves a hymn to Christ as to a god, and to bind themselves as with an oath not to commit any wickedness, not to be guilty of theft, robbery, or adultery, never to break a promise or withhold a pledge; after which it was their custom to separate, and meet again at a promiscuous meal (doubtless the love-feast connected with the Lord's Supper). From this last they desisted after I published my edict according to your orders and forbade any secret societies of that sort. To come at the truth, I thought it necessary to put to the torture two women said to be deaconesses. But I could gather nothing except a depraved and excessive super-

stitution. Deferring further investigation, I resolved to consult you, for the *number* of culprits is so great as to demand serious consideration. Informers lodge complaints against a *multitude* of every age and of both sexes. More still may be impeached. The contagion of this superstition has spread through *cities* and *villages*, and even reached *farm-houses*. Yet I think it may be checked."

Even these very words of Pliny sound like a partial report of which Jesus' own words were a prophecy as he referred to coming trials of his people, including the destruction of Jerusalem, saying, "Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted and shall kill you and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake, and then shall many be offended and shall betray one another." Surely he who could say, "before Abraham was I am," is also saying "when Nero is I am." Do you notice that phrase in Pliny's letter, "yet I think it may be checked." Why, here is the testimony of a heathen writing to a heathen, a Roman writing to a Roman, a government official writing to an Emperor. Jesus Christ has been crucified; he thinks the plan may be checked. We know it can not be checked. The heathen coloring of the letter is apparent. A few sentences in his letter reveal something wonderfully suggestive about the spirit or the timber of the

early followers of Christ. And his reference to those who withdrew their allegiance to Jesus is no more striking than the reference to such occurrences in the Gospel of John and the Epistles of Paul, or the records of the fallen as the result of selfishness in the day in which we live. Evidently they did not all recant, and evidently recanting was becoming uncommon. Jesus Christ was not self-deceived.

We need not consider it so bewildering that Jesus Christ should have been born of a woman who was espoused, not married, to Joseph, a plain carpenter. Without doubt this fact suggests a great mystery, yet all life is a mystery. Strange, keen, coy life; who can tell what it is? But there is a sweetness to the mystery like the sweetness in the mystery of music or of affection; we love their very mysteries. They charm us. So to say the least of it the mystery here is winsome. Look back to that mother who bore you, and as you think it over you say, "Born of her, yet an individual." We are ourselves. We are not her. And since the great Creator has made the law by which the generations of man are born and succeed each other—a law so mysterious, is it to be doubted that by that same law he should come among us living as a man? You will find bewildering and tormenting mysteries if you try to

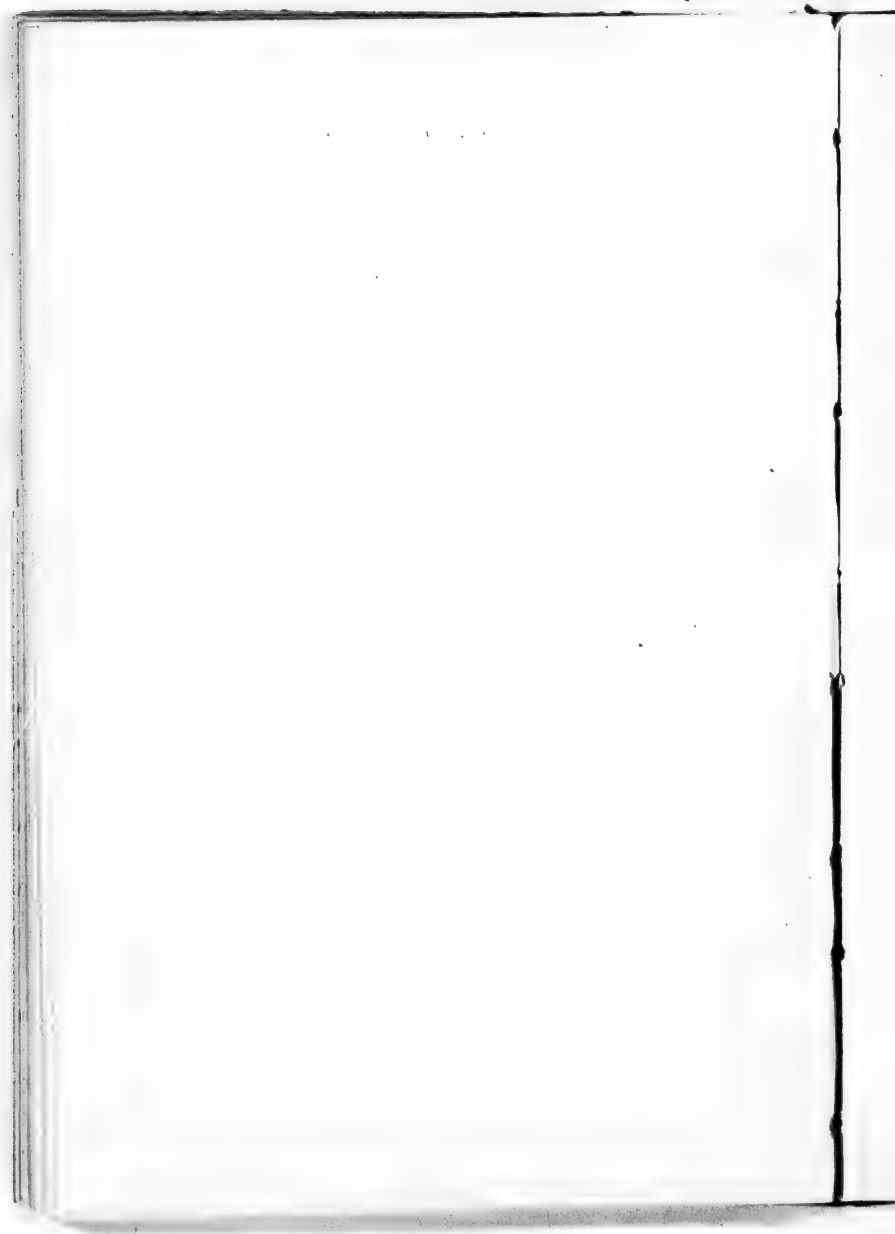
follow out the line of accounting for Jesus Christ by any other method.

Behold him stand the Son of man, the Son of God! He came to show us what it is to be a man, and he came to teach us what it is to be God. He is in our way before us as the very path to victory we can not get around him, we can not get over him, we can not get under him, he is risen from the dead, he will not die. Behold he is alive forevermore. No stain has been upon his lips. No lust was seen in his eye. No double-dealing in his conduct. He came from above. He is above all. He so loved the world that he gave him. The Germans have their Von Moltke and their Bismarck, the Hungarians have their Comenius, the Italians Garibaldi, the English their Wellington, and the Americans their Washington and their Grant; but the Germans, the Hungarians, the Italians, the English, the Americans and the nations of civilization hold to this one Jesus Christ. And how quickly the heathen rushes to pay his homage to him. If the Jew had been as prompt as the heathen, the nations of the world might have been in the full glory of the era of his peace to-day. Does he not charm your soul? And it is not only what we can say of Christ as a person or as a character ranging among characters, but O, what language of peace is heard upon the lips of those who are acquainted with him. They

call him Saviour. They call him Friend, Blessed Redeemer, the Best Friend, Our Lord and All in All. Nor is it so much a question of whether we shall know the actual things he said, though this is valuable, but it is that we shall know him, that we shall get into the sweep of his character and be like him. Like some little child in a boat caught in the current of a deep, swift, flowing river, borne on with the Christ-spirit.

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THE MASTERY OF CHRIST.

"Can satan cause the truth of God to fail, or his promises to be of none effect? If not, the time will come when Christianity will prevail over all, and cover the earth. Let us stand a little, and survey this strange sight, a *Christian World*. Where, I pray, do the Christians live? Which is the country, the inhabitants whereof are all thus filled with the Holy Ghost? Are all of one heart and of one soul? Can not suffer one among them to lack anything, but continually give to every man as he hath need? Who, one and all, have the love of God filling their hearts, and constraining them to love their neighbors as themselves? Who have all "put on bowels of mercy, humbleness of mind, gentleness, long suffering?" Who offend not in any kind, either by word or deed, against justice, mercy or truth; but in every point do unto all men as they would these should do unto them? With what propriety can we term any a Christian country which does not answer this description? Why, then, let us confess we have never yet seen a Christian country upon earth."

JOHN WESLEY.

The grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Romans xvi:20.

"A sort of affectation prevents some Christians from treating religion as if its sphere lay among the common places of daily life. It is to them transcendental and dreamy; rather a creation of pious fiction than a matter of fact. They believe in God, after a fashion, for things spiritual, and for the life which is to be; but they totally forget that true godliness hath the promise of the life which now is, as well as of that which is to come. To them it would seem almost a profanation to pray about the small matters of which daily life is made up. Perhaps they will be startled if I venture to suggest that this should make them question the reality of their faith.

C. H. SPURGEON.

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THE MASTERY OF CHRIST.

KING, Prince, Master, Lord—what authority dwells in these titles. The real meaning of that word "Lord" if transferred to an ocean steamship would render it Master, or if transferred to a large business block under construction would render it Foreman, or if to a railroad, Superintendent. Our Lord Jesus Christ then is our Lord. He came asking for no pitying regard, he came to manage.

Right here lurks the infidelity which has slyly gained a place in the very temple of the King. It says Christ is the great Friend, the wonderful Saviour, but it refuses to say with Paul, "He is the wisdom of God." It will welcome the Christian religion as a comfortable conveyance to a heaven of rest, but it objects to the Christian religion as the regulating authority of God for this earth.

It is willing to help brace up the church, but it refuses to usher in the Kingdom which Christ so emphatically said was at hand, not finding in the church Christ's bride who shall be the mother of the adopted family gathered from the wayward everywhere.

A modern Matthew might well be welcomed into the field who would express anew for us the thought of the Old Testament country Evangelist, Micah, "Out of thee (Bethlehem) shall come a Governor which shall be Shepherd of my people Israel." Matt. ii:6, R. V. When we are willing to apply the principles of Jesus to political affairs we will be ready for the new title Shepherd-Governor. Then shall we close up the chasm between the secular and the sacred; and the Protestant Reformation shall find its fuller reform. Christ did not come to be the spectacle of the world. He came to be its Saviour. Christ is an infinite expression of holy help. He is not a Shepherd and a Governor, he is the Shepherd-Governor. He is not only a King and a Saviour, he is the Saving King and the Kingly Saviour. He is one present, pure, saving Lord.

1. He is the Lord of business affairs. We say this part of life is business and that part of life is religion; business is business and religion is religion, and you can not mix business and religion. To be sure you can not mix business and religion unless you have the religion to mix. But business is Christianity and Christianity is business. Christ came to regulate the transactions in our business affairs so that a man can drop dead in any office where legitimate business is employing his time, saying, I do this in the name

of the Lord Jesus. What is a man's business but the method by which he finds holy employment and holy defense against the suffering and the needs of those intrusted to him? Shall a man be an appendix to a plow, or a yard-stick, or a railroad, or an ore-crusher? God made him to be a king, and gave him his commission to subdue the earth and have dominion. And one of the saddest exhibitions of the weakness introduced into his life by sin is that this king will run from a hornet. The crowding of Jesus out of business, where man gets his hardest knocks, and either loses or finds his manhood, has brought us a terrible greed for gold and a kind of hardness and obtuseness, which has made the business life of many a sullen treadmill of remorse. Our fathers and mothers used to sing,

"When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear, and wipe my weeping eyes."

But the worldly business men of to-day would seem to sing:

"When I can sing my title clear to mansions on the avenue.

I'll bid farewell to every fear, and the devil take you."

We can hardly endure calla lilies; we want celery so we can eat it. Lambs skipping on the hillside lose their poetic significance; we want

mutton. We are like the old man whose wife came home from church, and when he asked her what the preaching was about, she said: "He preached about Joseph going down into Egypt to buy corn," whereupon the old man questioned, "Did he say what corn is worth down there now?" We are like the woman who rushed out of a milliner's store to conduct a missionary meeting, and upon reaching the platform said, "Let us rise and sing hymn two dollars and a half." Oh, brothers, let Christ into your business. And let him not only be a comforter; let the spirit of Christ regulate the daily struggle and put it into harmony. Be like the London tinker who said he served God for a business and mended pans for expenses. If your business is not right, righten it or leave it.

If your business is a righteous business, make it your throne, where Christ places you.

Let me commend to you the following words of Mary A. Lathbury:

Children of yesterday, heirs of to-morrow,
What are you weaving, labor and sorrow?
Look at your looms again; faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles prepared by the Master;
Life's in the loom, room for it—room!
Children of yesterday, heirs of to-morrow,
Lighten the labor and sweeten the sorrow;
Now, while the shuttles fly faster and faster,
Up and be at it—at work with the Master.
He stands at your loom, room for him—room!

Children of yesterday, heirs of to-morrow,
Look at your fabric of labor and sorrow,
Seamy and dark with despair and disaster.
Turn it, and lo! The design of the Master!
The Lord's at the loom, room for him—room!"

A poor seamstress, who had several children to support, was asked by a Christian woman how she prospered. The seamstress replied, "O, the Lord; I am rich in work." When work becomes worship, it will be considered riches indeed. What a covetable opportunity the business man has to-day of proving to the world that mastery of Christ without which industrial harmony never can be realized.

When the blacksmith was cautioned by the minister to remember as he shod the horse that the Lord made the animal, he replied, "I will do better than that, I will remember that the Lord is making this nail."

A middle-aged gentleman who carried a sunny face arose recently in a camp meeting and said, "I am sometimes taken for a minister and the brethren want to know where my 'charge' is; I tell them down on the corner of Grand avenue and Water street in my home city. I operate a lumber yard for the Lord there."

Just notice how in those sayings on the mountain-side Christ strikes a comparison between man and the animals. On other occasions he answers

the Jews by expressing the very same idea when he says, for instance, "How much better is a man than a sheep?" Here in these sayings on the mountain-side he makes the comparison very definite and then clearly draws the lesson. Harken. "Behold the birds of the heaven that they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, and your heavenly Father feedeth them, are not ye of much more value than they." The question resolves itself into this, if God provides grass for the sheep's food, water for its drink and wool for its back, seeds and worms and insects for the birds and feathers for their covering, nothing can prevent him from providing all we need for our food and clothing but our disloyalty, and it will all work out as orderly as does the provision for the sheep and for the bird. People who are disloyal have much of these things, wretched blasphemers fare sumptuously every day. Shall not you and I have the necessities? O, worrying soul, seek first the Kingdom. There are multitudes of people who believe in God for almost everything else but for these common everyday provisions. No wonder Jesus said right here, "O, ye of little faith!" We are not suffering so much from infidelity about "*the Trinity*" as infidelity about bread and butter.

We divide between what we call the sacred and the secular, but with God all is sacred. This

practice of laying one set of actions upon one side of a line and another set of actions upon the other side of the line and calling those on the one side sacred, and those on the other side secular is a mistake of the dark ages. The monastic idea is not actually dead yet. I had a friend who talked about dim, *religious* light. What a use of the word "religious." That very class of conceptions has given us this thing sacred and that thing secular. Not that one thing or one day may not be considered more vastly sacred than another, but we are living in that order of government which calls upon us to eat or drink or do whatsoever we do in the name of the Lord Jesus, to *live a life* rather than allot sections of a life, and in *all things* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to let our requests be made known unto God. Let us again call to mind that when Jesus so often and so sweetly called attention to the care of our "Father" for us in those sayings on the mountain plateau he spoke particularly of food and clothing. And of these things, food, drink and clothing, mark you, he said, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things;" and it was of these provisions, things we handle, taste and wear, things we soil and wear out, it was of the supply of these things he spoke, when he said, Consider the lilies how they grow." Right

here the awful breach is caused in the Christian church of our day by the infidelity within it with which men are bound as if with a fetter. Perhaps the most noticeable need of our day is a spirit of holiness among men of business. The business men by the hundred show their wrong bent in life not so much by violent wickedness as by cowardly infidelity. And when I say infidelity I do not mean that which refuses to believe in the revelation of God, or allies itself to atheism. I mean that infidelity which does not reckon God in the richness of his promises into account. Thank God for blessed exceptions to the startling general order of business affairs the country over. That general order will never cease until men cease to believe that going to church is sacred and selling cloth secular. In its proper time and proper place selling cloth is as sacred as singing psalms, or ploughing fields as sacred as praying. Do I hear some business man say there is the point exactly, if we could plough the fields it would be another question. Our fathers ploughed fields and they lived righteously, but it is a decidedly different thing to transact business upon the vast basis of affairs where we operate with our new inventions and enterprises to-day. Well then, there is land enough, let us move out on to the farm. We may better live there than wreck our destiny by denying Christ or selling him for

gold. Let us make the farm our ark and rush into it, taking with us a multitude. Ah, no, we need not run to the farm. Stupid infidelity! As if Christ had lost the kingdom or divided it with the enemy. We know that those plain short statements of his will revolutionize us—and business customs as well. We will seek first his kingdom (world-wide, present, coming, unfailling) and his righteousness; food and clothing are added like the decoration to the lily. Let us be poor. He was. Let us lose. He did. Let us die. We are still with him. Let us not be anxious. He careth for us.

2. Christ is Lord of literature. They tell us in certain quarters that they don't want a geography in the public schools which teaches that God made the heavens and the earth. I wonder that they do not take the bouquets out, for fear the children might think that the Lord made the flowers. I wonder that they do not put board shutters over the windows, for fear the children might get the conviction that God made the sunlight. I am glad there are a few prominent newspapers in this country which hold some things of moral significance in regard. But do you not know of the low penny-catching tendency to crowd Christ out of literature which will yet reach the unborn millions of girls and boys in America unless the conditions are changed?

A lot of publications which lay before the gaze of young men craven pictures of nudity and vileness in barber-shops and other places, are but instances of another violent attempt to crowd Christ out. There is no great tone of sentiment in prose and poetry in all Christendom to-day which is not traceable to something Jesus said. I heard Dr. John P. Newman say that when he was a pastor in Washington he was surprised to find, when called to visit sick Congressmen, that so many of them would ask for the New Testament to be gotten from their pockets that he might read to them from it during his visits. Statesmen, not to say orators and politicians, reckon the standards of their public addresses largely by the Scripture quotations which break out upon them like fruit upon a tree. Our dearest American poets have been Christly singers. When Christ shall be truly recognized as master of the thoughts of the people we will not be surprised to hear men and women say that they have been called of God to be editors.

3. There have been indications, too, of an attempt to crowd Christ out of his own Church. I would not speak carelessly or thanklessly of that best institution of earth to-day, the Christian Church. The Church was God's highway, at the entrance of which I found Christ, and I love her

virtues very dearly. The Church is not made yet. It is *being* made. And I love her so dearly that when I see an indication of a defect I must gently point it out just as I would seek to remedy some defect in my mother's health. The Church has strongly verged again upon the brink of selling out to all kinds of formularies and customs and trifling entertainments, in the place of truly enthroning Christ. They tell us that all subjects of general interest lead up to Christ. I do not deny that there is a connection between all subjects of true interest and Jesus Christ. But the world is hungering for Christ *himself*. You might take me to the Atlantic cable and tell me that this leads up to Cyrus W. Field, but if I had known nothing about Cyrus W. Field's inventing the cable, could I possibly find out about Mr. Field from looking at that guttapercha and wire? It would indeed lead up to Mr. Field, but the elevator is invisible. This world wants Christ; the personal Christ, the living Christ; the real saving, abiding, undying, pulsing Christ. They tell us now that we shall presently have a unity of religions; that we shall be called upon to mingle a little Mohammedanism and Buddhism and Brahmanism and Shintuism, with a little Christianity, and that in the coming days we shall have a broad, great religion.

When I was a boy, an old minister presented

me with Caird's "Oriental Religions," and ever since I read it, I have understood that there were certain virtues in heathen religions, accompanied by a great many vices, and that these virtues are a result of Christ, the true light, shedding some light into the heart of every man that cometh into the world. But there is one Christianity; only one Christ, and Christ is the Christian. The true Christian is the Christ-man—Christ, Christ, Christ-i-anity.

I had a day dream. Men gathered together to create a unity of lights. The first man had a taper from a child's Christmas tree, the second man had a tallow candle and the third a kerosene lamp. It was a very hot day in August. The first man, lighting the taper, stood out in a high place and accosted the sun: "O, sun in the heavens, I will assist you. Let the world look on while we create unity of lights." The old sun smiled and then laughed, and then with a ha ha, ha ha, of heat, caused the melted taper to fall upon the man's hand and he dropped it in a trice and began to blow the burn, muttering between times, "There is but one sun; there is but one sun."

The second man with his lighted tallow candle greeted the sun, saying: "Great sun in the heavens, let there now be unity of lights." The hot tallow fell upon his hand. He dropped his

candle and turned to record in his note-book, "There is but one sun; there is but one sun."

The third man said: "Gentlemen, I will show you unity of lights." Bringing his kerosene oil lamp lighted, he stood out on the high place and called to the sun, saying: "O sun in the heavens, I am here to assist you. Let us produce unity of lights." The old sun sent down its armies of light ninety-odd millions of miles and threw them against the man's lamp until it exploded, and he fell to the earth, blistered and groaning, whereupon his comrades picked him up, wrapped him in batting and vaseline, placed him on his back in the long grass, and I heard him now and again groaning out the words, "There is but one sun; there is but one sun."

I recognize the virtues amid the vices of heathen religions, but there is but one Christ; there is but one Christ. O, Church of Christ, he is your hope, and you are the instrument of his kingdom.

4. Christ is the rightful Lord of the State. Margaret Bottome has recently given to the public a splendid incident illustrating this field of expression in the Christ-life. She says: I shall never forget an experience told me by a deeply devoted woman, who found herself at one time living in a state where the women were citizens. She was called upon to act as a juror upon a

murder trial. She was greatly shocked and asked to be excused. She said she had little children and wanted to know if she could not be released. She was asked if she had servants, and answered that she had. Had she a nurse for her children? and she replied that she had. "You can not then be excused," was the answer. She told me she went to her room and prayed as she never had prayed in her life for the presence of the Holy Ghost, a spirit of wisdom and power from on high to rest upon her, and her prayer was answered, and she said that never in her life was she so conscious of the presence of God as when she sat on that jury in that murder trial.

Truth is truth, whether it lives in a legislative hall or a Quaker meeting-house. And it is not necessary for the state to say that certain things are not correct simply because the church said they were correct. I do not believe in the present union of church and state, if for no other reason because both are imperfect. But the state need not say that nine and nine are twenty simply because the church says nine and nine are eighteen. The state need not adopt the reading of Thomas Carlyle for the opening of the public schools in the morning simply because there is only a percentage of the Scriptures upon which differing factions will agree as most suitable for

the teachers to read to the pupils or the pupils to say in concert. Do not think of Christianity being narrower than nationalism. Christianity is world-wide, and Christ is king; his kingdom is come, his kingdom is here, his kingdom is coming, his kingdom is yet to come.

Over one hundred times in the four Gospels there is mentioned this kingdom of Christ, or the kingdom of God, or the kingdom of heaven. God's original plan was to govern men through the harmony of love as his own immediate subjects; and the race has not outgrown him. "If thou release this man," said the angry Jews, "thou art not Cæsar's friend; everyone that maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar." The chief priests cried out "We have no king but Cæsar." How far they had wandered away from even the ideas which prevailed in David's time. "But we must be tolerant." Yes, indeed, we must if we are to follow Jesus Christ, but do you know, that a vote appears almost, if not quite, as sacred as a baptism; and that, wherever and however, there is the buying and selling of public offices, of the running of political hobbies for the sake of the exaltation of men to positions where their income will more completely equal their extreme expenditures for self indulgences and vice, and in so far as we give ourselves to endorse it and by our neglect permit it, to that extent we would if the issue were on

with Christ in the flesh standing near us choose our part with the Roman and with the Pharisee rather than with the Christ. Do not let us fear to say it, the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. Truth will defeat falsehood, love will defeat hate, joy will defeat gloom, and life will defeat death. And what being can tell what the great God of the nations would do to-day for that nation and through that nation which would proclaim that it is right to stand with the Christ—a nation which instead of continuing to expend its resources in coast defenses and arms for its soldiers, saying meanwhile that the way to stop war is to get ready to fight; what if such a nation should proclaim to the world "We are Christ's people; we will lay down our lives for other nations. The bravery of the Son of God hath entered into us. We will not increase our territory upon the basis of fear of consequences from other nations. In Christ we live and our's is the victory of the Son of God." Does not the very statement concerning God's providence in the Old and New Testament give encouragement to the belief that such a nation would shine as the stars in the firmament and live guarded as one guards the apple of his own eye? But suppose such a nation perish from the face of the earth. The life of a nation is the life of a multitude of

individuals and it would live on in eternal worlds, just as the true-hearted individual does; therefore, it might better thus perish. Note these words so recently uttered by the Lord Chief Justice of England, in connection with his remarks on International Arbitration, before the American Bar Association. "Who can say that these times breathe the spirit of peace? Nations armed to the teeth prate of peace, but there is no sense of peace. One sovereign burthens the industry of his people to maintain military and naval armament at war strength, and his neighbor does the like and justifies it by the example of the other; and England, insular though she be, with her imperial interests scattered the world over, follows, or is forced to follow, in the wake. If there be no war, there is at least an armed peace.

"Figures are appalling. I take those for 1895. In Austria the annual cost of army and navy was, in round figures, £18,000,000; in France, £37,000,000; in Germany, £27,000,000; in Great Britain, £36,000,000; in Italy, £13,000,000; and in Russia, £52,000,000. The significance of these figures is increased if we compare them with those of former times. The normal cost of the armaments of war has of late years enormously increased. The annual interest on the public debt of the great powers is a war tax. Behind this

array of facts stands a tragic figure. It tells a dismal tale. It speaks of overburthened industries, of a waste of human energy unprofitably engaged, of the squandering of treasure which might have let light into many lives, of homes made desolate, and all this, too often, without recompense in the thought that these sacrifices have been made for the love of country or to preserve national honor or for national safety. When will governments learn the lesson that wisdom and justice in policy are a stronger security than weight of armament?"

"Ah! when shall all men's good,
Be each man's rule, and universal peace,
Lie, like a shaft of light, across the land."

I am not forgetting our boast of bravery and our huzzahs, many of them prompted by evident spite and hate. I am not forgetting the proud boasts of national honor, but neither am I forgetting the prayers that have passed from the trembling lips of the sufferers or the great hearts that have broken that the love of God might have sway, and the women of peace who have wept in the night hours for the population which has been consigned to eternity by the sword. And moreover, Assyria was great, and Rome was great, and Greece was great, where are they to-day? Every nation under God's skies shall thus diminish and fade away unless it recognizes this

Jesus Christ our King. He *must* reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet. Christ our Redeemer, "Thy kingdom come." The tribe has given way to the nation and the nation must recognize the world-bond. We travel around the world in less than sixty days and talk around it in a few minutes. The world is rapidly becoming a neighborhood and we must live as neighbors. That man who sees no farther than his own country hath not had his own vision touched by the Son of God.

There are not wanting men who sternly oppose international arbitration right at this time when the greatest undertaking in behalf of international arbitration is being carried forward with no little prospect of victory. But says someone, there are reasons for opposing arbitration. Yes indeed, and there are reasons for betraying Christ. A few pieces of silver suggest a great many reasons, but let us truly believe that no true inspiration of our motives can exist but that inspiration which comes out of the heart of Christ. And the spirit of war is not the spirit of Christ.

Just at this time, too, there comes pressing at the doors of our national government a solicitation for the adoption of military drill in the public schools. As if the boys of America must recognize soldiery as a part of their education. Whatever may have been the necessities of the

past and however well it may be to honor the memory of those who have laid down their lives in the defense of some great principle, or are to-day suffering afflictions as a result of battles in the defense of some great principle, surely we are too near the noontide of Christian civilization to undertake more at most than the rudiments of military drill in the public schools. It is to be feared that those who in the advocacy of this plan plead that the war-spirit is not associated with it in the estimation of the young boy have not quite sufficiently recognized the subtle thrift of the Cain-life.

Humanity's greatest astonishment and acclaim awaits the exhibition of a great national or international CONSCIENCE. See how the people of America respect the Society of Friends. Who jeers at the Quaker for affirming rather than swearing in court? What a gentle respect is offered to the plain garb of this man who believes in saying "thee" and "thou." Those who believe in voting as a religious duty would not, and those who believe in it as an election dodge dare not "egg" the Quaker if he refuse to vote. Why this respect equivalent to deference? Ah! there is a great expression of a great conscience in the Quaker's customs. Get that into the nation. Let there be brought on a Revival which shall truly make the conscience Christly and

America's very character would be worth more in a minute than her cannon would be worth in a millenium for the saving of the poor Armenians from the terror of the unspeakable Turk.

In the heights of our national ideals let the glow of Peace stream through a cleansed conscience and war shall forever cease.

5. Jesus is Lord of the Home. The family which is really at the base of all social conditions is being assaulted in our day by the most dangerous enemies both to it and to Christ. This magnet which attracts men and women over land and over sea, this secret place where of all others men would chose to lay down their heads in death; this tree of life "whose protecting boughs touch the morning on one side and the evening on the other," "home, home, sweet home." My brother, let Christ into your home. He had no home-stead upon earth, bid him welcome to yours. Practices of divorce have become so common that the superintendent of the National Bureau of Reforms in Washington recently said, "Between the contemporaneous polygamy of the Turkish harem and the consecutive polygamy of American 'divorce colony' there is only the difference between the span and the tandem." In this same record Mr. Crafts says a man recently secured a divorce in a city of the west after three months' residence, and on the same day married a woman



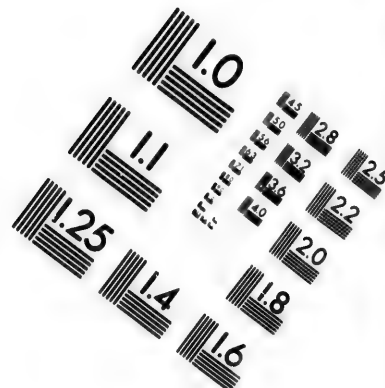
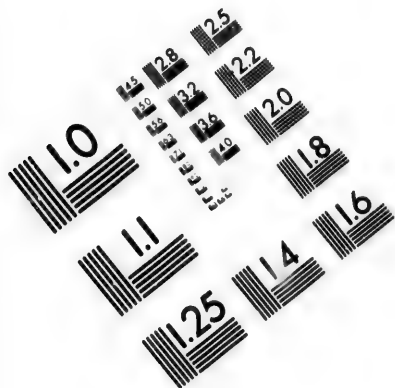
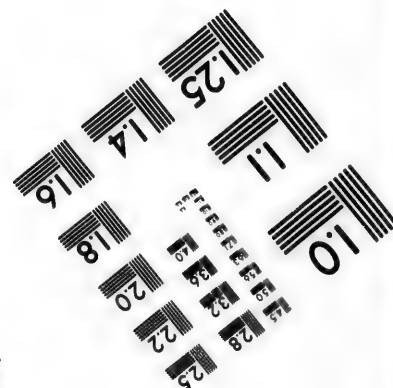
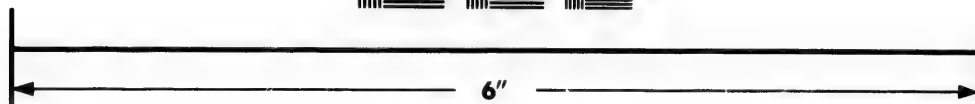
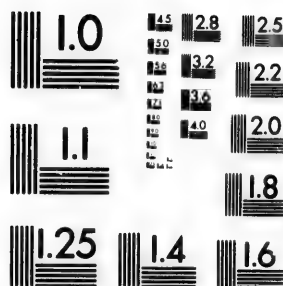


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whom he had brought with him from abroad for that purpose, who had been his companion during his three months' waiting. And some of the records of the statements of even legislators concerning this question would startle the nation terribly were we not so afflicted with the mercantile spirit.

The missionaries who return to this country are calling our attention to the fact that family prayers are falling into disuse in American homes. The plea is sometimes made that modern conditions of business and city life render this custom impracticable. And it is therefore hoped that its disuse does not imply any particular relapse in morals. But modern methods of business and of travel permit wonderful activities in games of cards, in theater-going, in dancing and such like. Modern methods of business and travel do not prevent attending to the holidays, to the sick and to funerals. It is true that the hospital, a direct product of Christianity, is assisting wonderfully in the care of the sick, but not generally to the exclusion of a studied home interest in the afflicted loved ones. And, moreover, men of vast business pursuits are conducting family prayers twice a day in their homes. I fear that the cause of this neglect is not in methods of business or travel, but in fevered mercantile spirit, which will not give time to the blessedness or which fears the searching of family

prayers. Let us change the custom. Let Christ into the home; have a brief season of steady worship. Let him be at our dinner tables, let him take our little ones up in his arms, let him comfort our troubled ones and stand by the coffins of our dead. Our dedicated homes shall be the dwelling places of our Christ—his Bethanies.

6. But now let me ask you to consider the vital question which has resulted from all the other questions connected with this opposition to Christ. It is this: We have crowded him out of the heart. Get Christ truly enthroned in your heart and you will find his claim as constant as the passing moments of your life. You will sleep in him by night, and awaken to serve him by day. Your business affairs and your social relations will know the very moulding of his own hands. We can not have Christian nations unless we have Christian individuals. We can not have Christian cities unless we have Christian citizens.

And no amount of legislation about the home or the church or the nation can find its way in to victory when Christ is crowded out of the heart. Divorces may decrease but adultery will increase unless the heart has turned from "self" to Christ. This awful night-covered, sly, Scripture-condemned sin of our day, leaving limp and crushed lives all along the path of its indulgence and locking up the doors of hope in the very faces of

ostracized maidens while the very movement of the same lock swings full wide-open the doors of liberty to passion-heated men right beside them, can never be mastered and cast out saving by Him who casts out devils living in the heart. My brother, give Christ your heart. Sound the depths of your being with his help, find there the power to love or hate, to be true or untrue, and loyally surrender yourself. Hear Him saying unto you, "My son, give me thy heart." What the rainbow is to the storm, what the parlor is to the house, what the mother is to the family, that the heart is to the man. I beseech of you think the best thoughts you can gather, cherish the best feelings of which you are capable, raise your ambitions to the highest altitude possible, but remember Christ alone can be the inspiration of that which is good. Start here. Do not try so much to be good as to be loyal to Christ.

When I was a boy I heard a story of a young woman who engaged to marry a rich young man. As the time appointed for the wedding drew near the young man's business affairs were ruined. Soon as the bankruptcy came he wrote the young woman telling her that he would release her honorably from her engagement to marry him, and assuring her that it was only because he had lost his property. She replied to his letter, saying that she did not engage to marry him because of

his property, but because she loved him, and in the days of his greater prosperity he had given her a nugget of gold which was rich enough to provide necessities for the wedding and some conveniences for the home, that she was willing to abide by the engagement and assist him in the struggle out of his debts. The engagement was continued and the marriage occurred. That young woman had given that young man her heart. And I would have you to-day give yourself to Christ poorer or richer, more or less comfortable, honored or dishonored. See, see his beauty! Harken, it is he that speaks so tenderly to your soul to-day, "Give me thy heart."

"'Pears to me," said the old colored woman who was being taught by the missionary to read, and who found herself very slow at learning, "'pears to me I could get along better if you jes' learn me the word 'Jesus' first. 'Pears to me everything would come in sort o' natural afterward." Her philosophy was right, whether its application could be realized or not. Jesus first, and everything will find its place in due order. Give him your heart. O, that the crude statement of the Scotch miner might be the very soul expression of all who read this. The man had never been out of the mining regions before. He came to the great city and in the first meeting undertook (what I wish you would all do) to

testify. After apologizing for his rough appearance and imperfect language, he paused a moment, then, with tears in his eyes cried out: "But my Jesus, he's a beauty."

Now calmly tell me, dear reader, have you ever been mastered? And who is your master? Deep as the depths of your soul, may you find the answer coming to your lips to-day, I have one **MASTER** even Jesus Christ.

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ETCHINGS OF THE RE-
DEMPTIVE IDEA.

"The people's heart is like a harp for years
Hun^d where some petrifying torrent rains
Its slow-encrusting spray; the stiffened chords
Faint and more faint make answer to the tears
That drip upon them; idle are all words;
Only a golden plectrum wakes the tone
Deep buried 'neath that ever-thickening stone."

—James Russell Lowell.

"THE SON OF GOD WHO LOVED ME AND GAVE HIMSELF
UP FOR ME."—*Galatians II: 20.*

"Say to men, Come, suffer; you will hunger and
thirst; you will, perhaps, be deceived, be betrayed,
cursed; but you have a great duty to accomplish; they
will be deaf, perhaps, for a long time to the severe voice
of virtue; but on the day that they do come to you, they
will come as heroes, and will be invincible."

—Joseph Mazzini.

"How unspeakably precious Jesus has been."

—*Last words of Rev. S. A. Keen, D.D.*

"You sinned!" I cried in righteous scorn,

"None will forget the stain;"

I turned aside, he crept away

And went to sin again.

"You sinned!" I said in pitying tones,

As love my wrath o'erbore,

"But God and I forgive;" he rose

And went to sin no more.

ETCHINGS OF THE REDEEMPTIVE IDEA.

I SAW the lowest rung on the ladder of redemption in the window of a pawn-broker's shop one day. There were scores of tickets hung up there, upon which was printed "unredeemed watches for sale." And I thought, to be sure, there is the redemption of a watch. Some man either out of necessity or perhaps for vice has come to this place to pawn his watch and he has never come back again to pay the money with interest as the redemption price of the article. So they called the watch unredeemed. But supposing it were redeemed, even then, it would represent a very, very low grade of redemption. Perhaps five dollars would be the price. Then when you have redeemed it, if it goes too slow, you may miss a train on account of it and thus miss the receiving of much more money than its redemption price. Or supposing it goes too fast, you may administer drops of medicine too quickly to your sick friend and cause his death; and at best it is only a watch. And I fear that even so small a thing as a watch has declined many a soul from a singleness of purpose to glorify God.

Yet if I were to pay the redemption price and hand you your watch to-day, had you been compelled to pawn it, how you would thank me and tell your friends, too, of what you would call a great act of kindness. Can it be possible that you have never really looked up to the Christ that has redeemed us, and said "thank you?"

Let us now step upon a higher rung of the ladder of redemption, for you know, every subject requires to be looked at from the proper standpoint, and step by step we may come into the richer treasures of this subject, just as the person who begins to play the piano plays first with one finger, then with one hand, then with both hands and so on until she becomes a successful musician, charming the very harmony out of the instrument.

Here then is the second rung of the ladder of redemption. A poor widow lives in a cottage settled on a narrow strip of land at the edge of the city. Both the land and the cottage are encumbered with a heavy mortgage. The little daughter, borrowing her mother's features and growing into young womanhood, has resolved to redeem the property from the mortgage. She studies diligently until she becomes a wage-earner and with great economy and willingness she finds herself able to pay one hundred dollars on the mortgage at the end of the first year. At the end of

the second year her fidelity is rewarded with the ability to pay twice as much. Her sick mother does not know that the daughter is receiving more than barely enough to pay for the fuel and groceries and clothing which they need, but now a few years have sped away and the daughter entering the door of the modest little home in the evening twilight carries the folded paper which has been against the property all these years and places it in the hands of her feeble mother. With great surprise the mother inquires, "What is this, my daughter?" Quick as thought the daughter turns to get her mother's spectacles and bids her read it; but the mother can not read the writing easily and in her eagerness cries out, "Tell me, daughter, what it is." Then comes the surprising answer, "Mother, this is the mortgage. The property is redeemed. Our house and lot are free." What mother would not press the cheeks of her daughter between her soft hands and kiss her lips again and again, at the thought of such kindness and fidelity as this daughter showed. My friend, if one were thus to redeem your property for you, would you not thank him, would you not talk of him to your friends, and for days together, and on special days for years would it not be the burden of your conversation, he redeemed the property for me, he surprised me with his kindness, now hard he toiled, how willing he was,

how lovingly he did it. Yet the price of the redemption, though very much greater than that of the watch at the pawnbroker's shop, is by far less than the greatest conceivable price to be paid, while that daughter has learned many lessons of economy and of diligence which will be worth more than gold or silver to her character. Every hour of that toiling was a contribution to her soul if performed in the true spirit. Then, too, the house may be burned to ashes to-night, or the tornado may sweep it away, or an earthquake may swallow it up, or the poor widow may become so delighted with the home on earth free from encumbrances as to cause her to neglect the title to a home off one of the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. Yes, indeed, a beautiful act of redemption has been performed, but there is a higher.

Now let us step up another rung of this ladder and look upon redemption as the Jews viewed it. Peter evidently refers to their custom of redemption, when he says, "Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things such as silver and gold;" when the Jewish child was thirty days of age, the father would carry it to the priest and present with it thirty pieces of silver as a redemptive offering. Then the priest would swing the thirty pieces of silver about the head of the child and ask the father whether he would have the child or

the money. The father answered, a small meal was partaken of, the money was placed in the treasury of the temple and the child was said to be redeemed. Then followed certain rites of sacrifice of animals in due time. Here the redemption does not concern a watch or house and lot, but a little innocent child. The child is dedicated with fatherly regard in the interest of the religion of Jehovah, and out of respect to his covenant, it is therefore called a redeemed child. But how many redeemed Jewish children told falsehoods and turned traitors against their parents; and the price, thirty pieces of silver, lovingly deposited is at best only a little money. I think it is not a hard task for that father to leave the herding of his sheep or his plowing in the hot sun, to don clean garments and make his way to the priest, carrying with him the sweet babe he loves, yet, what call for gratitude is involved in this act. Here is a man with heathen nations all about him, pleading the interests of his own little child, when the child is too young to plead for itself; recognizing for the child the true God, when the child is so young that it can not express any personal recognition and paying with joy the price of toil, the redemption of the little one.

One act of my mother's before I was twelve years of age has stirred my soul hundreds of times, until I have fairly wept with gratitude at the

thought of her deed. And shall I not say "thank you" to Christ, who redeemed me before I had yet had my first struggle with sin, that I might be counted among the victors of his blood? O, soul of mine, thou must appreciate redemption, Christian Redemption. Come, study it, let it breathe its meaning into thy life. Redeemed, redeemed, redeemed!

Still higher. Let us look upon redemption as it was illustrated when nearly four millions of slaves were set free in the United States. Many of these men had been accustomed to being shipped to and fro in dry-goods boxes as chattels or things, they had been sold at public auction, they had been goaded to their tasks and belittled by their enslavement. The question of their redemption began to flood the mind and soul of such men as Garrison and Phillips and Beecher and Lincoln until it burst forth like a healing fountain. It was a question as to whether men should be chained to heavy balls or allowed to be at liberty, whether they should be lashed over the back in the hot sun or find the quiet retreat of a shade tree for rest—slavery or freedom. And the price of their redemption? Who can tell it? What mother's tears fall silently in the evening twilight from her uplifted eyes? What father's heart-beats may be heard above the mild breezes of the summer morning hours as he

stands lost in the imagination that he hears the footsteps of his returning soldier boy? What lover loses heart and sickens, or with broken heart dies? What gaps in family circles? What noises of distress mingle with the gloom of dark days of home-sickness among sick and wounded soldiers? What mornings are refused the glory of sunrise because the smoke of battle fights back the light of God? What blood stains the torn earth? What graves are these over which the flowers are strewn in springtime? What flags and emblems are torn and trampled under the feet of frenzied war-horses? What old hymn-books sent by Christian people to the battle front are nowadays taken down by the newly converted old soldier that he may sing this time from the heart, "Sweet hour of prayer," or "There is a happy land?"

Louis Beaudry said that he learned to sing "There is a happy land" another way after being in Libby prison and hearing Sunday-school children through the window sing it together one morning. They sang, "There is a happy land, far, far away," but now, said he, since I have learned a deeper love of God I sing it, there is a happy land *not* far away, and I do not weep singing it now as I did that morning. What angels are these who watch the homes of patient widows and bereaved children whose

husbands and fathers knew no better way of deliverance than war?

But the emancipation of the slave has never yet proven a success in the widest sense, and indeed we can not point to a great emancipation in history which has proven a thorough success. The greatest undertaking of the kind perhaps ever reported was that of leading the Jews out of the bondage of Egypt, but the Jew to this day has never been a national success. He wanders about in ten thousand cities, yet he does not gather with his own fellows to settle as a people in one nation. He substitutes a sort of moral rectitude for the teachings of Abraham or Moses as well as those of Jesus. Sadly down the path of history has the Jew been walking, more than a mere pantomime of prophecy. He has been a fulfillment of it. So here the colored man is out of the dry goods box, he is unchained from the ball, the lashes do not smart his weary shoulders, and with the exception of some very sad cases of abuse yet existing, he does not suffer the sting of opposition and degradation he once did, but he is shrouded in darkness, he is the subject of the proclamation of emancipation, but the best representatives of his own race proclaim with eloquence and tears that he needs the proclamation or divine redemption. He is free at certain points, but his mind is captivated with centuries of

ignorance, his body is captivated with centuries of indulgence, and his soul with centuries of sin. The war produced a great emancipation but it did not produce the emancipation of the colored man from selfishness. And many a man who went forth in that war went not forth with the conception of liberating the slave, many a soldier doubtless knew no great tide of philanthropy filling his soul as he enlisted. Yet had you or I been one of those colored slaves, how we would bless the memory of the man who came to set us free, how we would talk of it in our households, how we would vie with each other to show the deepest gratitude.

William Lloyd Garrison tells the following incident concerning these people: Toward evening he went out to the adjacent camp of the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts (colored) regiment. Crowded around were the plantation "hands," clothed in the rags and ignorance inherited from the dead iniquity. "Well," cried Mr. Garrison, "you are free at last. Let us give three cheers." He led off. To his utter amazement there was no response. The poor creatures looked at him with a surprise equal to his own. He had to give the second and third cheers also without them. They did not know how to cheer. But they have learned how. How they do talk about father Abraham. Come soul of mine, talk about Jesus. Rouse thee,

rouse thee, if thou hast any sense of gratitude left or to be attained, express it here. Christ hath redeemed thee. Redeemed, redeemed!

I am going to ask you shortly to step up another rung of this great ladder of redemption, and we can only step there because Christ has come and the Scriptures have been given. I am going to ask you to view *Christian Redemption*. We could not think of stepping up there without the Christ and the revelation, for we know of nothing human which corresponds with the redemptive thought announced and lived out by Jesus Christ. Cæsar wanted his throne with ten thousand soldiers to give it to him. Romulus slew thousands of people that he might be exalted as a great man among men. Alexander wept because he could lay no more people tribute to his vain-glory. This is true of the ambitions of the natural man. Professor Huxley said in one of his late utterances, "The survival of the fittest by no means implies the survival of the best." Indeed it does not. Humanity's survivals have been survivals of malice and hatred and brute force, with occasional splendid exceptions which show us gleamings of that light which lighteth every man coming into the world. Humanity's survivals among the Chinese will slay the female child, and among the Hindoo will insist upon child-widowhood, and among the North American Indians will leave the

old man to die by the trail because he can not keep up in the hunting race. Humanity's best general production of a redemptive mark has never reached the mark of unselfishness. O, I wish we might conceive how Christ transformed the idea of what it is to be great. Do you not see how He substituted the life of service for the life of domineering. What bravery of faith, what gentleness of love are seen plain as the light of day in his doing what we would call the greatest of daring as he takes the lowliest place and performs the completest of service, even going so far as to take the position of a slave and washing the disciples' feet. And let us never forget—will not the reader pause to consider, what Jesus says about this event of the feet-washing. "Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he came forth from God and goeth unto God, riseth from supper," then he proceeds to wash their feet. When his perfect consciousness of his divinity is at full height, when he is truest in his representation of God himself, knowing that he came forth and knowing that he is to return unto the Father, he proceeds to the service of a slave. He not only came as a man, He came as *our* man. He touches us and completely reverses the idea of what it is to be manly, and it is said the Father gave Him authority to execute judgment because He is the Son of

man. It is plain that there is no contradiction but rather the completest agreement in the divine nature and the spirit of readiest service which can find way into our hearts. God has always been sacrificial and Christ was the expression of that, and when we become godly we shall be sacrificial. Now bear in mind this bent of character is not yet common to humanity. Bring the best apparent constructions of the redemptive act and lift the hatchways and look well down into your construction and you will find stored away somewhere in the hold of the vessel that sly tramp called self. It is not so wonderful that Jesus should come to die for sinners when viewed from the standpoint of his own teaching; it would have been wonderful had he not come. But from my standpoint, with the strong disposition of the self-life, it is the marvel of marvels.

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CHRISTIAN REDEMPTION.

"In taking our nature into union with his own, God conferred the rarest and highest honor on humanity, so, since he redeemed men with the blood of his Son, the highest angels do not wear crowns so bright as the thief on the cross and the woman that was a sinner. As in the families of men the youngest child is seated by day next to its father, and lies closest by night to its mother's breast; as in the material heaven it is not the largest but the smallest planets that revolve in orbits nearest to the sun; so, in consequence of redeeming love, though in his original position inferior to the angels, man occupies in the family of God, and in those heavens of which the visible are but the starry pavement, a place nearest to the throne. And by the law that to whom much is given of them shall much be required, those whom God has most loved are most bound to love; those whom he has most glorified are most bound to glorify him."—*Thomas Guthrie*.

"Knowing that ye were redeemed, not with corruptible things, with silver or gold, from your vain manner of life handed down from your fathers, but with precious blood, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot, even the blood of Christ; who was foreknown indeed before the foundation of the world, but was manifested at the end of the times for your sake.—I. Peter i: 18, 19, 20. (R. V.)

"Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown
When thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
For thy holy nativity.

Foxes found their rest, and the birds had their nests
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But thy couch was the sod, Oh, thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.

—*Emily S. Elliott*.

CHRISTIAN REDEMPTION.

THIS is a theme in which the angels are interested. How broad is Christian redemption in its sweep of meaning. Through this great fact a better body is in store for humanity, even a spiritual body ready in the coming days and like that of the Master himself. A better condition of thinking is involved in this redemption, for we are bidden to bring every thought into subjection to the obedience of Christ. A better social condition is involved for we are by love to serve one another, and in the cleansing of the heart from all sin, the raising of the whole being to a new life as well as a new ideal are included in this great redemption. Man was to be lifted out of the circle where self is center into the circle where Christ is all, the very springs of action and the very motives of living made God-like, with the record of the past freely forgiven, and the life made already fresh and new with the foretaste of the resurrection glory.

Let us climb to the rung of the ladder where the angels stand, and look off upon the scene. As lower than man in the scale of creation is the ani-

mal, so just over on the other side is the angel.* This high intelligence reckons among its glories a race of beings which never tasted sin. These unfallen ones are frequently represented in the Scriptures as sweetly in communion with God and as manifesting a helpful interest in humanity.

What range of intelligence and of moral nature they possess is not definitely known but it is thought to be very vast on account of some suggestive things said about them. Great missions have been denied them. They were permitted to minister to Jesus after the temptation, they were not permitted to come into the final struggle connected with his arrest and crucifixion. We need not hesitate to draw near and look upon their interesting but inadequate view of redemption. Peter speaking expressly of redemption by the precious blood of Christ says, "Which things the angels desire to look into."

What strange communications must have been exchanged between those sons of light as through many years they heard the story of the coming incarnation of the Son of God. How their pure natures must have throbbed to some sweeter melody as they dreamed redemption's dream, and when that morning

*Mark says that during Jesus' temptation in the wilderness, "He was with the WILD BEASTS and ANGELS ministered unto him." (Mark 1: 13.) Thus behold the representative of true manhood standing with the beasts on one side and the angels on the other.

came for the cloud-height melody and a holy band was commissioned to sing, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth good-will among men;" also when after noting the awful conflict with the evil one in the wilderness where the Son of man was maintained sinless, they drew near that some new draft of heavenliness might quench the thirst of the weary and victorious Immanuel; how they must have ushered back again glad with a delightful awe, and when they saw the great sweat drop as blood to the ground in Gethsemane they hastened willing and expectant ministers to the agonizing life of the Son of God, to note that their immediate help was of no such quality as to be needed in such a battle; how their awe must have deepened in intensity until there were great punctuations in the ascriptions and melodies of the heavenly world. And when that rude frame of wood bore the form of him who planted the germ of every aspen, and his cry was heard far over the hill, the echo of which has gone around and around the earth and far into the heavens, until angels knew it was the cry of one tasting death for every man, how they must have looked upon this earth, on the one hand to raise unprecedented acclaims, and on the other hand with trembling reverence. How over that cross and around that sepulchre their thoughts must have hovered, as if they were looking out upon some

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great aurora of providence, or how like the natives of Africa whom Livingston describes, they dared not approach the great Victoria Falls because they supposed them to represent the edge of the world; these holy ones looked off upon the scene.

But they have never turned from the atmosphere of sinfulness to the life-giving breezes of forgiveness and eternal health. They had never known the dashing waves yield their prey to the land of deliverance, nor had they ever passed through furnaces heated seven times hot by passions, whose fires they themselves had fanned; being delivered without the smell of fire upon them.

Deliverance from the miry pit makes the rock feel solid. Since sin is in the world it is idle to argue about the details of how it came here. I am not so much concerned about its pedigree as about its power. I am not so much concerned about the fruit Adam ate as about the poison discovered in my nature. It does not so much concern a man when he discovers a thief in his house whether he came in through the door or the window as it does to get him out of the house before some terrible act of violence has been committed. So it does not so much concern me about the details of the way I came to be a sinner as about the awful fact that I am a sinner. The

disease has struck me. But since sin is in the world, and we are here, we may well delight to remember that deliverance from the bitterness of the Cain-life gives unspeakable relish to the obtaining of peace through redemption. Who knows what deliverance means like the delivered?

"Earth has a joy unknown to heaven—
The new-born peace of sins forgiven;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.
But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must learn to hear
A sacred chord that mine shall bear."

Now, let us stand upon another rung of this ladder, and look upon redemption from the standpoint of that man whose heart yearns with the blessed impulses of that first effort of self-surrender called penitence. Have you ever been there? There would be so many more strong triumphant Christians in the world to-day had they started out in the way by radically repenting of their sins. It takes the dark background of the storm to bring out the rainbow in its beauty, and it takes the full recognition of the self-life to bring out redemption in its beauty. Have you ever been awakened to the conception of wrong in your soul? Have you ever really felt how many things there are surely characteristic of

Christ which you would feel humiliated to have as characteristic of you? Has the vastness of the soul been opened to your view until it seems full of great mountain peaks and chasms and storms and quiet nooks and corners where lesser passions lurk, and whole prairies of thorns and briers and poisonous weeds, and great centers of selfish fire which upon occasion belch out as if fighting every approacher? Have you ever come to say, "I do not know myself, search me, O God?" Have you ever noticed how at one moment your heart is as tender as that of an infant cooing upon the bosom of its mother and the next so obdurate that it reminds you of a vicious devil, and have you said, the record of my past keeps living on and I am here a sinner, to go back I can not? Within me is condemnation and guilt. To go forward longer as I am, how dare I, but my feet are slipping, slipping, as if time had been frozen smoothe, and my heart is cold and hard. Then and there, O, bless the day, then and there broke upon your vision the memory of the cross and you said, Jesus will save me.

A lost soul hovering between two worlds; ever since your babyhood you had proclaimed by every action that you were a lost being. In those earlier days you knew not whether to feel the kitten's back or the fire, to drink poison or water, to creep on the rug or out in the snow, to smile or cry. You

sought to walk and fell. As the years went on every day upset a score or more of conclusions formerly made. As a young man you stood at the forks of the road and sighed again and again to know whether to be a mechanic or a farmer or to engage in some profession. Perhaps you have been at mid-age sitting with your cheerful family about the Thanksgiving table and before one little year has gone round you sit weeping in deepest sorrow because she is lost to your home, the great loving heart of the family called by the most blessed name of all earthly names, "mother." Will you invest in this line of business or in that, will you cherish this trend of thought even about religion, or will you cherish that, or perhaps you have come to old age and your sight has failed you, you can not see the path, you carry a stick in your hand to help you feel the way, your dull hearing will not warn you of approaching danger, and if you sit in the door of your home the very cricket on the curb may become a burden to your soul, the white locks fall over your wrinkled forehead, you are a pilgrim journeying somewhere, the breath of eternity is upon your brow, and you know not the way. Lost, lost, lost! But hearken, Jesus hath spoken, "I am the way."

O, the consciousness of a condemned soul. He has squandered ability, he has depreciated the Gospel, he has shut out the light, and what

does he know of surrender; his heart has rushed to the opposite side from that of the angel-life. He fears eternity, would that he feared himself. Have you been there, and have you out of this condemnation looked unto the merciful Redeemer until deeper and still deeper were the feelings of grief at the thought of having caused him so terrible a sorrow, only to be rewarded with the sweet assurance of forgiveness—a great, free, plentiful, holy forgiveness? Pardon will often cause the culprit who receives it to faint in his cell. This pardon which Jesus gives causes the culprit to sing as he goes at large. When a person is pardoned he is left to prove himself and is very cautiously taken back into the trust of those who know him, but when Jesus pardons a sinner he is taken immediately into the family and given the confidence of the household, adopted as the child of God and promised an inheritance of infinite love; the lost is found, the dead is alive.

Have you seen redemption from the standpoint of a penitent? Have you looked at Calvary through such doors as these? The angels may well rush in now and express their joy in the presence of God over one sinner that repenteth, for they never saw redemption from beneath. The angels said he went forth to save them, but I have said he came to save me. They said he is theirs,

but I have said he is mine. They say "unto you is born a Saviour," but the poor human leper cries, "if thou wilt thou can'st make me clean." They say behold him go, but we can say behold him come. They look off upon the scene with holy enthusiasm, but the scene is within me, and the enthusiasm, too, for I needed redemption and I got it. To be a man born in sin and redeemed is to know and experience of the love of the Infinite, high above that which even angels know from actual experience. And here we not only see redemption, but we feel it. The first dawnings of benevolence have come into our souls as we repented and the new life is already blessedly begun.

"Oh glory to His name and His wondrous love proclaim,
I'll shout His praise on high;
I'll sing redeeming love to the shining hosts above,
And behold His face in glory by and by."

Still another rung of the ladder invites us. Let us step higher and view redemption from the standpoint of a new man in Christ. May we have the thoroughly surrendered will and the clear heart-vision as we look upon this wonderful theme from this wonderful standpoint. Lie down in your hammock at night when the summer sky is clear and you would think that if you were high up in the air you could walk from star to star and from planet to planet and that the distance

from one star to another would be all too short for your steps. But rise and go aloft in the region of planets and stars, or else with a telescope bring the planets and stars within clearer view, and you will see that what appeared to you as a short step is like the distance across a continent. So when Christ has come into our lives and we have turned away from the old self-life to God it all appears different to us. We enter into fellowship with Jesus Christ. Mark that word fellowship. The very same spirit which is in Jesus becomes the spirit which moves us to our activities, we live the redemptive life. A young man got his hand hurt in a corn shelling machine, and the physician informed the friends after amputating the hand that it would be necessary to graft the wound. So the pastor of the church where he attended and the teacher of the village school and others contributed from their arms four hundred grafts of living flesh. The grafts were applied and the young man recovered. These friends had fellowship with his sufferings. And we are to enter into the fellowship with the sufferings of Christ just as these friends did with the sufferings of this young man. Christ suffered because of his great love. They sympathized with the young man's pain, we are rather to sympathize with Christ's great principles. And this is what it means to be a Christian. We are to go

out with Christ borne on by his great love to seek and to save the lost. This task of reconstructing the race by defeating the self-life and bringing in the Christ-life will never cease until the complete victory arrives, and every Christian man enlists as a Christian, receiving this great commission in his soul; and just as Christ presents himself to Calvary we are to present ourselves living sacrifices unto God. The Jewish idea was to kill the sacrifice, but the Christian idea since Christ has died and risen from the dead is to have the sacrifice alive. We are supposed to be enlisted in the very front of a battle, to be one with Jesus Christ. "Unto you it is given not only to believe on him, but also to suffer." The same work is on his heart to-day as that which was on his heart when he announced the finished atonement. It must be applied, and by the Holy Spirit's help we are to apply it. When I prayed as a penitent I said, God be merciful to me, but when I pray to-day I enter into his fellowship which adds, God be merciful to them. How quickly that prayer finds a place upon the lips of the new-born soul. How little we knew when we first prayed that prayer for personal deliverance that we should take in every Hindoo and every Japanese and every Chinaman and every inhabitant of every island and on every sea into our

cry, since Christ is taking us all into his great redemption, and how few of the greater weaknesses of our character were definitely understood in that first hour. Some of these have since been recognized and cured until we find ourselves saying, Lord thou didst forgive me fully and freely at that time, but now I find it means a million-fold more than I thought it did; while thy forgiveness has never been cancelled, I would fain have it reasserted that thou mightest see in the very motions of my soul how much better I appreciate what it means to have sin forgiven than I did at that time. We see sin more as Christ saw it now. O, could I but pick up somewhere one nail which I certainly knew had pierced the palm of my blessed Redeemer on the cross, how I would kiss it and weep over it and fold it close within my palms and say, "Let me wound myself with this, if perhaps some scratch of the nail over a vein might cause me to bleed against that same thing against which his blood rushed for me." Does some one say I fear that the human heart could not bear the intense fellowship with Christ of which we are speaking, it would seem to be suicidal. How mistaken, my friend; it is not suicidal, it is resurrection. Just as the self-life dies the Christ-life comes in. We are debtors everywhere to humanity with Christ,

and we are invited into the struggle, and the honor involved in it no tongue can tell.

When God created these worlds it was an easy act of his power.

"He spake and it was done," "The earth showeth his *handiwork*," says the Psalmist, as if it were a task of knitting or some delicate work; but when he came to redeem humanity, or better when he came to re-create humanity, he is represented as poor, and sighing, and groaning, and weeping, and weary, and dying—and behold he lives again. The prophet had cried out, "Make bare thine arm, Oh, Lord," and it was no longer *handiwork*.

Into that first act of creation we were not invited. God formed the lilies and God made the waters and all the forms of beauty and the whirling maze of worlds without any suggestion of our helping, but when the greater act occurred, when the appeal could be made to the highest motives that could inspire a human actor glorify a human destiny, then he said, come in and share it. Be redeemers with me, take up your cross and follow. When shall we once learn the lesson of holy greatness and of deathless worth? Painters have caused people to sit wrapt by the hour in the presence of their productions and in some cases to weep and resolve

for better living then and there. Michael DeMunkaesy's great picture, "Christ before Pilate" is said to have broken the heart of a sailor. He resolved to give up drink and sin no more. I had a friend who stood amid the throng of people looking off upon that picture. He is a well balanced man, but his attention became so riveted upon the incident it represented that as he fixed his eyes upon the mob calling for the crucifixion of Christ he called out, "Here stop that." Oh, if we could but have the spirit of Jesus in the heart of the church to-day men and women would feel the power of his presence and really see it as they see the artist's dream in the pictures. What a mighty revival of Christliness would come down upon the peoples and what a spirit of great tenderness and benevolence would be awakened everywhere, until the feelings of Paul would find response in millions of hearts in our day and our lives would be in accord with those great full words, "For me to live is Christ." Verily the Christian is a Christ-i-an. We are the continuation of the Christ plan and of the Christ-life. We have the very same thing to do and we are to do it according to the same outline of action and inspired by the same great motive. A little boy lifted his shining face at the breakfast table one morning and said to his father, who was a very thorough Christian minister, "Well,

papa, if they were to write a new Bible now they would put mamma's name, and your name, and sister's name and our preacher's name and my name in it, wouldn't they?" The father inquired to find out exactly what the little child meant, when he explained that the names of the people to-day would be in the book instead of such names as Peter, John and Paul and Dorcas. See how that child detected the meaning of the Christian religion. We ought to be the Bible of to-day, so that if the record of to-day were written down it should as truly be the divine record as that contained in the Acts of the Apostles. Let us keep to our programme. Here it is, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor, he hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

I will, I must if possible enter into fellowship with this redemptive plan.

Why, the African village at the World's Fair in Chicago was peopled by some genuine Africans whose tribe has the following very interesting custom. The boys of the surrounding community join the tribe upon their own choice and take rank in the tribe according to merit as racers or hunters, etc. At a convenient season of the year the

boys are sent out into the hills to compete in races, marksmanship and other athletic deeds. While there they are addressed by some of the most supple of the older men of the tribe on how to shoot and run and dodge, and similar pursuits; then, when the day comes for tribe-joining, all who desire to join are placed in a company together and they are bidden to take their rank according to their standing in the games. The best athlete is first, the second best, second, and so on down the line. Now, they are to bear the mark or scar of their rank, and this is produced by a deep gash made in the back of the boy. The boy at the foot of the line receives the gash low down on the back, but the boy at the head of the line is gashed up near the head. An African who in his boyhood had joined the tribe, entered the African village at the World's Fair. He had been educated in America and was dressed in American style, but he had not forgotten the dialect of his own tribe. Entering the village he began to converse with the natives. They enquired about his birthplace and tribe until he told them that he was a Prince of the tribe. They immediately asked if he wore the scars, and when he said he did, two or three of those Africans rushed forward and thrust their hands down under his collar, then quickly fell down before him to do him homage. They had felt the scar and

they knew his rank. The lesson is evident. High rank meant high scars, but any kind of rank meant scars of some kind. So here Christ would have followers who are enlisted with the idea of suffering with him and of bearing the marks of the King.

Heaven will not be a nursery for the feeble. When God marshalls his great hosts for review you may hear it said, "These are they who came up out of great tribulation." What if Jesus should stand yonder in visible form and say to us, "Come children, draw near and converse with me." We draw near and he tells us that he would have us talk over redemption with him. Could we take part in the conversation? Could we reach a single strain of the theme? Would there be any real interest in it from your standpoint and mine? If not, then I fear that the central and all-embracing theme of the Christian religion has never sufficiently interested us to charm away our mean self-life, nor have we realized sufficiently our high calling to see that we are to have fellowship with the Son of God.

We can not be possessed of that refining sensitiveness to the needs of humanity which is so absolutely necessary to humanity and true success in every undertaking, unless we are in actual fellowship with Jesus himself. We must see Jesus in the poorest and worst. Not that the worst

love him and please him, but that help to them is help to him. "Ye did it unto me."

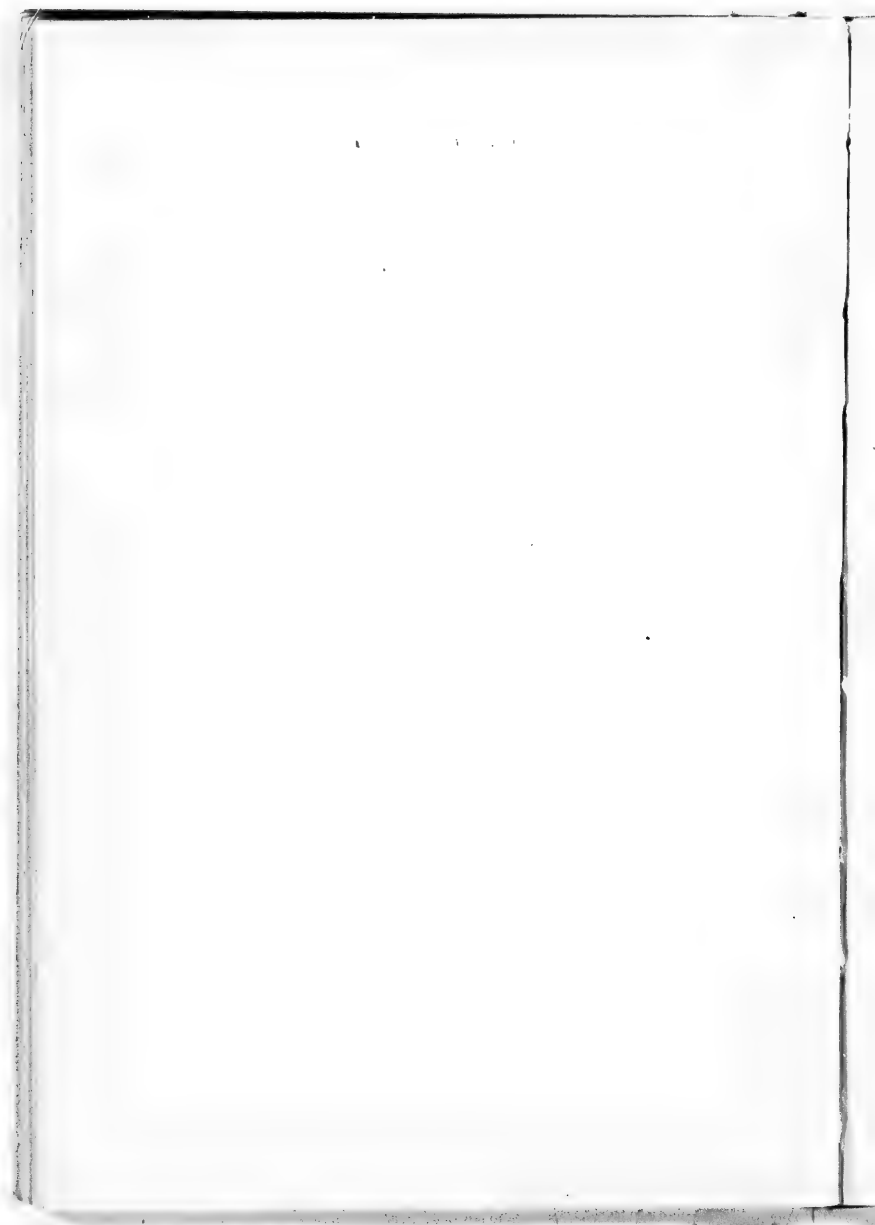
And now let us take our position looking off upon the view of redemption which must have been in the mind of the Redeemer himself. "We reckon," said one of the fathers of the seventeenth century, "that a man must be exceedingly benevolent when he sits down to devise how he can best distribute his goods among others." Jesus comes, saying, all this is voluntary, I come to do the Father's will and to lay down my life.

"Jesus my Saviour to Bethlehem came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame,
Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name,
Seeking for me, for me.

Jesus my Saviour on Calvary's tree
Paid the great price and my soul is set free,
Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be,
Dying for me, for me."

It is a chosen plan, a favored lot. What benevolence there must be in the heart of one who devises how, when and where to lay down his life for sinners and give them an inheritance of boundless wealth. He gave his best to bring us to our best. It is his very life. What valor is to the brave man, what muscle is to the sailor, what the father-feeling is to the father, these faintly picture what redemption is to Christ. We could not know him any other way and we are to

have this life in us. Redeemed, redeemed! We were reared by the ministry of those who loved us. Let us live to serve. Let us suffer to cure others. Let us die that we may live. The atonement of Christ is a perfect atonement, but it needs a manward application and we are invited, what honor is in it, to fill up the sufferings of Christ which are behind which are ready to follow. Oh, my soul, this is life; all else is death. Saviour divine, be thou revealed in me. Redeemed! Redeemed!!



THE REDEMPTION OF
SORROW.

"I knew a man who was known as 'the man who had never wept.' No one had ever seen tears upon his face. One night he was deeply convicted of sin in a meeting, and finally, with great trembling, he took hold of the seat in front of him and pulled himself up to a partially erect posture and cried, 'Can a man be saved who has never wept?' And even as he said it he let go of the seat and fell back into the pew and burst into tears. Oh, I believe that tears would come to cheeks unused to them if only some would be willing to do the will of God."—*B. Fay Mills.*

"The capacity of sorrow belongs to our grandeur, and the loftiest of our race are those who have had the profoundest sympathies, because they have had the profoundest sorrow."—*Henry Giles.*

"For godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation, a repentance which bringeth no regret; but the sorrow of the world worketh death."—II. Corinthians vii: 10. (R. V.)

"Sadness serves but one end, being useful only in repentance, and hath done its greatest work, not when it sighs and weeps, but when it hates and grows careful against sin; but cheerfulness serves charity, fills the soul with harmony, and makes and publishes glorifications of God."—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE REDEMPTION OF SORROW.

How broad and comprehensive, and if undertaken by any other than a divine hand, how daring would be this Christian plan of dealing with humanity. Stoics taught some of the external virtues such as fidelity and heroism, but Jesus teaches us not only to be faithful but to be forgiving; not only to be heroic but to be gentle and loving and merciful. The religion of Jesus undertakes to play all the keys of the whole instrument. It will bring out the music of the whole orchestra, hence it includes sorrow among the subjects of its blessed ministry. What a benediction it is that we can feel sorrow. If man were capable only of joy he would be like a violin with one string; what a wearisome exhibition of monotony would such a person be. In certain cases of insanity, weeping is the sign of approaching recovery, and the word will be whispered among the nurses and attendants concerning the patient, "We saw a tear in his eye; that man will yet recover." What perfect delight thrills the hearts of the relatives as they read the new letter from the hospital saying, "Your friend has been seen to weep a little; recovery is more than probable."

Joy soars high and bathes its wings in the light and sings its songs; but sorrow meanwhile follows the long shaft and digs out the rich nuggets of ore. How could we enter into deepest fellowship with Jesus were we not capable of "weeping with those that weep." There is a heroism in sorrow; when sorrow is of the right quality it dares to go with God in the struggle. Even the Jewish Psalmist seems to have believed this when he said "My tears, are they not in thy bottle." Dear soul, you wept so bitterly; you went alone and hid yourself away, as if, since there was but one God there was but one wounded mortal too, and there you wept and sighed and prayed while your whole being was heaving like a ship in the storm until he said, "Peace be still," and there was a great calm. May be there was great courage in that hour.

Mothers weep when their boys leave home. They have the courage to weep; they know that if the boys will be true in the midst of their enemies they can succeed, and they emphasize the knowledge upon the boy's soul with weeping. "Blessed are they that mourn." As long as humanity can rejoice in this world it may well sorrow. There is no general conflict between laughter and tears, between joy and sorrow. "Sorrowful yet always rejoicing," says Paul.

But what disgraceful sorrow we have suffered.

How surely there seems to be no territory of the being where evil has not caused these poisonous growths to come up; even sorrow has become degenerated sin. There is a sorrow of the world—first sorrow, then death; a blighting, withering, slaying sorrow.

What is this sorrow of the world? The world in the days when Paul wrote would naturally be represented by Rome or Greece. This vast un-Christian community based its life upon the assertion of the individual. The modern phrase, "Look out for number one," would have exactly fitted that class of humanity. Their thought was upon themselves, and their great study was to defend themselves and exalt themselves, and hence their sorrow was a selfish sorrow.

This same spirit is common to humanity since the assertion of the self-life is the secret of human trouble and human failure, hence the sorrow of the world is a self-sorrow. The sorrow of the world says, I am injured, poor me, how I struggle, how I suffer! This was the difficulty with Cain. Instead of immediately repenting of his sin, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." This was the difficulty with the rich young man who came to Jesus and went away sorrowful. I think I hear him say, he has told me to sell all my goods and give to the poor, my lands, my

flocks, my houses, my vineyards. Ah, it was a sorrow of the world.

Now, whenever there comes a question between a thing and a character, God always takes the part with the character. Here, in the case of the rich young man, the conflict was between gold and the man. Immediately the Lord said, "man up, gold down." The same is true in the case of the Gadarene demoniac. The conflict there is between the pigs and the man. The Lord immediately says, "man up, pigs down." And then, when man is permanently established in victory, gold is represented as the pavement of his feet in heaven. This rule always abides; character up, things down. But the rich young man did not perceive this. His sorrow was a self-sorrow. "He went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions." No man ever was pinned under a railroad wreck more truly than was that young man pinned under his possessions. He had his heart where his feet ought to be, upon the earth. John Ruskin says that the characteristic of the mean man is in the way he pronounces the word "I," and the characteristic of the great man is in the way he pronounces the word "it." The sorrow of the world always speaks of self. It has not great philanthropy, it has no great fund of helpfulness to feed upon; it works death; it is separate, single, exclusive, kill-

ing. There are people from all about us who have gone to premature graves through this awful blast, and who can tell the great number of deadly vices it breeds in its own walled up nest?

But now let us turn our attention to godly sorrow, which is said to work repentance—a repentance that needeth not to be repented of. The sorrow of the world savors of the world; godly sorrow savors of God. The sorrow of the world says, "I am wronged"; godly sorrow says, "He is wronged." The sorrow of the world says, "I suffer"; godly sorrow, "He hath suffered." The one, "I am abused"; the other, "He is maltreated." The one, "My poor heart"; the other, "His broken heart." These waters of Marah flow very close to the mercy seat, and soon the soul mellowed by this kind of sorrow will be heard saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner," laying the emphasis upon the word "sinner" very much more than upon the word "me," for godly sorrow worketh repentance.

My brother, have you ever felt this kind of sorrow? Has your soul ever awakened sufficiently to say, "God has been wronged, Christ has been slain and humanity has been injured through my willfulness and sin?" Have you ever had moral ambition enough to explore the Infinite nature far enough to find how many scars you have made in his affection through the outgoings of his mercy for you?

Look, look upon him. See him weep. Hear him plead. Note the steady greatness in the strain of his teaching. Hear his warning; feel his heart-throbs. Behold, this is your Creator! This is your Saviour! This is your King, and of this one you are an offspring. Oh, soul, did you ever with godly sorrow beg the divine pardon? It is a great thing to repent of sin.

Sometime ago in one of my meetings I approached a man from Chicago and said to him, "My brother, have you given your life to Jesus?" He replied, "No, sir, I have not, and what is more I do not mean to; I tell you I do not believe what you preached to-night. You taught that a man must get down in the dust before God in order to be saved, and I tell you I will not do it. I think too much of myself for any such humiliation, and I do not believe in it." "Beg your pardon, my friend," said I, "you misunderstood my teaching. I do not say that a man would be required to get down in the dust in order to be a Christian, but I mean to say that you are now down in the dust, and one of the first steps toward becoming a Christian is to rise high enough to let the light shine on you so that you shall see the dust which soils you."

Repentance is not going down into the valley, repentance is not going down at all, repentance is rising up. When one is ascended high

enough to see how God has been wronged by him, until he desires and determines to ask forgiveness for his fruitless and injurious life, then he becomes a true penitent. *Repentance is really the first dawning of benevolence.* The very first step in the Christian life is a step into grace. O, for the blessing of godly sorrow. Fellow sinner, may it come into your soul to-day. I do not ask you to weep; that would only be incidental, but may heaven give to the very depths of your being a mighty appreciation of the goodness of God and your influence upon your fellows until you shall be sorry that they have been wronged.

When Col. H. H. Hadley knelt in the Water Street Mission and prayed for forgiveness he was a drunken newspaper man. He says, "That night I was two hundred-odd pounds of sin and beer." But when he began to pray he found himself saying, "dear Jesus." He says, "This was altogether new to me, to call my Saviour dear Jesus. Then I said, O dear Jesus let me bear this terrible appetite for strong drink for thee who hast borne my sins for me." Col. Hadley did not think to ask that the appetite might be taken away, this he might well have done. But when there came genuine repentance he would fain endure the awful trial for such a Saviour as this. Start here my brother, right in the day-dawn of benevolence. Sound the depths of your being

and see if you can not find it within you to say, "Father I have sinned, forgive me."

Glorious John Hunt says that the Fiji Islanders would faint under the awful load of their own guilt when they saw it. When John Hunt went among these poor cannibals in 1838, girls were sold for seven dollars each that they might be eaten. John Hunt preached Christ to them until they saw the awfulness of their practices. Under his messages they would faint and revive, and faint and revive and bewail their awful unrighteousness. You could not buy a human being to-day, in the Fiji Islands, for seven *millions* of dollars. But these poor tribes had no Bible. You and I have been surrounded with the richest and the greatest teachings that have ever fallen upon human ears. They have been stated, they have been sung, and with the very pleadings of sacrifice they have been pressed upon our attention. Shall we not drop a tear or two of genuine repentance and hate the old self-life.

"Who sent this quilt here," said a dying soldier boy to the nurse. "I do not know," replied the nurse, "but there was a note with it and I can find out who sent it." "I wish you might," said the young man. The nurse retired from the room and upon returning found him intently gazing at one patch in the quilt. "Did you find out who sent the quilt?" said he. Then the nurse read

the name at the bottom of the note. The young man burst into weeping and said, "I thought so, I thought so; I knew it was her. I knew that that patch was a piece of my mother's dress." Then drawing it close to his lips he kissed the patch once and again, saying, "God forgive me for the way I treated my mother. Nurse, you will tell mother, won't you, that I asked God to forgive me before I died, and I want her to forgive me." I think that soldier boy was greater ten-million-fold that minute than he ever could have been spurring himself on in some battle. We never can be genuine Christians unless we have been genuine penitents. The joy of the Lord can not be our strength unless godly sorrow has been our tonic. There are men everywhere who have never begun to find the present possibilities of their character because they have never known a great sorrow. The smelting has not been perfect enough to bring out the gold.

A father brought his daughter to a musical instructor for voice culture. The daughter was asked to stand upon the stage in a large hall and sing. The father and instructor stood in the distance to estimate her effort. "Well," said the father, "what do you think she will make?" "I can not tell you," answered the instructor, "her voice has a vast compass and is of pure tone. I

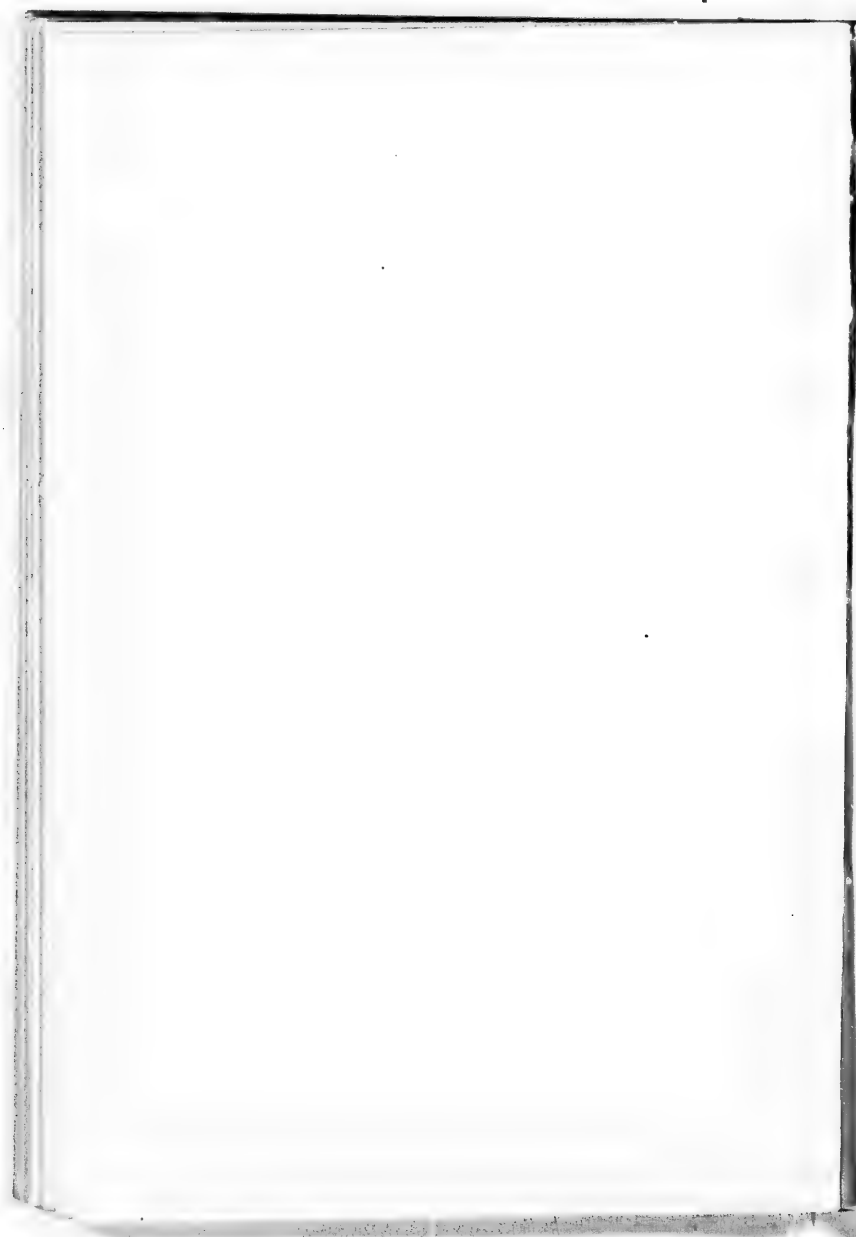
could tell you better what she would make if I could break her heart."

Forgiveness is none the less precious because it is so readily offered. How boldly we come and say, "Father forgive me." Do we consider what it costs him to forgive us? We speak of our sensitive natures and say that the errors of our fellow men rasp against our souls so that we can hardly endure their coarseness. We say they are not kindred spirits with us. But what of the holy sensitiveness of him whose perfect character was never stained by a tinge of wrong purpose or of wrong doing. Do not I know that my dullness and daring sinfulness must rasp as if into the very quick against the sensitive nature of my Christ? Out of that nature, while amid the lowest surroundings, came forth such saying as these, "Blessed are the pure in heart." "Who-soever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart," and "I am the truth." When Christ comes to save your soul it is like an angel reaching deep into the mire for a pearl. And I do not mean here the soul of a man whose habits are vile beyond other peoples, I mean the most respectable kind of a sinner who slights the mercy of heaven. We do not consider it so very wonderful that the man who was lost deep in drunkenness or criminality should rejoice with exceeding joy

because his sins are forgiven, but is it not true that the man who has been saved *from* these things ought to be as thankful as the man who has been saved *out of* them?

Does some one say, O the love of God makes it easy for him to forgive. I reply, yes, but love is not insensible, love is not stupid, love is not untrue. But with full recognition of the sin, with exact estimate of its vileness and in perfect consciousness of all that it has cost to save the sinner, love eagerly, abundantly pardons. God's attitude is rather the attitude of truth than of resentment, and truth is not thrust down when a sinner is forgiven, it is asserted, upheld, honored, glorified. That struggle of the truth in the face of our moral falsehood broke the heart of Jesus Christ. Brother, it was for thee and for me.

Why wait for fires or floods or sickness or persecution to break your heart; is there not appeal enough in the goodness of God? Does not the tenderness of his voice within your soul make you tremble with sorrow that you have so long rejected it? If I must be constrained by any influence, let it be such an influence as God's goodness, or God's love. Now, even now, may the icy heart of your winter melt away and the new world spring into existence, even a world where sorrow is unselfish.



THE DIVINE UNFOLDING.

"We deceive ourselves, doubtless, in this way, imagining that because we have the whole Scriptures, and are conversant with all their great truths, the Spirit of God is necessarily working in us. We need a baptism of the spirit as much as the apostles did at the time of Christ's resurrection."—*Bowen*.

"It would be a blessed day which should witness the descent of the Holy Ghost anew upon the whole Christian church. But to ask for this would be to ask for uncovenanted grace. For the majority of Christians are not in a receptive condition. Vessels must be emptied of earth before they can be filled with gold. There must be an intense thirst before Jesus will give these living waters."—*Rev. Daniel Steele, S. T. D.*

"When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall bear witness of me; and ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning. These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be made to stumble. They shall put you out of the synagogues, yea, the hour cometh that whosoever killeth you shall think that he offereth service unto God. And these things will they do because they have not known the Father nor me. But these things have I spoken unto you, that when their hour is come ye may remember them, how that I told you. And these things I said not unto you from the beginning because I was with you. But now I go unto him that sent me; and none of you asketh me, Whither goest thou? But because I have spoken these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I go I will send him unto you."

—John xv: 26, 27; xvi: 4-7. (R. V.)

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THE DIVINE. UNFOLDING.

Who can imagine the difficulties to be encountered when God proceeded to unfold the secrets of His pure nature and the privileges which he would grant to men, of high and rich communion with himself in such days as those of Abel and Enoch and Abraham. For we must not forget that the influences of more perfectly stated truths concerning God and ourselves have affected our parents, and, indeed, all civilization to such a vast extent that to have been born as we, in these civilized countries of the world and in this age, was to be started out in life with an almost infinite profusion of opportunity and advantage.

It was not always so. See behind those hills of time, yonder in the distance, those darker days. The pillar of fire has not yet appeared. The prophets' souls have not yet borne their great, strong, healthful messages, nor has a live coal off the altar touched their lips. The psalmists have not yet sung of Jehovah, the Shepherd, Leader, King; and the sweet, holy ministry of the Son of God has not yet broken like fragrant incense upon the darkened minds and sinful hearts of the people. It were difficult, indeed, to estimate

what it meant to unfold the things of God out on the edges of those centuries. It is always difficult to put great truth in language; it must have been especially difficult to put the things of God's glory into the language of the earlier people, so deeply fallen into rebellion against Him. How beautiful the unfolding.

The voice of God is heard calling for his lost child, "Adam, where art thou." This is the great starting point of that which culminates later on this earth, in the expression of the Holy Spirit, dwelling amid eager welcomes right within the soul of the redeemed creature—this the morning star, that the noon-day. Let us trace these unfoldings that we may the better see how important it is for us to believe with deepest purpose in the largest, completest unfolding of the God-nature to man—the Holy Spirit.

God has called to his lost child. That voice alone, its tones; how they must have stirred the heart of Adam. I think he is saying, "Will he speak to me, will he yet speak to me." For you know these early people (and the race is not rid of the same moral defect even to-day) feared the voice of God, and when he spake to them from Sinai they said, "Let not God speak with us lest we die."

Again, he appeals to the patriarchs and calls every man to be a priest in his own household; the

individual and the family are brought into possible communion with himself. What a revelation this must have been to these early people.

Again, the law is given amid the fears of the people; the words are uttered, "Thou shalt" and "thou shalt not." "Now," I think men say to each other after their fear has subsided, "This is very plain; we understand; we must not kill; we must not steal, and we must love him." What penitent anxious for communion with his God and willing to make his life righteous before him would not have been willing to say, "It is enough we will seek to obey; yea, we will suffer in obedience if we may but gain the favor of the great Eternal," but already they had had more than this. The sacrifices were being offered; great, strong announcements of godly faith were being made, nor shall they cease, for the Lord continues to unfold his nature to man, expressing himself in symbols and tokens and certain forms of worship and service, especially in better places, and the tabernacle is made after his own designing. Not one family, but many are called together to commune with him, and in the forms of worship the unfolding of his own thought and heart become more and more apparent to the people, while from the mercy-seat in the holy of holies beams the Shekinah. This was a mysterious, abiding light, perhaps not unlike the sun-dog in the sky, still

and quiet, but radiant—beautiful symbol of the presence of Him of whom John later said, "God is light."

And now as the unfolding of his nature continues, the prophets bear witness, the kings live and die, the nations grow and wane, the Psalmists sing, the priests pray, scenes of great deliverance appear as pledges of covenants made, strong warnings are uttered against the sins of the nation, God's people are taught to separate themselves from the idolaters round about them, while now and again a man rises baptized with great assurance, saying, "*Thus* saith the Lord." As if to say he who called for his lost Adam is still calling.

Then the light broke like the dawn of the morning from the hills and the brief but plain prophecy of Moses began to come into its fuller expression of meaning upon the lips of Isaiah and of the minor prophets concerning the coming deliverer. It must have been like a feast to the soul for these men to have felt impelled to have uttered their messages. Take the youthful Isaiah, scarcely, if quite, out of his teens, uttering such words as these, "Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots; and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge, and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord, and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears. But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth; and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins and faithfulness the girdle of his reins."

What joy, what unspeakable rapture must have ravished the hearts of these men amid their ordinary sorrows when they uttered such words as those. But behold, O, holy wonder, there appears that one from above born of Mary in Bethlehem of Judea. The people call him Prophet, King, Rabbi. The sin-stricken woman at the well of Dychar as she speaks, keeps expressing his name in better titles; first she calls him "sir," later "prophet," then telling of her belief in the coming Messiah she dares to say, "Can this be the *Christ*?"

He appears among the people, poor with

the poorest, weary with the weariest, slandered and opposed with the most persecuted, teaching as no man ever taught, fulfilling the law, living a divine life and surely though slowly becoming the evident deliverer of the people. Now, God has unfolded himself as so intensely sympathetic that he is beside us in our babyhood, himself incarnate as a little child, he reclines at our dinner tables, he takes the little children up in his arms and blesses them, he heals our sicknesses, he forgives our sins, he feeds our hungry, he touches our dead and they live. Could Abel or Enoch or Abraham have seen this so fully expressed as the people of the day of his appearing saw it, how they would have exulted.

Immanuel, Immanuel, God with us. And sinners touch him.

But this is not enough; humanity is a redeemed humanity and we are called to *fellowship* with the infinite God, in eternal years destined to be like him and to glory in him, yes, and to express through ceaseless days of eternity the wealth of the heart of God. Hence Jesus stands forth in the presence of the people while they celebrate Feast of Tabernacles at Jerusalem, the very city where God had unfolded much of the wealth of himself, in the design of the great temple and its worship; to tell the people of the coming, greater glory yet to break upon their vision and enrich their

souls. It was the last day of the feast. Offerings of water were being brought from Siloam and presented before the Lord. Skins and jars well filled with the pure liquid were handed forth, and appropriate offerings were being celebrated. He looked upon it, and then this great effort of God to unfold himself to humanity brought out the larger lesson which the water symbolized, in these words, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink, he that believeth on me as the Scripture hath said out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water."

Anon he continues this strain of announcement, telling of greater things to come. He says, "I go unto my Father but I will send the Comforter (the Paraclete); you would rejoice if you love me because I said I go unto the Father, for if I go not unto the Father the Comforter will not come unto you, even the spirit of truth whom I will send unto you from the Father." Now observe, it is said that that utterance of his about the water at the feast was spoken concerning the Holy Spirit. These are the words which follow it, "This spake he of the Spirit which they that believed on him were to receive for the Spirit was not yet given because Jesus was not yet glorified."

Jesus bids his people tarry for the coming of the Spirit. God had things to tell to men which

they could not bear as yet and God had things to show to men which they could not yet endure. Jesus is "the effulgence of God's glory and the very image of his substance," but the unfolding can be made more expressive and can enter more deeply into the heart-realization of humanity, hence they were bidden to look for the coming of the Holy Spirit.

And now the day has broken over the eastern city, and with it there breaks over the hearts of the male and female followers of Jesus assembled in the upper room at Jerusalem, the light of the hitherto, fullest, brightest expression of God to humanity ever yet witnessed.

The local representation of God in Jesus as a man among us has been withdrawn, the invisible expression of God in the very spirit of Jesus himself has been ushered in. It is a new day, the Christian idea has become full-orbed and the high noon of fellowship with the great Father rests steadily over the faithful people, with the promise that it shall rest over succeeding centuries, until the Kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ and he shall reign for ever and ever. Had God remained manifested in the local, visible Christ, in the man Jesus how different all would be. What pilgrimages bound for Palestine would be organized by the thousand, in succession, all over the

earth. What weariness and sickness and death would follow in the wake of the great assemblies, what poor people would be unable to provide for the trip. What strange declining of the great plan would appear as we would tend to approach Palestine as a single country, rather than looking out as we now do, upon the whole world as belonging to our Christ. He is no less present, unseen than seen. As he said, he is with us alway. His incarnation was rather a hiding of the vaster wealth of his nature behind a veil of flesh.

But we see him now in this larger, fuller, completer expression of the hidden wealth and glory of his nature. O, blessed day ! The Pentecost ! The unceasing Pentecost, the unwithdrawn presence is yours and mine, he shall abide with you forever.

Before Jesus had yet ascended He breathed upon His followers saying, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit ?" Perhaps they were incompetent to receive Him fully, for this would not be the first time He had corrected their slowness. But now on this Pentecost day his breath is increased, until there is the sound as of a rushing, mighty wind, and it fills all the place where they are assembled. There is life in that wind, and God is in the wind. And the unfolding of His nature is so correctly perceived by the people that they

immediately partake of the sacrificial spirit, their sympathies are awakened and their love abounds. They present their goods and divide them, probably among those who had come a long distance and had run short of means. Peter explains the incident, assuring them that this accords with the promise of God concerning the Holy Spirit, and they begin to proclaim a thorough recovery from iniquity for Jew and Gentile alike, the young communion takes on holy life and new membership, the Lord adding daily such as are being saved. Now, lions, nor fires, nor stocks, nor scourge, nor deep dungeon avail to affect their ardor, but right on toward death they move counting it all joy that they are reckoned worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus.

And this unfolding of the divine nature continues in our day. It is God's tender purpose to uncover, in so far as we can stand the gaze, the secret brilliancy of His nature, and to bring us as a redeemed people to that condition where we can truly realize the fulness of the Holy Spirit. And the highest, purest, grandest expression of God's nature to man is in the Holy Spirit. No wonder Peter designated the day in which he lived "the end of the times." (See 1 Peter 1:20 R. V.)

This blessed unfolding or evolving of the Divine is such a distinct characteristic of his

providence that we may well study it a little more closely. Take the Jewish people, they were called to be God's peculiar people for they were made the guardians of His revelation and the leaders in the faith, until Christ's teachings took root and then the plan manifests itself as including the whole human race in its scope. Then Peter interprets the words of Joel's prophecy, "Thus saith the Lord, I will pour forth of my spirit upon all flesh," and shows us that this prophecy was finding its expression in Pentecost. Those words, "all flesh" point to the wide sweep of meaning in Christ's great commission before his ascension, "Go ye forth and make disciples of all the nations." Simeon under the power of the Holy Spirit spake this same great truth, saying that Jesus was "a light for the unveiling of the Gentiles and the glory of Israel." (R.V.) Very close to this teaching is that of Paul's, concerning the relation of the law to the Gospel, in which he shows that the whole plan of the centuries comes to its fulness in the teaching that *any* man can be saved by faith in Jesus Christ through the power of the Holy Spirit. Jesus placed great emphasis upon this line of thought when he said, "Many prophets and kings have desired to see the things that ye have seen and have not seen them, and to hear the things which ye have heard and

have not heard them," and he did not hesitate to tell the people of Chorazin and Bethsaida that if the mighty works which had been done in them had been done in Sodom, the people of Sodom would have repented, but he adds, speaking to his own followers, "Greater things than these shall we do." Elijah's method of calling for fire from heaven could no longer be entertained. The march of great events moves on up the steep of time. God hath more to say. Look at that word "Father" as applied to our God. Rarely was such a thing thought of in the Old Testament, but Jesus freely teaches us to use it. "The Hebrews," says Dr. Camden M. Cobern, "would not speak the word which we render Jehovah, even in the synagogue readings, substituting for it ADONAI (Lord.)" But we are bidden to call God "Our Father," quickly girding our reverence with the phrase, "hallowed be thy name." Jesus explains why we should use such a title, and before his crucifixion repeatedly illustrates its beauty, while after he is risen from the dead he uncovers the strong, golden bond which unites us to himself with wonderful plainness and equal condescension by saying, "I ascend unto my Father and unto *your* Father." Later, Paul takes up the very same thought and gives it the Pentecostal emphasis by saying, "The Holy Spirit is sent forth into our hearts

crying 'Abba Father.' Now, Jeremiah's dream is coming to pass for the *new covenant* is being established.

Beautiful beyond description is the opening out of this Scripture plan, into this Pentecostal noon-day, so truly the highest, fullest, grandest expression of the divine thought that ever shone upon the pathway of redeemed pilgrims.

There is great beauty, too, evident in the expression of God to us, in the different titles which apply to himself. In those earlier days he was manifested to the people in such titles as Jehovah, the Lord God Almighty, or I Am that I Am. Notice how this unfolding of titles expressing greater nearness, and rich with more winsome invitations, continues to increase as the days come and go. We have noticed that rarely in the Old Testament do we get the title Father, but anon there are applied to him such titles as Father, Shepherd, Counsellor, Prince of Peace. Then we have, Jesus, Saviour, Lord, Christ, Immanuel, and later Holy Spirit, Holy Ghost, Spirit of Truth and Spirit of the Highest. These titles applied to God have produced for us an almost limitless wealth of expression, especially in hymns. They have served to give us words of few syllables and words of many syllables, and words, too, that would rhyme with other words until the singing of Christian hymns has been found possible as a

means of most direct communion with the personal God. Let us note just a few of these by way of illustration, bearing in mind that we are not taking time to give a complete list of the titles which apply to God.

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

Here we require a word of two syllables with which to express our Saviour, and the word "Je-sus" beautifully fills the place.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Here the poet has called in the title which requires four syllables in all, "Rock-of-Ag-es."

"I come, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood."

Here "Lamb of God" requires three words of one syllable each, making the title beautifully harmonious. It is interesting to observe how this same wealth of titles finds its expression in such lines as the following:

"What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus—my Jesus."

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers."

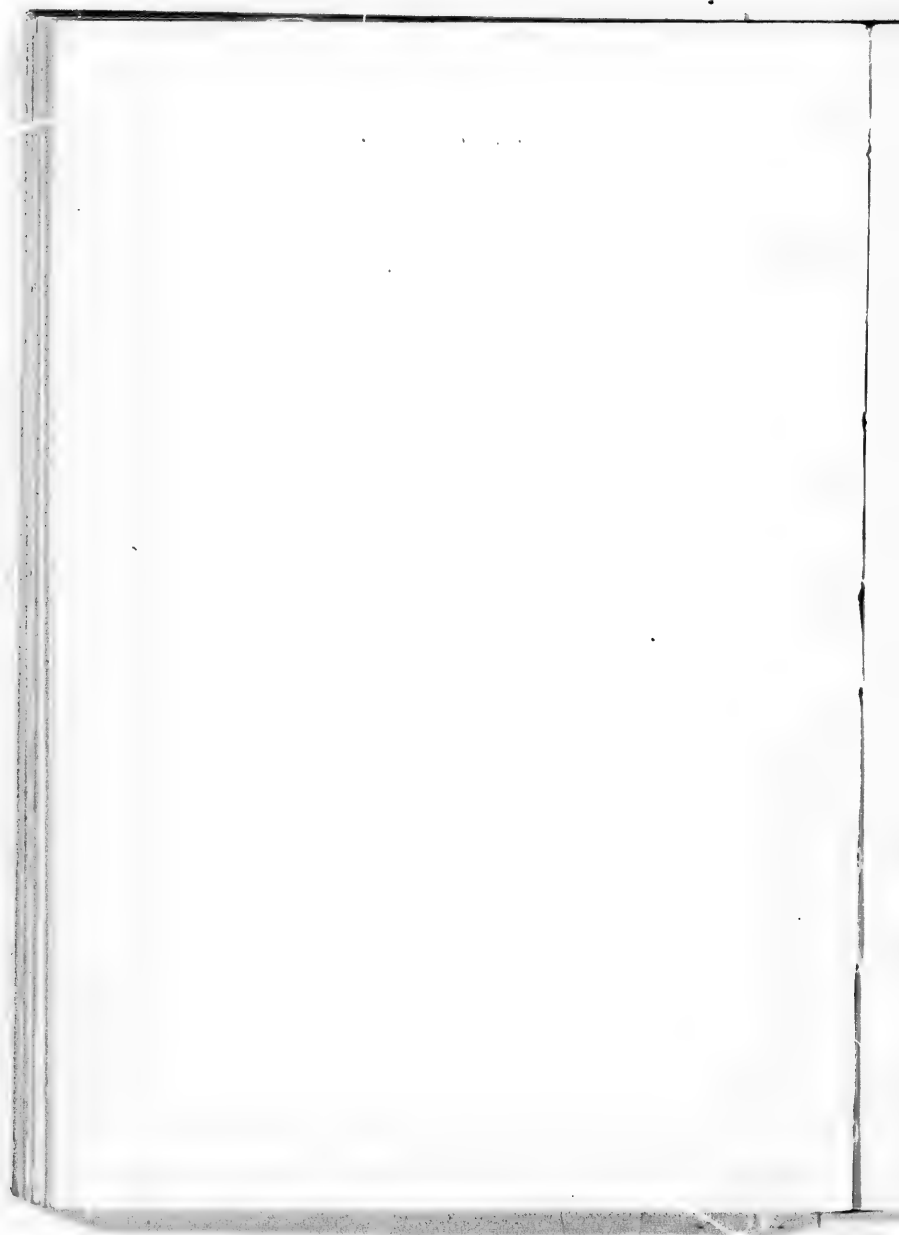
"Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire."

"Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Send forth from heaven, thy home,
Thy cheering ray."

It is customary for us to expect that every great Christian revival shall be attended with a

revival in singing, and God has made ample provision for the most devout expressions in song through the unfolding of himself in this perfect wealth of titles.

The title Holy Ghost is used itself over forty times in the Authorized Version of the New Testament. This does not include such titles as "The Spirit of Truth," or "The Spirit of the Highest," which are used quite frequently, especially the former; and this very fact alone should invite Christian people everywhere to study eagerly what this expression of God's nature means. There was a time in my own life when I fain would have changed his titles and cast out altogether the words Holy Spirit or Holy Ghost. As discouraged Thomas proposed to place his fingers in the very wounds of Christ, so gross was I that the title Spirit or Ghost suggested at once the baser uses rather than the better. But when I so surrendered my all that I might acquaint myself with His gentleness and loveliness, this act became like a microscope over a flower and I saw much wealth of beauty in the title. I no longer wonder that it abounds in the Scriptures. It shall also be heard on my lips.



THE NEEDED GIFT.

"God does not waste power, nor use the supernatural where the natural suffices. When human hands may as well take away the stone, he does not bid it move without hands, or send angels to roll it away. The great Economist of the universe works no needless miracles. He may choose not to bestow the gift of tongues, while he so stimulates philological research as that a hundred languages hitherto without written form have their alphabet and grammar, lexicon and literature, and the word of God is without a miracle both preached and translated in over three hundred vernaculars. In our day, within a space of time in which Paul could scarcely have found his way to strange peoples, our missionaries learn to preach in their tongues, and then teach them to read and write their own language, and present them with the word of God as the first printed book in their own speech."

REV. A. T. PIERSON, D.D.

Ye shall receive the gifts of the Holy Ghost.—A cts ii: 38

"If we did not 'receive the Holy Ghost' when we believed, and if we have not 'received' Him since we believed, and are not living now the Spirit-filled life, at whose door, then, does the blame lie?"

REV. JOHN MACNEIL, B.A.

"He who wants ore must mine beneath the surface. Life has little purpose and little meaning till the scales have fallen from our eyes. We lead little lives. We are swayed by petty motives. We are controlled by trifling considerations when the infinite and eternal crowd closely upon us. It is all because our eyes are holden that we can not see. Even the Saviour himself walks with us and is unrecognized. Vision is what we need."

REV. JOSEPH F. BERRY, D.D.

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THE NEEDED GIFT.

WE are now upon the heights of the super-reasonable—the super-reasonable rather than the un-reasonable. Like life itself, we can not analyze it and allot its parts and tabulate its elements. It is super-reasonable. The cold, literal critic may say it is unreasonable, yet he lives. So here the same critic may say that the Holy Spirit dwelling with men is unreasonable. We answer, yes, from your standpoint, unreasonable, but from ours not *unrealizable*. The miraculous help of God, a victorious power from without us, is imperatively needed and it is realized. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, but unto us God revealed it through the Spirit."

The Apostle John says that "The Holy Spirit was not yet given for that Christ was not yet glorified." Is not the Holy Spirit God, and has not God always been here? Why divide the subject, then? Here a great many people appear to have been confused and others discouraged. Fruitless discussions about the Trinity and about degrees of grace have discouraged and slain a multitude here.

May that blessed Spirit now give us the patience and the willingness to learn the teaching that we may better understand what is meant by this expression, "He was not yet given," or "He was not yet." Was not the Holy Spirit always in the world? Yes, indeed; in the account of the Creation at the close of the second verse of the first book of the Bible, it is said, "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." It appears also that a close translation of this second verse in the book of Genesis would read, "The Spirit of the Lord brooded tenderly over the face of the waters." (Well may we remember that when the Lord made these oceans and these continents, he did it with a tender touch, and the lilies and the roses bear the marks of the delicacy of a divine movement.) Holy men of old, too, spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. The Spirit of the Lord is said to have come upon Sampson, he is said to have come upon Bazaleel and Aholiab. Jesus was conceived of the Holy Spirit. John the Baptist was filled with the Holy Spirit. Of Simeon it is said, the Holy Spirit was upon him and it was revealed unto him by the Holy Spirit that he should not see death until he had seen the Lord's Anointed, and he was led of the Spirit into the temple. Jesus was led of the Spirit into the wilderness, the Holy Spirit descended upon him at the baptism.

Yes, surely he has always been, as the Father and the Son have always been, but he was not yet given because the time was not yet fulfilled. Let us illustrate. A mother bought a pretty piece of goods and made from it a dress for her daughter, little Mary. She was a girl of seven years. Now, the dress was all finished and placed away in some drawer or closet, where little Mary might not see it. One day her aunt comes to her mother's home for a visit. The mother and the aunty slip quietly away so that Mary does not see them, and there the dress is taken out and shown to the aunty who admires it and delights in the joyful prospect of Mary getting her beautiful Christmas present, the new dress. After a few days have gone by, grandma comes to visit. The little dress is taken out and shown grandma. She admires it and speaks of the pleasure it will give the child when Christmas comes; and later still, little Mary's father, whose occupation compels him to be much from home, returns for a brief stay with the family. The little dress is taken out, the father examines it and pronounces it very, very nice. By and by the much-expected Christmas morning has surely at last come to the city. Father and mother are both awakened early, while little Mary comes hurrying over the threshold into their room to find out what her Christmas present shall be. Christmas greetings

are presented with the morning kisses and all is ready. The mother, taking the little dress in her hands, clothes her little child in it and stands back a piece to see how it looks, while the little girl walks about the room mingling her delight with that of her parents. Christmas morning has come and the present is given, but it was not yet given when the aunty came visiting or when grandma came or even when father came, for *Christmas was not yet come*. But when the fullness of time had brought around the anniversary of the dear old day, when the child would appreciate the present most and when it was most appropriate that it should be given, then she received it and wore it as her very own. Even little Mary may have seen that piece of cloth when it arrived, but all the answers received to her questions about it were so indefinite that she was but little the wiser concerning it. Now, however, it is hers.

So the Holy Spirit came out of the bosom of the Godhead in creation but he was not yet given because the time was not yet fulfilled; he came repeatedly and was manifest as we have seen, but the time must have its preparations like the bread in its rising. By and by when the stars had given all the light they could, when the moon had shone its fullest, when the sun had risen and had sent its first rays of morning and the high noon of gospel privilege came on, the clock of God's prov-

idence struck twelve, the wind blew and the cloven tongues like as of fire sat upon the people and it was day, gospel day, Pentecost Day; and the night has never followed it.

Now let us insist upon this. The Holy Spirit is the expression of God especially made for the day in which we are living. Peter does not say that the Pentecost scene is the fulfilling of Joel's prophecy. He simply says, "this is that which hath been spoken by the prophet Joel." If you will compare the second chapter of Acts with the second chapter of Joel's prophecy you will see that there remains a wider significance yet to be realized by the children of men in the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. Social irregularities are to be brought into order, and the condition of the vast multitudes of people is to be marked by a reconstruction rich with greatest grace. The positive need of our receiving him as a gift, so that we shall realize the possibilities of the day of grace in which we live, is so great that we may well tremble with the thought of our daring on the one hand and of our neglect on the other. *We need a very pentecost of faith to-day.*

Think of the teaching which Paul gave to new converts from heathenism. And what messages Jesus gave to the multitudes of people who did not seem to possess spiritual insight enough to catch but the slightest influence of his great, di-

vine meaning. When we think that we are living in the greatest day of opportunity that the world has ever seen, how it should stir our very souls to a faith which will bring us such a victory as men hitherto have never proven or even imagined. No people from the days of Abraham to the days of Simon Peter, or from the days of Simon Peter to the days of the generation just preceding us, has had such an opportunity to know and prove God as we have to-day, through this gift, *the abiding gift*. Jesus said of him, "He shall abide with you forever." The Lord send into the hearts of his people everywhere the prayer of George Whitefield, "Oh, Lord, make me an extraordinary Christian."

God's orders are always specific orders. It will not do for us to simply generalize the teaching and say that we have the substance anyway, what more do we need; for since he has out of his love revealed the particulars to us we are called upon to receive the truth in his own way. A man who has never learned music may sit before a piano and say: The music is in this instrument, all you have to do is to touch the keys and bring it out. There are only so many keys anyway and consequently you can only get so much music out of the instrument; so he begins to touch the keys with his untrained fingers, but no music results. He must particularize, learning

little by little if he would be a musician, and we must particularize if we would receive this revelation of our God. There are few errors more fatal than that of religious indolence which refuses to think God's thoughts after him when he tells us to receive the promise of the Father by faith, or when he says ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. It is idle for us to generalize and say, I have given myself to Christ; what more can I do? You can do just as much more as the Lord calls upon you to do; you can do the most rational possible thing, when the gift is offered to you. *You can take the gift.* There was no generalizing when Ananias said to Saul, "Be filled with the Holy Ghost," or when Paul said to the Ephesians, "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed." You know that it is not enough for one who would follow Christ to say that he believes in God. He must believe in God as revealed in Jesus, and it is not enough for one who seeks to live a godly life to say that his sins are pardoned through Jesus, for *the great gift* is his for the asking, even the Holy Spirit. As to the symbol of the Tongue of Fire on the Day of Pentecost, the speaking with tongues and the sound as of the rushing of a mighty wind, we can not add greater light than by quoting from William Arthur's classic book, "The Tongue of Fire."

"Among the permanent benefits resulting from

Pentecost we can not include the visible flame. Of it we never again find any mention in the course of the apostolical history; it appears to stand related to the Christian dispensation as the fires of Sinai did to the Mosaic—the solemn token of supernatural power upon its *inaugural day*.

“Neither are we warranted in looking upon the ‘gift of tongues’ as one of the permanent privileges of the Church. Only thrice, throughout the Acts of the Apostles, do we find any record that it accompanied the first introduction of Christianity to a place; and both these instances are very peculiar. The first was in the house of Cornelius, when Peter, preaching to his Italian auditory, felt some misgiving whether he might not by possibility be doing wrong should he include them within the fold of the Church; but he saw a great change pass upon the men before him, and heard them begin to speak with other tongues, and thus saw that, as to themselves at the first, so to the Gentiles the Lord had now given a Pentecost. The other case is that wherein the disciples at Ephesus, who had been instructed in the baptism of John, but had not so much as ‘heard whether there was any Holy Ghost,’ received the word at the hands of Paul, and began to speak with other tongues. Paul shows the gift of tongues to be destitute of any power of edification for the Church, and therefore

not to be a gift likely to continue where all were convinced of the truth of Christianity. 'Tongues are for a sign, not to them that believe, but to them that believe not.' The only specific use assigned to the miracle is that it is a sign to them who believe not. In any community, then, in which the whole population had become believers, this sign ceased to be called for. We are not called upon to say that it will never be restored to the Church, for that is never said in the Word of God; nor should we ridicule or talk disrespectfully of the faith of any Christian who devoutly expects its restoration. All we say is that we have not Scriptural ground to claim it as one of the permanent gifts of the Spirit; and we may add that if it ever returns to the Church it will be, not a mystification, but a miracle, a real speaking with 'other tongues,' not a speaking in some unheard-of, unknown tongue."

No emphasis is placed upon the sound as of the rushing of the wind in the permanent dispensation of the Spirit. But the gift is ours, and his presence is as evident as the expression "receive ye the Holy Ghost."

Nothing is more apparent to-day among believers than that we are in great need of some kind of a power to pump up the energies of the people and give us enough real, constant flood of activity to keep us moving. Formality, coldness

and a strange incapacity for gripping spiritual forces, the lack of power to impress humanity with the living truth, of courage to overcome the barriers which stand constructed in the path of the child of the kingdom, these all give evidence of a great need of a divine anointing. We catch hold of truth, we need to have the truth take hold of us. We express ourselves as clinging to Jesus, we need to have the Holy Spirit impart Jesus himself within us. We need life. We know that life as a condition is very hard to describe, but O, how it moves things when we get it.

Take these words of Christ to which we referred previously, when he said that the man who received the Holy Ghost should have rivers of living water flow out of him. There is not a particle of our pump-system in that statement of his. How wearily we make our way in the struggle against sin, lifting a little here and there and then lacking the very ambition to do more, though it lay right at our hand to do it.

Take our assemblies for Christian testimony. How often a strange slowness seems to call, as if in agony for some kind of an impetus to set things going. The fountains are frozen and the wings are tied. Look at the leader. How he works! It is pump, pump, pump. Here him say, "Now is there not one more who would speak a word for Jesus." Then failing to get a

response, "Let us sing again." He calls for a testimony, to be answered perhaps with a very brief expression, uttered in such low tones that only a few can hear it. Yet this is not the core of the difficulty. The meeting, sung to a conclusion rather than admit a failure, is closed, and the tone of the spirit of the affair is expressed in the same wearisome word, *pump, pump, pump*. The same is often true in church financing. Recently I heard of a pastor whose congregation was much addicted to social amusements and tobacco using, asking for a contribution of two hundred dollars for foreign missions and receiving forty dollars. The Sunday school was appealed to to help in the matter and a competition was inaugurated. The officers of the Sunday school, other than the teachers, together with each class, entered into the competition, and when it had ended the officers had succeeded in getting together the most money, hence they were entitled to the prize, and by the time the pastor had gotten a prize such as was at all appropriate for grown people like the officers, almost the total amount of their contribution was exhausted.

Christian America! According to the Internal Revenue statistics and other reliable sources of information, during the last year spent five hundred and fifteen millions of dollars for tobacco and five millions for sending the gospel to the heathen.

Characterize it by the same word, pump, pump, pump, pump.

We cry "hard times" with the world. Great expenditures for fireworks and gala days go right on—the coronation of the Russian Czar, Nicholas II., costs a million pounds sterling (not including human lives) on the one hand, and a company of people in one assembly on the American shore of the Atlantic contribute one hundred thousand dollars for missions on the other hand, in one day. Then a gentle apology must be made for such open-heartedness and the people must be warned against spasmodic devotion. But to go into the subject of church financing would require a book of itself. Just to touch it can scarcely fail to remind the Christian of the all but caustic words of Jesus, "Where is your faith?"

Our organization is wonderfully complete, our churches are comfortable, our methods of travel are convenient, our homes are beautiful, musical instruments are plentiful, good books and magazines and papers abound, and the day of greatest opportunity which ever dawned upon mortals is here, yet we lack, sadly lack, that which makes the life an overflow of benevolence, and I fear that we are given to spend much of our time trying to prime the pump. In some parts of this country they very easily do away with that necessity by striking an artesian vein, then the water pumps

itself. Let us not do anything else but that one thing which will bring the supply to our needs, let us believe in the Holy Spirit and receive him by faith. Dear Christian, thyself take the gift.

In the home, in the realm of social customs, in the pulpit and in fact everywhere to-day we are losing power from want of emphasizing that which is of first importance. Doing is not necessarily succeeding. Success is not fidelity. On the farm the thing to emphasize during the cloud-burst is not corn planting, and the thing to emphasize in the autumn is rather the gathering of the fruit than training the vines. Gymnastics are valuable, but who would think of emphasizing the practice of gymnastics while in the chair of a barber shop?

Look again at the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. Over and over and over again, Paul lays emphasis upon the grace of Love. He describes it, he classifies it, he analyzes it, he illustrates it, he commends it, until when you have read the chapter through you say there is one thing to do, "I must receive the grace of love or 'I am nothing.'" John's Gospel represents Jesus as emphasizing *Light* and *Life*. Again and again he uses those two vital words, *Life*, *Light*; *Light*, *Life*. Jesus says that he performed many of his miracles and uttered many of his say-

ings to supply the people's *special* needs. He did not do or say just because the actions or the words were in truth, but because they were in the truth which needed emphasis. Take the single illustration of Jesus' words just before bidding Lazarus come forth into life again. He said: "Father, I thank thee that thou hearest me, * * * but because of the multitude which standeth around I said it that they may believe that thou didst send me." Jesus did not deal with questions of botany or astronomy or geology in his teachings. He emphasized the needed truth. General truths about nature and about man or about God, no matter how often or how well stated, will not bring in the reign of love and the victory over self. The gospel is not *a* gospel only. The thrill of joy and faith and hope and love which springs through the very soul of that gospel comes from the heart of the living Jesus. And the people need him, and each other. We do not so need to get a blessing, much less to "get religion," but we need to get the Holy Spirit, and this will make us serve our fellows.

If the pulpit everywhere would truly preach Jesus to the people—not about him, but HIM, the Lord would energize our thoughts and open to us the gospel, until we would be astonished at the possibilities of our mission; and the perplexing questions of science and of society and the language

of nature would be caught into the train of this message, as the autumn leaves are behind a swift train of cars. Then, the pirate spirit would be supplanted by the rescue spirit. Why must we have and do, whether righteously or questionably? Why do we establish a lot of other little governments with which to help the Lord maintain his authority and often with the vain plea of helping him support his church? As the Russians say, "The better is the worst enemy of the best." Ah, God has called us to superiority and we must receive and know him in the most superior expression of himself before we will feel shame at the thought of amusing ourselves to feed the poor, or of our penurious methods of giving and working for the kingdom of heaven. In the matter of offerings the old Jewish law called for the first and the unblemished. Later the standard has been elevated rather than lowered, but we can not reach it unless our souls thrill with the divine presence, which emphasizes the all important, and generally refines the conduct.

Yet after all it is not so much the matter of what is done or given as it is that the quality of our choices and the emphasis which bears our faith are inferior or misplaced. No amount of cultivating and planning will give the refined power to our undertakings, but the Holy Spirit will. And it seems to be one of the chosen de-

vices of the enemy to busy us with a thousand regulations rather than consent that our attention should be given to the one thing needful—the gift of the Holy Spirit.

You know that the so-called society life is at the opposite pole from the missionary life. Now, the thing to be emphasized in this day of comforts and opportunities—in this day of Christ, is surely the salvation of the world, and either the missionary is a religious fanatic, or else the society church member is coldly selfish. The contrast is too great. Look at these two classes of people without any prejudice. What would you say of the first class—the missionary. Why, she acts as if some great sacrifice had become the very passion of her life. Now, what would you say of the second class—the society woman? Why, she acts as if she meant herself to be somebody and have a good time. That kind of language does not represent Christ. O, let us change the emphasis. Let us either restrict the zeal of the missionary or pray for the baptism of the Holy Spirit upon the home-stayer.

What would Jesus do? Children of God, there is a great inheritance in store for us upon this earth. We may not have the strength of body, mind or soul that Paul and other missionaries have had, but there never was a great motive in any of their souls and there never was a grace in any of

their characters which you and I may not share through the anointing of the Holy Spirit of the Lord.

"The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, idler, he calleth to thee;
Come out of the mansion of pleasure,
From the halls where the careless may be.
Soon the shadows of eve may be falling
With the mists, and the dew and rain;
O, what are thy joys and thy follies
To the blight and the waste of the grain?
O, what are thy wants to the summons,
And what are thy griefs and thy pain?

Here, too, is the very secret of the Christian Revival. It is not for us to get up an expression of enthusiasm, or for that matter to get up anything else, excepting humanity. It is for us to get down from on high that power of God which will cause us sweetly to keep tally with his wooing grace. Do you not see that no true revival can be realized without the most implicit reliance without the Holy Spirit, for you can not put truth into a man's heart as you would empty a basketful of apples into a barrel. - It must rather get there as music does into the heart of one who gives himself to it, awakened to the desire, perhaps, by hearing some great musician. When we truly honor the Holy Spirit, without a shade of clinging to our reputation or comfort or understanding, even; then he has found the channel

through which he can work, and just as the water will flow copiously out into the open channel before it, so the blessed Spirit will pour his convicting and saving grace through our work, until there shall be great rivers laden with heavenly provision carried forth to supply the needs of hungry humanity. What a holy commerce!

Let us hear again those words of Jesus at the last day of the great feast, telling us that the work of the Holy Spirit should make a man like a fountain, out of which flow rivers of living water. It would have been a great saying had he said that the flow should be as the meadow brook. But no, it is rivers; Mississippi, Amazons, Thameses, Niles and Danubes. A man, *one man*, shall thus be like a vast supply station, shipping the supplies to the ends of the earth. There appears a ship freighted with prayer and money for the heathen in Asia. There appears another freighted with food and clothing for the famine-stricken people of some other country. Here go cargoes of toil and constant fidelity with gifts to schools and orphanages in another region, and here again are gifts to hospitals, and great freights of praise mingling as precious spices with the cargoes going to many ports, and all sailing under the colors of Calvary. Hallelujah! How things will move when the Holy Spirit is truly honored. Then shall we not see the figures

for tobacco bury almost too deep for a resurrection the figures for Missions. Then shall the vast, world-wide revival appear, and we shall be one in victory as we are *one* in the Holy Spirit. That revival will only be "a wave," it will be a tide. It will not only be individual, it will be mutual. It will not only quicken the intellect, it will *work* the intellect. It will not only make the soul happy, it will make it sacrificial. It will not only *stir* the feelings, it will *earn* them. And to that revival the word "*after*" can never be company.

What is the spirit of prophecy? Not that we require anything approaching the egotism which would cause us to seek to excel our fellows in a sort of religious fortune telling. Prophecy primarily has not so much to do with the future as it has to do with the present. When men required to learn at God's hands the lesson concerning divine wisdom over-reaching all time, then prophecy especially required the vision of the future, and that very teaching becomes a mighty inspiration to our hopes and beliefs to-day. But the spirit of prophecy will give us insight as well as foresight; by it we shall see the movement of God and take hold of the victory brought to view by faith. When Joel said, "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy and your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams,"



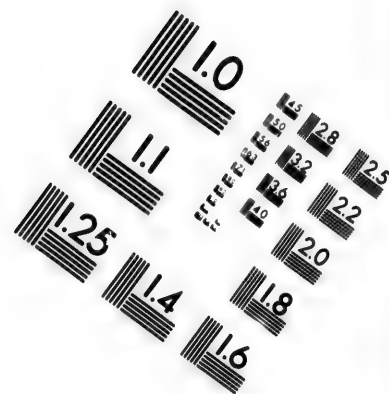
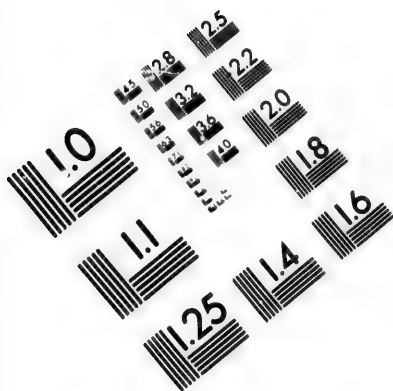
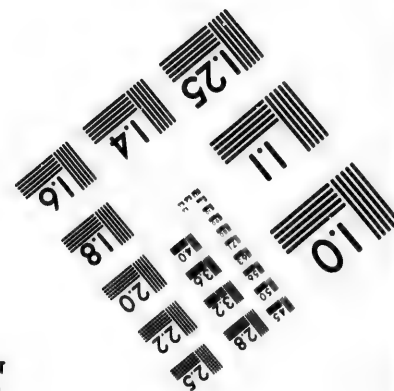
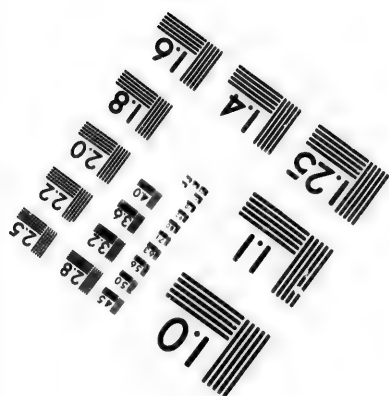
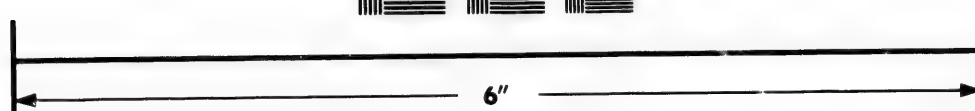
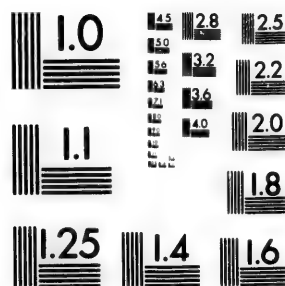


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he means that the saying should have a blessed fulfillment.

Let a man receive the Holy Spirit and he has the insight into God's movement; he has the conception of God's care and of God's heart-breakings, and he has the conception of the victory of love over hate, and of good over evil, and he knows it; and seeing how the fingers of God's providence are pointing to duty, he gets his own individual commission and proceeds to fulfill it, conscious that the work is God's own. We need to keep tally with God. We need that communion in service which makes the service divine. The prophetic insight is evidently one of the greatest and at the same time one of the most common results of the Holy Spirit's in-dwelling.

At the salutation of Mary, Elizabeth is filled with the Holy Ghost, and then right promptly she calls Mary "the mother of my Lord." Mary herself has been the recipient of the same blessed spirit and proceeds to answer her in that prophetic poem beginning, "My soul doth magnify the Lord," her insight reaching forth until she dares to announce, "henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," and "he hath put down princes from their thrones." Zacharias, the priest, Elizabeth's husband, being filled with the Holy Spirit, sees in John the prepared way "whereby the day-spring from on high hath

visited us and men shall serve God without fear." Simeon coming in the Spirit in the temple, having the Holy Spirit upon him, and it being *revealed* (mark you) unto him by the Holy Spirit that he should not see death until he had seen the Lord's anointed, sees in Jesus "a light for the unveiling of the nations and the glory, ay, the glory of Israel." John filled with the Holy Spirit sees well through Jewish legalism and Roman selfishism regarding man's relation to man, and recognizing that larger brotherhood of which the angels had sung over Bethlehem, he says, "He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath food let him do likewise. Then cometh He mightier than I, He shall baptize *you* with the Holy Ghost." John saw it. Jesus bade his apostles not to be anxious when they were delivered up before governors and kings, for it would be the "Spirit of their Father" who would speak in them. Now note the words of Joel. Peter quotes without any reduction of meaning or cautious comment as if to pare them down, "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy and your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams." Paul catches up the same thread again and says, "We know not what to pray for as we ought, but the spirit helpeth our infirmities." Join this to the words of Jesus,

"Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father, believe that you have received it, and ye shall have it," and behold the prophetic insight or rather that insight which is the very tide in the waters of prophecy is the essence of true prayer. By this very prophetic anointing our experiences are linked, too, with that of Daniel when he said he knew both the dream and the interpretation which the king asked for, and with Paul when he said on the corn-boat in the storm that the passengers were safe.

Knowing human weaknesses, those of others and our own, we may not be too hasty about declaring a given conviction or fact, but the very consciousness of it will tone and shape our efforts as the Holy Spirit, its author, quickens our faith: and indirectly, at least, the act will represent the fact or the conviction. "I know" and "I am persuaded" will then be phrases which, like electric wires, convey the light from the dynamo to the lamp.

I do not think that Joel meant that the young men would lie down to sleep and have brought before their minds pictures of horses and chariots and divided hosts of the enemy; this would have been very instructive one day. This kind of vision had proven so. But I think he meant that young men would get the spiritual eye opened until they would sit down

in their offices or toil on their farms or labor in their shops or ride their bicycles over the streets or preach the gospel, while there should be flooding their souls and minds holy conceptions of what men would be like when they became truly Christly men, holy conceptions of the refining and sanctifying of mercantile practices, of chastity and virtue, and of home; the vision of the doubt-laden man being transformed by the power of God and becoming an example of godliness. Such a vision would come into their minds. They shall look upon strange confusions created by dishonesty in trade and in courts and pharisaism in churches, and knowing God there shall appear before them the coming victory of the kingdom.

And when Joel said, "Your old men shall dream dreams," I do not think that he meant that they should go to sleep at night and be disturbed by some dream which in the morning they would try to interpret by some strange rules which nobody knows the reason for accepting, but I think he meant, they shall sit with their thin, cool hands upon the arms of their chairs or walk the streets aided by their canes, or ride in the trains or carriages, while dreams like that of Simeon when he said that "Christ was for the unveiling of the Gentiles," shall come into their minds. They shall look upon intemperance and say, "Christ shall root

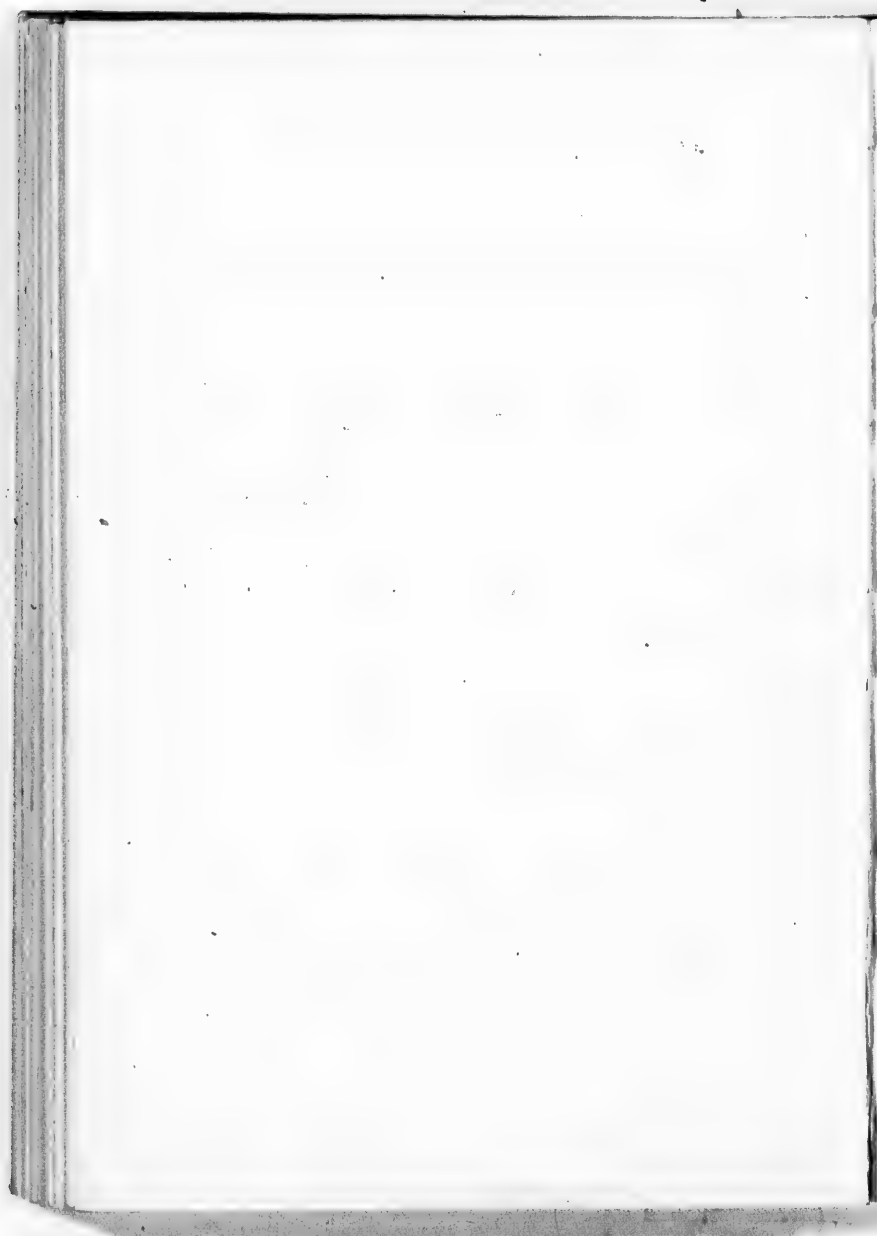
it out." They shall look upon every false ambition which artful men try to plant in the bosoms of the people of the nations and they shall say, "It shall be rooted out and destroyed." And in their dreams gentleness shall be mightier than the storm, love shall out-do all contention, peace shall prevail over disturbance and death shall be the passage-way to immortal service, in the spirit of Christ. And these old men and those young men shall see light where others shall see darkness, and the reign of goodness where others see only the prevalence of the wrong; they shall see victory where others see defeat, and where others look upon the surface and are frightened with a secret terror, they shall employ those strong rays of holy shining and look through the problem, as very prophets of God.

Would that all God's people were prophets, keeping tally with the divine movement and sharing in the divine triumph. We are also called to be priests, and if we could be priests, true priests to God as a people, without the prophetic power, the world would fawn to us everywhere, but when we are prophetic priests bad men will hate our efforts. They know that their badness is doomed, and like the steady aggression of the tides of the sea making their way to the beach, so must the Christian movement make its way until world-wide

It washes away the woes of the pleading people greeting it on the shores of time. "Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit."

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THE SEVEN-FOLD RE-
VEALING.

"We must forget ourselves and all self-interest, and listen and be attentive to God." MADAME GUYON.

The spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God.—1 Corinthians, ii: 10.

"There is one thing that people say very carelessly that always seems to me to be a dreadful thing for a man to say. They say it when they talk about their lives to one another, and think about their lives to themselves, and by and by very often say it upon their death-bed with the last gasp, as though their entrance into the eternal world had brought them no deeper enlightenment. One wonders what is the revelation that comes to them when they stand upon the borders of the other side and are in the full life and eternity of God. The thing men say is, 'I have done the best I can.' It is an awful thing for a man to say. The man never lived, save he who perfected our humanity, who ever did the very best he could. You dishonor your life, you not simply shut your eyes to certain facts, you not simply say an infinitely absurd and foolish thing, but you dishonor your human life if you say that you have done in any day of your life or in all the days of your life put together the very best that you could, or been the very best man that you could be."

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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LIPS BROOKS.

THE SEVEN-FOLD REVEALING.

WHAT the telescope is to the stars, or what the sunlight is to the morning, the Holy Spirit is to man and salvation. Christianity is superior wisdom. Strange searchings and practices of men and women in the realms of the occult, both prove our thirst for knowledge in such realms and convince the truth-seeker of the importance where we hear so much of mind-reading and hypnotism and spiritism of learning directly of the *Holy Spirit*. That we may better learn the way of the Holy Spirit we have classified in this chapter some activities relating to his office under the title of the seven-fold revealing, as follows:

1. The Universal Revelation.
2. The Scripture Revelation.
3. The Revelation of self and sin.
4. The Revelation of salvation.
5. The Revealing of the direct witness.
6. The Revelation in the godly life.
7. Special Revelations to faith.

I.

THE UNIVERSAL REVELATION.

We should not forget that Christ has been asserted somewhat to every heart. The Holy Spirit

has been the silent, universal preacher, while thankless men have been too faithless to rear a Phillip for his messenger, or too slow to send the Phillip who waited for means with which to go. Yet he has kept on convincing. To me this is one of the most restful thoughts which a soul-winner can cherish. Just to think, the Holy Spirit hath spoken to this soul before me. He knows, or may know the truth of what I say, and if I can so impress him (not with my skill or my presence), as that he shall feel the correspondence between this impression and that which he has known before, then verily faith may be expected, and the soul shall find the peace of God. And how restful, though by no means slothful we must be, when we just seek to keep tally with God's own work. For he is working wonderfully, even while we sleep.

John says of Jesus, "There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man coming into the world." (John i: 9.) Jesus gave the Jews to understand that they could recognize his divinity, but they "had not his word abiding in them." (John v: 38.) So there is a word of God in us as well as in the Book. "It is written," said he again, "they shall all be taught of God, every one that heard from the Father and *hath learned* cometh unto me." (John vi: 45.) Then all are taught, but some do not learn.

Again said Jesus: "If any man willeth to do his will he shall know of the teaching whether it be of God or whether I speak from myself." (John vii: 17.) Here is the condition of character which learns. Paul, following the very same line of teaching, says that men hold down the truth in unrighteousness, and knowing God they glorify him not as God, and that they even refuse to have God in their knowledge. (Rom. i: 18, 21, 28.)* Here we discover the gospel beneath all gospels preached to that silent listener, the human heart. That God who out of his great heart-interest for humanity has been represented in atonement by his Son, we see here represented, revealing needs and revealing the worth of humanity through the Holy Spirit.

It is his blessed office, also, to give us conceptions which are good and great and strong—conceptions of truth which could not otherwise be obtained. In our day we speak of natural religions. Natural religions are not godless religions. All that is good in what may be termed natural religions is the work, and always has been the work, of the Holy Spirit in the heart of universal humanity. The great objection to the natural religions is not on account of what is good in them, but on account of what is bad, or

*Revised version.

what is left out or wanting. A glass of cold water is good, but a glass of spring water containing a dose of arsenic is ruinous. A steam engine may be of great service, but the steam engine without steam is a burden. If men would obey this law within their hearts, how speedily the higher revelation of the Word would be given to them. Natural religion is a spark; revealed religion is a fire.

II.

THE SCRIPTURE REVELATION.

"As it is written, things which eye saw not and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man, whatsoever things God prepared for them that love him. But unto us God revealed them through the Spirit." (R. V.)

I never could have looked out of the natural eye and found such beauty, the natural ear never could have captured such sweet melodies, the natural heart never could have conceived of anything so gracious, so forgiving, so gentle, so blessed. But God hath revealed that to us by his Spirit.

The chief place of this revelation is in His Word. It has been the work of the Holy Spirit here to open up the secrets of the divine nature too. One of the sweetest records concerning revival

meetings I have heard in a long time was received a little while ago when a minister wrote me after the meetings in his city, and said, "I met an infidel book-seller in our city, and he told me to-day that there had been a marvellous increase in the sale of Bibles since the revival." Young people may well ponder the words of John Ruskin, "My mother forced me by steady, daily toil to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read every syllable through, aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to Apocalypse, about once a year, and to that discipline—patient, accurate and resolute—I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature."

This of itself would be much, but it is our privilege to trace the very thoughts of God in this Book, as if we could hear Him speak. And that blessed spirit who so thoroughly searches us has here given us a description of his own gentle character. Studying the Bible is not like reading or studying a text book. When we study it with true spiritual insight we get into the stream of the divine method and are carried by its current in his own direction. Our course is like that of the swimmer rather than that of the diver.

My friend, let me ask you some very close questions about this matter. Are you a student of the Bible? Do you give the Bible genuine heart study? Do you find yourself saying as you read it, this Book knows me? Do you seek to follow the stream of teaching, placing your soul into its current? Do you commit Scripture to memory? Have you the habit of remembering promises in times of trial? Are the promises of God yea and amen to you? It is perfectly surprising how vast the need of a revival in the study of God's Word has become in these days of printing presses when cheap, durable, beautiful Bibles are so easily procured. It is not a most extraordinary thing to hear men in intelligent communities arising in testimony meetings and quoting from the hymn book, when Scripture promises are asked for; and as far as I can observe the younger people do not appear to excel those of more advanced years in this respect. We may not expect that our feet will more accurately find the path of life unless we look truly to the way marked out for us.

It is rather startling to hear from a manager of a large cathedral window manufacturer in the United States that Bible scenes are not being called for as they once were in cathedral windows, because the windows require a knowledge of the design in order to appreciation, and exact Bible

knowledge has so fallen off that Bible scenes are not called for. It would be more startling were the evangelical churches using great quantities of such windows. It is suggestive enough anyway. My friend, let us go through the mere wording of the Book, beyond the mere accurate knowledge of what the Book says, and breathe the very life of God into our souls as we feed upon His Word.

Andrew Murray lays great and effective stress upon Jesus' words, "Have faith in God." He says, "Every special exhibition of the power of faith to the saints of old was the fruit of a special revelation of God." My mother's word is very dear to me but my mother herself is dearer to me than anything she ever said. The Holy Spirit brings to our spiritual sensibilities the Divine Person so that we may see God and live, hear God and obey, feel God and conquer. The Book is his and he asserts the Book, but O, how much more is he than the Book.

III.

THE REVEALING OF SELF AND SIN.

We can not too positively emphasize the revealing of our own natures to us by the Holy Spirit. Lightly answering questions of deep moment to

the soul betrays an absence of knowledge concerning one's self, as well as concerning God. We need a revealing of ourselves to ourselves. We become affected with a moral listlessness, hence Jesus calls upon us with such words as these, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear," "Let these things sink down into your ears." The Holy Spirit may be considered as unceasingly active in executing the great plan of salvation among men, speaking through the ministries of nature, of his Word, and of the great variety of providences both trying and encouraging.

Strides of invention can but faintly represent the rapid uncovering of one's own nature to the willing soul by the Spirit. Depths of feeling and of motive which have never before been dreamed of come to light when his light searches us. We would be confused and startled until all trust would be banished, and fear would hold the citadel of the being did he not himself hold us while searching us. Under this condition it is blessed to have the consciousness that the *Holy One* is searching us, for we know that if anything were found commendable he would give it fullest credit and whatever appears condemnable, his mercy is sufficient and free to provide deliverance from it. So through our tears mercy's light is streaming.

Jesus, referring to this phase of his work,

said, "When he the Spirit of Truth is come he shall convince the world of sin because they believe not on me." A supreme willingness to know the truth will speedily bring this conviction, but the truth itself can not produce it. It would appear that truth enough has been told and heard to save ten thousand worlds like this, but truth of itself has no guarantee of reception by a race of beings who are rebellious in heart. It is altogether probable that the devil knows more truth than any of us. And this very fact concerning the impotency of truth alone may explain why so much good, wholesome truth is told from the pulpit and in Sunday schools and prayer meetings, the home, etc., with so little positive good effect following it. How many Christian workers make it their very hobby, as they say, to tell the truth and leave the consequences with God, forgetting that they are to be representatives of living power in the truth rising above the letter, into the spirit which giveth life. And the temptation here is very evident to produce steady and well finished arguments and hurl them against the enemy during the day's battle, to return to the broken rest of the night disappointed and discouraged that such an effort did not give evidence of rich returns, forgetting that God is not seeking so much the golden vessel or the scholarly truth as the truth which he can wield

for immediate purposes of mercy. How often the consecrated toiler will find the Lord using that upon which he reckoned nothing, while that which he thought his choicest effort seems to have fallen into disuse. God chooses the weak things.

This lack of honoring the Holy Spirit in teaching is without doubt the greatest cause of the absence of deep and positive conviction of sin and a very thorough turning from it to righteousness in so many quarters to-day. We may have accomplished much more in producing intellect than our fathers and mothers did, but no amount of intellect producing will make a proper substitute for a broken heart. The soul can not find room for great and deep gratitude or for that mellowness of love which is like a superior tone to a singer, without having the deeps of the nature broken up under the conviction of sin.

We may conclude pretty readily what the Holy Spirit's conviction would be like. If the Holy Spirit wrought the penitence recorded in the 51st Psalm, away back in the Jewish dispensation, then the conviction of sin as expressed in that Psalm ought at least to be matched by the convictions in this Gospel day. If the Psalmist cries, "Have mercy upon me, O God," then nothing less should be the penitent's cry to-day. If he says, "Hide thy face from my sins and blot

ou' all mine iniquities," surely the conviction should not be less deep to-day. If he says, "Cast me not away from thy presence," surely the cry should be no less intense to-day. But one must calmly read the whole Psalm to get into its sweep.

The Holy Spirit is the Spirit of Truth, and when he begins to assert what it is to be righteous, until the conscience realizes it, the awful contrast between the soul and righteousness must appear, the wrong done against our God and the wrong done against our fellows becomes evident and under this conviction the heart breaks. Then like the broken and harvestless soil it receives the seed of truth deep into itself.

Do not allow yourself to fall into the conviction that your great need is to join the church or to leave off bad habits. You may well need the fellowship of God's people and you may well leave off all evil practices, but the great need is to have your needs revealed by the Holy Spirit and come right out to meet your God, whom you must meet some day and who would meet you in boundless mercy now. Our religious dangers are too imminent to permit of any "septic" treatment. Hearken! God will speak to you if you will.

IV.

THE REVELATION OF SALVATION.

Having thus come to deal not primarily with the church, not with the sacraments, not with opinions, but directly and definitely with our God, shall not our cry be heard and answered, shall not the great Physician pronounce a cure, shall not the great Liberator open the prison doors and the great Regenerator give us a new heart? Yes, truly. Miracles there have been in all climates and all lands, but this miracle of grace will be *in your heart*. And God who created you shall create you anew, the motive shall be fixed upon him. You shall have already had a knowledge of him present where you are, but that knowledge made you sad, for you were condemned. Now he has taken away your condemnation, he has done it; it is not merely that your resolutions are stronger and your purposes higher, it is that God himself by the Holy Spirit hath done this work for you and in you. A voice from without us comes to whisper our need and a power from without us comes to deliver us from the guilt of sin and impart to us a new bent, a new heart, a new life, whether its coming be with calm and quiet step or amid crying and anguish, it comes to make us

new. In the courtroom of the divine we are pronounced pardoned, and more than this the self-life has been subdued to the life which Christ has brought us.

A young man who was very happy after his conversion was telling me of his rapture one day. He had told me when a penitent that he had been addicted to some base secret sins and, being concerned that he might be sure of his deliverance, I said to him, "Well, I am so glad to hear what the Lord has done for you. Now I hope you have conquered those secret habits you told me about." "Yes, indeed," said he, "I am saved *above those*." Gradual or instantaneous, it is divine. In the heart of the refined or of the brutal it is divine, in childhood or old age, in the dying or the healthful, it is the work of the Holy Spirit. And it is not only an exalted work he does. It is an exalting work—"saved *above* that."

V.

THE REVEALING OF THE DIRECT WITNESS.

He will tell you that he hath pardoned you and received you into his own family. Not only must a power from without us enter in to save us but a voice from without must tell us that we are adopted into the family of God, having been freely forgiven. The same voice which tells me I am a

sinner must tell me I am forgiven. The witness of the Holy Spirit to our salvation should surely be as distinct as his conviction of our guilt.

1. He can tell us. He has made man capable of telling truth to his fellows, of relying so far upon what he tells that millions of dollars are involved in business transactions, and the life is jeopardized in surgical operations, and all upon the basis that the main statements concerning either the one or the other were understood. If God has so given us the power to communicate with each other, can he himself not whisper his witness in our souls?

2. We have the evidence of His Word. He says that if I forsake sin and return unto him he will abundantly pardon. Humbly asking him to search me and show me that I do forsake sin and come unto him, it is my privilege to claim that promise and reckon him as good as his word; answering every suggestion of the enemy with, "He said it."

3. We have the evidence of the new life. That new life is within us and we know. We are often even sweetly surprised to notice its assertion when we were not at the time distinctly conscious of it. There it was like a magnet holding us to the right. The swearer says, "Why, I do not swear any more; I do not want to swear." The thief toils gladly to pay back what he stole,

adding a bonus to it, so convinced is he of the worth of this new treasure.

4. We have the distinct witness of the Holy Spirit with our spirits that we are the children of God. Of course we do not mean by this that a voice is heard through the outward ear proclaiming the great fact, but a sure sweet witnessing—"softer than silence," is heard in the soul and we know it to be the divine voice. The natural man will not understand this. But he may if he will give himself to it for "The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirits." Dear reader, have you long sought this in the belief that some distinct experience should be yours, yet you had never gained it? Let me urge you to remember that you are to hearken unto God. Hearken, hearken. Let your soul hearken. Be not impatient, you shall know his voice. The fault can not be in his voice, it is in your hearing. But be sure that you believe on Jesus with all your heart, wanting to be his own child more than you want anything or all things else. Be as deeply eager for this as for food when hungry or drink when thirsty, then quietly cease trying and believe in his goodness, great enough to pronounce you his. Your listening soul shall say, God hath spoken. It is done. Israel begged at the foot of Sinai not to hear his voice, but you having for-

saken all sin, may well say with the rapture of faith, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.

VI

THE REVELATION IN THE GODLY LIFE.

Adopted child of God, the treasures of all wealth for two worlds have been opened unto you; begin to take inventories quickly, and begin to lay claim to your vast possessions, for in your father's household all this which hath been opened for you, and in you, and by you, is but the initial work of the Holy One. That which has been done by you, did I say? Yes, for even your repentance as we have before seen may have saved another.

Now what claims of faith are not only freely granted, but urged by the same blessed Spirit upon your heart's reception. You are to expect eternal glory. A million years to come you are to be a pure, well-informed, exultant minister of the King of Kings, sharing the meaning of Calvary with the Son of God, free from sin and death, forever to associate with holy and glorified beings. But this is not all, I had almost said this were little. It is true that this could not be if it were sought for merely as a possession or an attainment. You are called to holiness. The

subdued self-life is to be rooted out and abandoned and your soul is to be the channel through which the very Spirit of Christ the Saviour is to be poured for the cleansing and refreshing of your fellow men. Did you receive the Holy Ghost when you believed? Did you receive this *gift* by faith? Now, I dare not forbear to ask you this question. You may make the mistake which I made for years, and answer with some general assertions about being saved. May the gentleness of our God lead you in a better way. Do not bother about opinions and discussions until you are confused. Let God himself anoint you. His deeper revealing is followed with his mightier power. His Calvary is succeeded by his Pentecost.

There is a further revealing of the results of his great work within us. It is effected upon our characters, and will be more apparent to others than to ourselves; these results are called his fruits. When Christ is the vine and we are the branches, what beauty must adorn the life. Behold the luscious fruit which garnishes this kind of life. Now, the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, self-control. And this fruit grows upon this kind of a tree. These graces work out of this kind of a life as naturally as apples

grow on an apple tree, while the blessed Spirit changes the arctic into the tropic life.

Years ago, as a young preacher in a country village, I used to receive many gentle courtesies in the homes of godly people. As I count them over in memory I think that no man in the world owes so much to the kind and forbearing people of God as the young minister. As with many of my brethren, a few of these homes used to be called "my home." One of these was with Mr. and Mrs. B. This couple had a reputation for unusual cheerfulness and general kindness. One day I drove down the street, passing the front window of their home to the gate leading up to the drive-house. As I passed the home I saw in the window a large oleander, literally loaded with blossoms. Hurrying from my buggy and rapping at the door, I was soon greeted by Mrs. B. When I said, "Where did you get that oleander?" she laughed, and interjected many questions about my health, and the meetings, and the work in general, and laughed again. Then she invited me into the parlor where the oleander was, to take a good look at it, and, as she naively said, to smell of the blossoms. Crossing the threshold, I began to express my delight, when Mrs. B. said, "Smell it, smell it." Drawing near to the plant, I took one of the blossoms by the stem between my fingers, to draw it up to my face so

that I might catch a little of its sweetness, when behold you, I found that it was made of tissue paper! Imagine my surprise. The plot had succeeded. Mr. and Mrs. B. enjoyed "the sell," rather than "*the smell*," and referred to it with great cheer for many days.

Now, I fear this is what a great many Christian people are doing; they are trying to tie on graces. Here is a quick-tempered person who says, "Now, I will be kind after this." Here is a cheerless nature and he says, "Henceforth I am going to be cheerful;" here is a hopeless soul and he says, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and it is always darkest before dawn, so I will cheer myself up and be hopeful." Now, my friends, you can not do it. And for two reasons. First, this being kinder, is not Christian love, this being more cheerful is not Christian joy, and this quoting of proverbs which any heathen could quote is not Christian hope. And in the second place we can not do these very things we have resolved. We can not

"Fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad."

But get God's life within you, be separate unto God, planted in the new soil, step over into the

summer life, live on the south side of opportunity where the warm showers fall and the fruit of the spirit will appear in your lives as naturally as the fruit on the trees.

VII.

SPECIAL REVELATIONS TO FAITH.

Conversion is the June-day of character. The wheat is in "the milk." Now, it should constantly grow and mature until hard and golden. But there should be special days when the heavy wheat heads bend lowly under the warm and copious shower, days also when they lift their foody weight jeweled with dew-drops straight up to the beaming sun, like victorious rescuers sighting their home city. And there should come, too, days of speedy ripening when the children note the changes on their way home from the country school and call out to their father that the field over the hill is almost ripe—so changed in a day. Such noted changes in character should mark the time between the transforming June day, when straw is no longer only straw, but wheat has appeared, though in embryo; and those harvest days when the sheaves lean into each other's arms as the husbandman approaches with his wagon. O, blessed life!

And now what riches are ours in the treasury of prayer. Why the Lord should have called us into this privilege of holy consultation with himself we can not tell, excepting that he loves us so. You ask for pardon and get it, you ask for a new heart and a place in the Father's family and get it, you have taken many promises from his Word and cashed them at the wicket of prayer. Now, the Holy Spirit is both the writer of the check and cashier in God's great treasury. He will tell you the amount to write on the different checks. He will tell you whether Jesus' name can go on a check of such and such an amount for you or not, and having given you the check written out and the endorsement of Jesus, nothing in earth or hell can defeat your petition.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask *in my name*, that will I do. If ye shall ask me anything *in my name*, that will I do. That whatsoever ye shall ask the Father *in my name*, He may give it you. Verily, verily, I say unto you if ye shall ask anything of the Father, He will give it you *in my name*. Hitherto ye have asked nothing *in my name*; ask and ye shall receive. In that day ye shall ask *in my name*." John xiv: 13, 14, xv: 16, xvi: 23, 24, 26. To ask in the name of Jesus is to truly represent Jesus. If an attorney does anything in the name of a business firm he must represent the thought and the business plan of

the firm he represents. He must be as nearly as possible an endorsement of all the principles of the firm which relate to the undertaking committed to him. Upon the guarantee of good faith he is trusted with his commission. So when the Holy Spirit has slain our self-life until it is all our passion to carry out the programme of Jesus and represent his principles at any cost, he will surprise us with new checks, which he will write for us day by day, and we shall return after the day is spent, filled with holy joy as we recount how he has led us to ask and receive his special gifts, thus declaring that our fellowship with him is truly established.

Evidently this is the place where William Taylor stood when they asked him to pray for rain, and he replied that "He would *suggest* it to the Father," and where George Müller stood when he said, "To-day I have had it very much laid on my heart, no longer merely to *think* about the establishment of an Orphan Home, but actually to set about it, and I have been very much in prayer respecting it, in order to ascertain the Lord's mind. May God make it plain." God did make it plain, and the Bristol Home costing seventy-five thousand dollars and accommodating three hundred children was opened nearly forty years ago. This, too, was the place where he stood when he wrote in his diary December 26,

1850: "I desire to be allowed to provide scriptural instruction for a thousand orphans instead of doing so for three hundred. I desire that it may be yet more abundantly manifest that God is still the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, and that he is the living God now as he ever was and ever will be, when he shall simply, in answer to prayer, have condescended to provide me with a house for seven hundred orphans and with means to support them. This last consideration is the most important point in my mind. The Lord's honor is the principal point with me in this whole matter; and just because this is the case, if He would be more glorified by my not going forward in this business, I should by His grace be perfectly content to give up all thoughts about another Orphanage House. Surely, in such a state of mind, obtained by the Holy Spirit, thou, O my Heavenly Father, *wilt not suffer thy child to be mistaken, much less deluded*. By the help of God I shall continue further, day by day, to wait upon Him in prayer, concerning this thing, till He shall bid me act." To-day George Müller, the aged, tells to the glory of the Father how upwards of three millions of dollars have been passed through his hands in answer to prayer, and without soliciting from man for the support of orphans; and about two millions more for charities and missions and other means of help to humanity.

Dear child of God, the Holy Spirit invites us to prove what great things He will do for us and through us for others. Do not try to be a wonder-worker and thus give the self-life advantage, but just seek His will and you shall prove the wealth of the prayer-privilege. Study how Jesus went alone to pray before and after some special event. Note how obedient He is to the Father's will and come boldly unto the throne in His name.

2. He will lead us. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the Sons of God." If you or I ought to be in China then there is a vacant place in China which no one else can fill. If you or I ought to be hidden away like the timbers under the floor, then there is a weakness in the floor which no one else can strengthen but you or me. Rush not hastily to human advisers. Hearken, the Holy Spirit will whisper to you and his whispering in your heart will accord with his whispering in his own Word.

Let us, as Jeremy Taylor says, "Practice the presence of God truly."

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THE HOLY SPIRIT ASSERT- ING JESUS.

"Love is the only remedy. Trustfulness and good will are the only irresistible weapons. God himself tames and saves us by making his sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good, and by sending the rain upon the just and the unjust. Let us place ourselves at the divine standpoint. Let us also be 'well pleased' with all men, as capable of redemption and salvation and Christlikeness. Let us approach them hopefully, trustfully, tenderly. Let the carol of the Nativity echo in our souls, in our words, and in our deeds."

HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

"But when the comforter is come whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall bear witness of me.

He shall glorify me: for he shall take of mine, and shall declare it unto you."—John xv:26; xvi:14. (R.V.)

"We speak about social righteousness, but for each person a beginning is found in personal salvation. It is safe to give this advice: Bring yourself into right relations with God; that is the beginning of all things. Through this right relationship with God seek to enter into right relations with your fellows. Humanitarianism by itself—that is to say, humanitarianism which does not rest back upon God—is as unstable as the sands."

PROF. RICHARD T. ELY

THE HOLY SPIRIT ASSERTING JESUS.

WHEN the disciples were journeying toward Emmaus and Christ met them as a stranger, it was not because his own essential presence was not there that he appeared as a stranger, but it was because their eyes were not opened. So it is said, "Their eyes were holden that they should not know him." Later it is said, "Their eyes were opened and they knew him." That same Spirit will open our eyes to-day to know Jesus! Many of us covet an hour when we might look upon him in some physical form, and we think that that would be one of the chiefest, richest hours we could know, at least this side of death. Just to look upon him for an hour, or to touch a physical hand moved by his own spirit, dwelling in the body which wielded the hand. But to you and me is positively granted a privilege of realization and understanding of Jesus, exceedingly superior to anything like that. Christ has never been so gloriously asserted as he has been since his ascension, by the Holy Spirit to the souls of men and women, brought home by the Divine Illuminator and Teacher. No wonder that

Luke calls the Holy Ghost "The Spirit of *Jesus*," Acts xvi: 7, etc.

If you were to talk to me about the habits of the birds of paradise, I could not converse intelligently with you. I do not know much about them, do not know what kind of food they prefer or the kind of nests they build. I have only seen some of them. You might proceed with your descriptions and I should sit still and receive the instruction, but I could not intelligently answer you in return. There would be no *reciprocity* in the conversation; you would be the teacher and I would be the pupil—well enough for a beginning only.

And is not this often just the way it is with our relation to Christ? We hear of his wonderful mission and we are greatly interested in his wonderful sayings and in his death and resurrection; but we are called to have fellowship with him, we are called to have Christly motives moving our motives, so that instead of his atonement being a distant event, our hearts have the atoning love in them, and instead of our hearing about it with a distant kind of admiration, Christ liveth in us. Let me again impress upon your attention the value of Christ not remaining locally in the flesh in this world, having one place to stay, one country to dwell in, but that, having gotten through with the local expression by

which the dullness of human vision was cleared, he has gone into the invisible expression of himself, that he may be revealed to every heart and incarnated in every life. Christ in you, the mystery hid from the ages; "Christ in you, the hope of glory."

How rapidly we may learn if the teacher dwells with us day and night and is an infallible teacher. If the Holy Ghost is to manifest the Christ unto our souls' vision, the manifestation must be very distinct and unmistakable. O, to look upon him with the eyes of the soul! O, to see him and know he is here! O, to realize his heart throb against our hearts, and to truly say, "This is Jesus." It is the Holy Spirit's office thus to reveal him to us. Did I say *to* us? This is not enough. It is the Holy Spirit's office to reveal Jesus *in* us. Paul says it pleased God to reveal his son in him, and he goes on to tell how, though he was as one born out of due time, yet he had seen Christ, he had him revealed in him. That heart of Paul which had been so murderous, selfish and Cain-like, Christ was verily revealed within it. Hence his missionary zeal. And yet that word "zeal" is a very limp word when applied to Paul. It was a missionary Christ-ization. He simply got the world on his soul, because the Christ, the world's Redeemer, was revealed in his soul. He did not look off upon the

distant Christ, but to the Christ within him. Such a realization of Jesus was well illustrated by a young man in the South whose former life had been wayward. Some time after his conversion he came to a trying hour of darkness, and upon telling of the trial he said, "I looked deep into my consciousness and I found the same Jesus still there, so I took heart again." This young man's faith had evidently been based upon the true teaching that Christ comes into the life. The Holy Spirit of Pentecost had made the realization actual, definite and powerful.

Speaking of the day when those men took their journey to Emmaus, and said, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures."

A little boy committing that verse to memory one day recited it this way: "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened *us* to the Scriptures," instead of "While he opened to us the Scriptures." His father said, "No, my boy, that is not right," and he tried it again, stumbling into it the same way. Next evening the father was reading his Bible at this very place and as he read on he noticed the forty-fifth verse of that last chapter of Luke, "Then opened he their understandings that they might understand the Scriptures," and he said, "It is right; he opens the Scriptures unto

us, and he opens us unto the Scriptures." A great many people have the former who have not received the emphasis of the latter. Bengel's motto was, "Apply thyself wholly to the Scriptures and apply the Scriptures wholly to thyself"—true reciprocity.

But how often the character of Jesus is a great historical character looked upon with admiration. We love to hear him sung about, we love to hear his name taken reverently upon human lips, and we say

"Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue."

But it is another thing to have the soul get the life of the atonement right into it, until we are the very lungs and Christ, the very breath, until we are the very veins and Christ the very blood, the life, the tone of our beings. May the Holy Ghost bring Jesus near. May he bring Jesus in us. May he reveal him soon in us.

The old self-life is so alive, so quick, so vigorous, and by common standards would be called so healthy, so robust, so sturdy! May the Holy Spirit impart the receiving faith to us this hour.

Dear reader, the Christian life is not the applying of the teachings of Christ or even the applying of the principles of Christ to our lives. It is not an

application; it is a realization. "He that hath the Son hath Life." The word here translated life is "zoea," meaning the life which is peculiar to God, or God-life.* The Christian life then is a new life. Instead of the applying of the principles of Christ, it is through them, the "Christ in you." For this direct realization of himself, he has provided abundantly in the work of the Holy Spirit. Hear him say, "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me." John xv: 26.

He shall glorify me, for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you. John xvi: 14.

Select from those verses these words, Jesus' own words: "He shall testify of me, he shall glorify me, for he shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you." What great words; **SHOW, TESTIFY, GLORIFY.**

We can imagine him saying, twenty centuries hence there will be companies of people gathered together, and they will be looking back over the years to Palestine, counting my footsteps, as I trod up and down through the cities and villages and across the valleys. They will read my words, and delight to know how I came forth from the Father to save the world; but they will rather be looking back over the centuries and they will have a dim realization of my presence, my life, my

*So used throughout the New Testament, 173 times at least.

vigor among them; they will be talking very much of the cross, but they will be prone to forget that I am alive forever more. I will not belittle the cross or the atoning work I am to do, but the Holy Spirit will come and assert me, show me, declare me, glorify me. Men shall know me without the fleshly outfit, which I now carry as my body. They shall see me and hear me and they shall live, yet not they, I shall live in them.

Is it because we fear we may belittle the cross of Christ that men so often refer to the days when He was here? As if He had come and gone. Now it was necessary for Him to emphasize what should occur, after His physical form would disappear, hence He told the disciples that He would return unto the Father and repeated the same truth again and again. It was equally necessary that the office of the intercessor should be clearly assumed by Him, for especially the Jewish mind demanded it after fifteen centuries of training under that system of religion. But He just as plainly teaches His living, abiding presence with us, as he does His going unto the Father and His intercession. Because I live ye shall live also. John xiv:19. If a man love me we will come unto Him and make our abode with Him. John xiv:23.

That the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them. John xvii: 26.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Matt. xxviii: 20.

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. Matt. xviii: 20.

If any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him and will sup with him. Rev. iii: 20.

Our fellowship is with the Father and with his son Jesus Christ. 1 John i: 3.

Christ liveth in me. Gal. ii: 20.

Christ is infinite and everywhere. Christ is as truly in this room as he is in heaven. We have made him the dead Christ. We have made crosses out of wood and of metal and we have made pictures representing him dead and we have been "clinging to the cross," to it instead of him. Dear cross. Precious cross. Yea, rather, dear Jesus. Precious Jesus. In the infinite plan thou wast as truly the slain one before the foundation of the world as when on Calvary. The cross did not make thee great. Thou hast made the cross. The weak wood thou didst exalt, as thou dost the weak human soul. Christ of Bethlehem, Christ of Calvary, Christ of America, Christ of the world. Thou walkest in our streets, thou sittest in our chairs, thou speakest to our storms. The centuries have not out-run thee. The newest thoughts and the freshest tides of

life, that flow out over our activities to-day, are thine own. Thou modern Christ. Thou eternal Christ. Here. "But a day old."

Are we yet living only in the first throes of the Protestant reformation; still Roman; still holding to the dead Saviour, with a great struggle for regenerating grace? How sadly we need to-day to show humanity about us that our Christ lives, that he lives in us and that he lives through us, that men may very well see that we let our light so shine, that we glorify our Father in Heaven. We will never get a very definite assertion of Christ before the world in any age, unless we honor the Holy Spirit. Truth is, these eyes of ours will open to no other touch but the touch of the Holy Spirit to look upon the vision of Jesus; and these hearts of ours will open to no other key but that of the Holy Spirit, to let the Christ dwell in us richly. The apostle said, "He that descended is the same that ascended, that he might fill all things." This earth is within the sweep of that sentence. He shall testify of him, he shall declare him, he shall make him known. This strange cry of the heart after the divine as it is represented in Jesus, Immanuel, the Man of Galilee—this strange cry of the heart shall be hushed into a calm realization, which says, "I know him, Jesus is mine and I am his."

You see very readily what an effect this will

have upon the statement sometimes made, that if you emphasize the teaching concerning the Holy Spirit you overlook Jesus. Nay, rather, if you emphasize the teaching concerning the Holy Spirit you reveal Jesus. Let us receive the gift and get the assertion of Christ in our souls clearly.

The idea of receiving a blessing from God is used very much more in the Old Testament than in the New. Not that it is entirely left out of the New Testament, for here the word is used, but more especially in speaking of the help man is to give to man, rather than the life man is to receive from God. The word "blessed," meaning little more than happy, is used in a more general way in the New Testament than either the word "bless" or "blessing." The reasons seem quite evident.

First, the word "bless" is too distant in its meaning and too weak. Literally it means "to speak well of." Use has given the word a deeper meaning, but this latest, largest, fullest expression of God, the Holy Spirit, has outgrown the word in its best accepted meaning.

And, again, the full-orbed Christian experience as expressed in the New Testament is rather an experience of right relations than of complimentary announcements. God has come to us and drawn us to himself, and we are not so called

to receive what he will do as through what he will do and has done to receive himself, even the Holy Spirit. Hence, Jesus said, "Come after me." "We will make our abode with him." "I in them and then in me," and "I will send the Comforter that He may abide with you." This is more than the blessing, it is life and life from person to person. Notwithstanding this it is easy enough for any one to take that point of view of the subject which would cause the numbering of blessings, "the first blessing" and "the second blessing," as Luther called it "a second conversion," or as Charles Wesley, "a second rest," or as John Wesley, "the second blessing," or as Andrew Murray, "the second crisis," the "second conviction" and "the second blessing." It is this, but it is more.

But the direct act of numbering does not appear in the New Testament and we do well to avoid as far as possible the controversy which it calls forth in our day. The New Testament portrayal of the self-life will be found strong enough to produce the conviction, if the soul is willing to be filled with the fulness of God. Let those who prefer the more ancient method of expressing use it, but personally I have found the blessed Spirit's indwelling transform my life as a Christian, from the grasping to the being grasped, and from the fitful to the steady, without emphasis

being laid upon the *number* of the blessing.
When I said,

"Give me thyself from every boast—
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me."

then how plainly I saw the struggle with the old self-life against which in my regeneration God had given the better life—saw it until I loathed it; saw it until I believed the Holy Spirit would slay it, and in that belief I found him fill my soul with himself, causing Jesus to be the beautiful one to me the first and the last, the all in all. Indeed, as far as I am personally concerned, the numbering of God's operations in the soul ceased to tease me from that day.

"He shall glorify me." These strange words "glory" or "glorify" or "glorious," how difficult it is for us to define their meaning. Glory, glory—a word so eagerly used, yet so mysteriously sacred. We talk of glorifying the graves of the dead when we cover them over with blooming flowers, we talk of glorifying a painting when we set the light to shine so as to bring out its best expression. When men and women can find no other word with which to express themselves they say "glory." When assembled people with shining faces are knitted into oneness of spirit and the

songs of the hymn book seem lame, they raise their voices and say "glory." When in the death hour no other word seems exactly to fit the ecstatic expression of the victor, he will whisper GLORY. Paul says that there is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another in glory. As if to say, there is a kind of shine on the sun we call glory, and another kind of shine on the moon we call glory, and another on the stars we designate glory. He also says that we shall be changed from glory unto glory even as by the spirit of the Lord. Jesus using the same word says that the glory which he had with the Father he gave unto his children, just after he had said "Father glorify thou me with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." And here he uses it again when he says, "The Holy Spirit, when he comes, shall glorify me." Did I say too intense a thing when I said we could know Christ better than they did when he was here in the flesh? Hearken: "show," "testify," "glorify."

"He shall glorify me," he shall turn the light on the picture. O, Jesus, my Jesus, how beautiful thou art! The fairest among ten thousand times ten thousand, my Jesus, my Jesus! How resplendent thou art, glorified to even my soul by the Holy Spirit; loveliest of the loveliest, divinest

of the divinest, there is none like thee, beauteous Son of God.

“But if the ministration of death, written and engraven on stone, came with the glory, so that the children of Israel could not look steadily upon the face of Moses for the glory of his face; which glory was passing away; how shall not rather the ministration of the spirit be with glory? For if the ministration of condemnation is glory, much rather doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory. For verily that which hath been made glorious hath not been made glorious in this respect, by reason of the glory that surpasseth. For if that which passeth away was with glory, much more that which remaineth is in glory. But we all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit. 2 Corinthians 3:7-11, 18 (R. V).

Let me recall for you as nearly as I can an incident told by an American preacher. In one of the families of his parish was a little girl, who had been blind from her infancy. Surgeons were called in to operate, but their operation proved unsuccessful. A second operation was performed with the same sad result. The hearts of the parents were sore; they had spent much money, willingly and freely; and the child had endured

much pain, but she could not see. Never since her recollection could she look upon her mother or her father. One day the surgeons met the father and said to him, "We think another operation would cure the child." The father said, "I feel there is no possible cure and the pain she suffers nearly kills me." They persuaded him that they had good reason to think some benefit might follow another operation, and urged the undertaking of it. The parents agreed to permit another trial, and the surgeons were told that they could operate on the child's eyes again. After the operation they again covered the little eyes to await results. During the interval the father met the pastor and said, "Pastor, will you come over to our house tomorrow morning?" The pastor in telling about it said, I had been very busy that day and before I recalled to mind sufficiently to understand what his request meant, I had spoken. Then I recollected that the time was about due to have the bandages removed from the child's eyes, and I asked him when I should come. He gave me the hour. I went a few minutes early, and when I entered the home I was fairly overcome with the suspense, which was evident on the faces of the parents. By and by the surgeons appeared, the nervous father paced up and down the floor, talking excitedly. The mother sat holding the little

child's hands in her hands, the tears streaming down her cheeks. It was a terrible moment, while we waited tremulously, intent. The physician pulled out the pin from the bandage to unwind it slowly, slowly. Will she see? What slight coverings remain between the questions, will she see or will she not. Pleading looks were very common in that home that morning. This was indeed hoping against hope. The bandages are removed, and instantly, the little child, with voice of perfect rapture, calls out, "O, mamma, mamma, mamma, I never thought you looked like that. O, mamma, mamma." Then turning to her papa, "My papa, my papa, is that my papa?" And, again exultant with rapture she exclaims, "O, the light, the light!" Many tears and kisses mingled upon the face of the darling child. Her eyes had been opened while the glory of the light had lit up the surroundings. How like this is that opening of the vision of the soul upon the Son of God when the Holy Spirit comes into the life, and when he is thus set forth in his resplendent beauty.

Who of us who know him under the revealing of the Holy Spirit has not said, "Oh, the light, the light!" I know a man who had been born and reared a Roman Catholic. That man came into a meeting one evening as a seeker after Christ. He was a florist, and had refined tastes,

and when I came near him I said, "Brother, how much light have you got on the subject?" He turned his face up to me and said, "Electric, electric." And we may say, "Jesus, I never thought you were like that! I never thought you would be so real, I never thought you would be so near, I never thought you could be so dear to my heart." Mary and Martha and Lazarus were in the twilight of knowledge compared with this which my soul has while the Holy Spirit glorifies Christ to it.

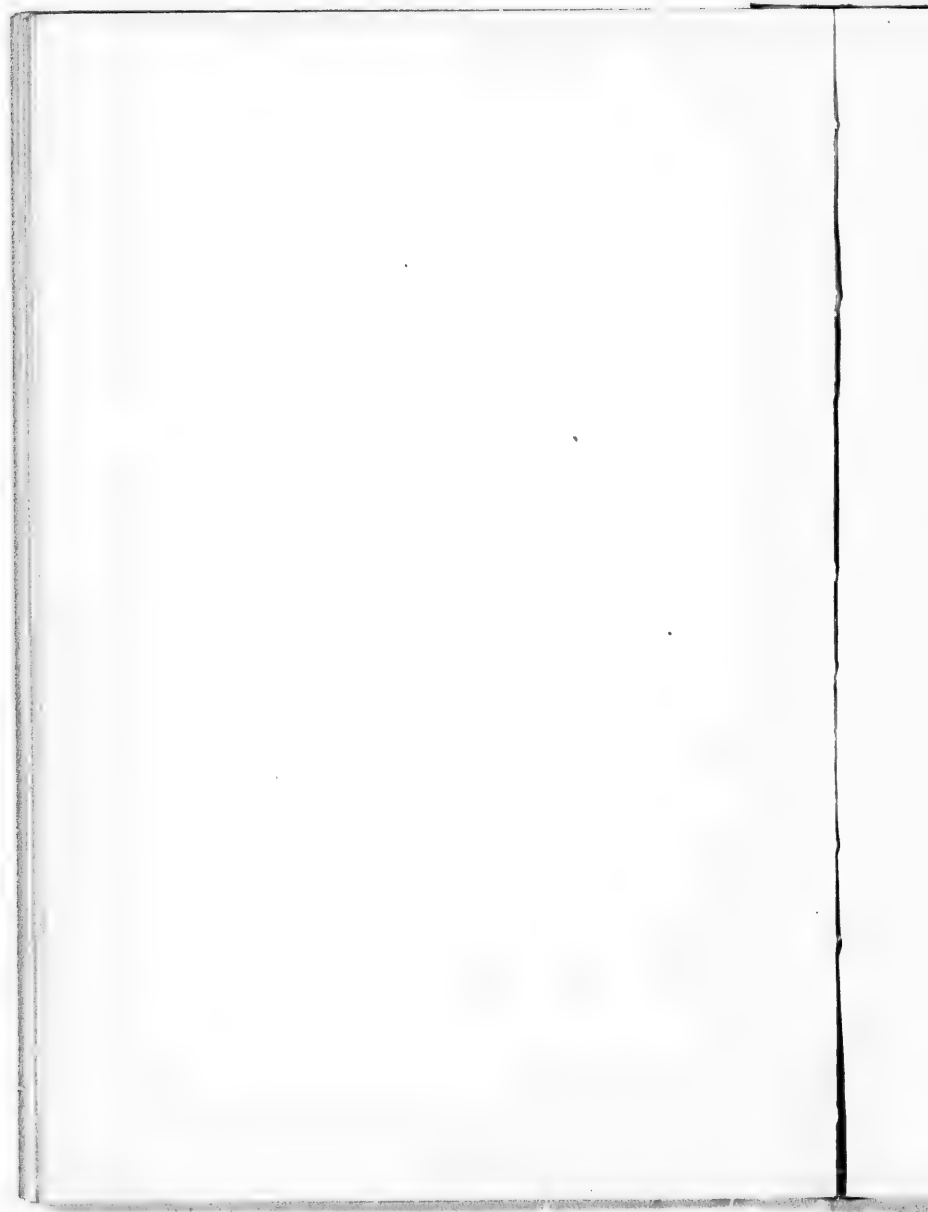
A gentleman visiting one of the art galleries of Europe became so greatly interested in a picture that he studied it for hours. His traveling companion left him to look at other pictures, and returned several times to see if he was not ready to proceed. Each time he asked for a little longer opportunity to study this one great production. By and by, his companion, weary with waiting for him, said: "What can you see in that old picture to keep you so long?" The gentleman tried to explain its merits and impress them upon his friend's attention, but without avail. He answered, "I can not see anything so extraordinary about that picture." Then the gentleman replied, "Don't you wish you could?" It takes the inspired soul to see the inspiring beauty, and it takes the inspired reader to get at the real wealth in the scriptures and of the Christ they present.

Now we need to estimate life and its trials as Christ does. We need to feel about sin as Christ does. Then every form of its expression becomes to us deadly and we are glad to devote ourselves at any cost to its destruction. The Calvary-spirit does not take much time asking, "*What harm is there in it?*" It not only undertakes not to do wrong but the burden of its fleeting moments is, "Save the wrong-doers through the right." We need to feel about suffering and hard knocks of persecution just as Christ does. Comfort-loving and ease never entered into the programme of this "servant of all." Every act of his represents a holy purpose which we mortals would call bravery of the first quality.

Christ is our *life*, and we are to live him out. Let us look up calmly and say, "This is my Jesus, come let us go out with him." As one can best describe what frost is who has lived in it and felt its tingle, or as one can best prize music who has given himself to it, so we who give ourselves over unto Christ shall know him, witnessed to and glorified by that Spirit of truth who searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God. The redemptive life is his own life. No distant admiring look can produce it. No formal partaking of emblems can create it. No inflicted or voluntary suffering can woo it to us. The Holy Spirit has this work to do and he wills to do it for and in

those who receive him by faith. Truly see Jesus and greed will be changed to generosity, ambition to philanthropy and fear to faith. Rise to his plane of unstinted sacrifice and no service can be so great but that its winning beauty shall appear in the midst of toil and suffering, tears and blood, to which its execution honors us with a call. We may outgrow our theories. We can not outgrow Christ.

Gentle Holy Spirit, our souls would now receive the witness, the declaring and the glorifying of Jesus within them. This we are sure will be more than our general conception of a blessing. We would reverently pray with the new convert from heathenism, "O, Lord, make us to sparkle all over with Jesus."



STRENGTHENED WITH
POWER.

"Did you ever notice that all but the heart of man obeys God? If you look right through history you will find that this is true. In the beginning God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light. 'Let the waters bring forth,' and the water brought forth abundantly. And one of the proofs that Jesus Christ is God is that he spoke to nature, and nature obeyed him. At one time he spoke to the sea, and the sea recognized and obeyed him. He spoke to the fig tree, and instantly it withered and died. It obeyed literally and at once. He spoke to devils, and the devils fled. He spoke to the grave, and the grave obeyed him and gave back its dead. But when he speaks to man, man will not obey him; that is why man is out of harmony with God, and it will never be different until men learn to obey God.'

D. L. MOODY.

"Strengthened with power through his spirit in the inward man that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled unto all the fullness of God."—Ephesians iii:16-19. (R.V.)

"I will call over each member of my orphanage in my mind with solemn prayer, and search out every *perfection* of every kind; any trace of the image of God which I can discern in each, and enter them on paper, adding thereto every fresh discovery, and then to each name affix a plan, denoting what is the best method of helping that person's infirmities and strengthening his virtues. If I do not thus study the tempers and dispositions of my family, how unlike will my carriage be to that of my heavenly Father towards me."

MRS. MARY FLETCHER.

STRENGTHENED WITH POWER.

IN his address on "The Beauty of a Life of Service" Phillips Brooks says, "Christianity has not been tried. My friends, no man dares to condemn the Christian faith to-day because it has not been tried."

God is surely calling to-day for a race of men and women who will put that unique form of religion called Christianity to the test, or rather to the proof. He is calling for a race of people who will demonstrate not only that Christianity is capable of cultivating our religious powers, setting the heart at ease from itself and giving liberty of soul, but that it is capable of producing serene lives filled with unrepaid service for humanity and kept in the great fellowship of God night and day, moment by moment. We need to get a stirring conviction of the strength and wealth of Christianity, unreduced, full strength.

Look at those words of Paul in Ephesians, third chapter, verses 16, 17, 18 and 19. Look at the great striking words which stand out in that passage of Scripture like great mountain-peaks. Strengthened, Power, Spirit, Inward man, Christ, Dwell, Hearts, Faith, Rooted, Grounded, Love,

Apprehend, Saints, Know, Filled, God. Some portions of Scripture run up to a climax very perceptibly, like 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; but this one appears like a great perfection, every part of which if separated from the rest would fill a world all its own. Cut each phrase up like a potato and each part will have an eye in it that will sprout and bear fruit. It is refreshing to approach such words as these, for if we are hungry we can surely feed here. And here is the wonder. All that is told of the possibilities of grace in this text hinges upon the power of the Holy Spirit.

Let us read it over slowly and weigh every word. "That he would grant you according to the riches of his glory, that ye may be strengthened with POWER through his spirit in the inward man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge that ye may be filled unto all the fulness of God." (R. V.)

What about this great inner man? Elsewhere Paul calls attention to the outward man perishing, but says that the inner man is renewed day by day. There is an outward and an inner man, the husk and the corn. There is a terrible insult to this word in use, when men are said to supply the

inner man by taking dinner, as if a man's stomach were the inner man. Coy as life itself is this great region. Few people appear to have allowed themselves to look into it. It would seem like looking down a dizzy height or off upon a terrific storm. It jars the feelings. Men will speak with contempt about distinct teaching concerning the Holy Spirit. I do not wonder that people do not realize the presence and personality of the Holy Spirit. Do we begin to realize our own personality? O, the sweep of being, O, the depths and heights of the soul, even of a little child.

To look through one's own being is like going off the hurricane-deck of a steamer on to the passenger-deck. (Many people appear to go no further than this. What do they know about the vessel?) To look through one's own being is to go down stairs into the saloon, then go down another stairway to the hold, and go on down until you come to the keelson. Then traverse the vessel from stem to stern, and when you have completed your examination looking over the many appliances and the general outfit of it, with surprise you will say, "Why, this is a floating city." Little wonder that Paul, speaking of the love of God, is made by both the authorized and the revised versions to say, "It is shed *abroad* in our hearts." We are not conscious of a fraction of the meaning of our own existence as spiritual

beings. We hold that we are spirits in our commonest methods of expression, calling hands and feet and mind and feelings *ours*, not us, but that mighty personality which should alarm us when separate from God becomes to us but the merest generality. The great concern of God for humanity is no exaggeration. It is the concern of purest love, but it is all lavished upon beings made originally a little lower than God and stricken with disloyalty, to recover us from which all heaven is concerned. The great inner man is the center of righteous or unrighteous ambitions, the great region where love has her nest and from which she flies out in the mid-heavens of Providence. The great inner man is the region where all the graces may live and grow, and it is a territory vast, so vast that God alone can overtake it. And that man who is not a Christian is not only rebellious but he is utterly foolish to undertake to manage himself. He is too vast. There are so many highways leading into the secrets of his character, there are so many gateless highways about unregenerate man, that he is perfectly foolish when he undertakes to say, I will do the best I can with myself, so incompetent is he to watch all these highways.

This I think is what Paul had in mind when he said, "And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall guard your hearts and minds

through Christ Jesus." The word here rendered "guard," is the very same word which is used for a Roman sentry, and hence he would seem to say, these highways into your being are very long and wide and many, and over there by that gateway shall stand Peace, and when Lust shall come running in from the devil's army to get at you, Peace shall say, "Stay, I am here;" and when Envy shall come running in from the devil's army to the secret of your being, then upon his reaching the gateway, Peace shall say, "Stay, I am here," and when Doubt and Fear come running toward us to capture us, Peace shall stand with her serene face and say "Stay, I am here," until the whole being is kept by the power of God through faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed. For Peace is majestic and keen-eyed.

This great inner man then is to be guarded by Peace, the surroundings are to be fortifications that are quiet and lovely, the guarded soul is consequently kept under the secure keeping of an infinite God, and no other power can keep it.

The inner man! Do you not know how this moment you think you have the inner man mastered and you say, "I will always be kind," and in less than thirty minutes some person has said something to you which has caused to spring up within you the very venomous disposition of per-

dition. Man might just as well undertake to feed himself by grasping in the air as to undertake to guard the inner man himself. He can not do it. None but the Infinite One can supply our all but infinite wants.

Now this inner man is Christ's great craft. He hath come to captain it. He will stay with the ship day and night. He will strengthen it against the beating waves and he will with equal ease hush the waves to rest. Will he stay? Will he surely dwell in our hearts? Ah, tell us this until we believe it if you can. Most of us know something of what it means to have high moments of ecstasy and victory. So true is this that in certain regions of the church's thought to-day there is an idea that really the Christian life implies a peripatetic kind of allegiance. We talk about a mountain-top experience and a valley experience, and a bright day and a dark day. Very often I fear the real significance of it is a loyal condition and a disloyal condition, a true condition and an untrue condition, for unless you are talking merely about the region of your feelings, which is not the essential region of Christianity, then certainly there must be an iniquitous departure from God's love when you get into the valley. Do you mean that your character goes mountain and then valley, light place and then dark place?

This is not a question of weeping or laughing.
x Tears can be produced with horseradish and laughter with a feather. Nothing is superficial here. We are dealing with the inner man. The inner man may know both the joy and the sorrow of the Lord just as the dew-drop reflects the light as surely as the ocean. And the joy is in the sorrow and the sorrow is in the joy, as the light is in the flower and the flower is in the light. God has no contradictions in his nature. Slay the self-life and God brings the Christ-life and he brings it to *abide*.

How he punctuated every great lesson of the fifteenth of John with that word ("abide.") He gathered together illustration and explanation and exhortation and piled the one upon the other and then set upon the pyramid that word "abide." He conditioned great results in prayer upon it, so great that they astound the unregenerate man. Christian joy, Christian love and fruit-bearing follow in the train of his thought until as a climax he promises the Holy Spirit, the Comforter. But who of us has not had that cherished moment of high resolution? I used to board with a lady who was the mother of five children—and when I speak of her I speak with bated breath, for her failures seem only to emphasize my own. She used to be very jubilant on Sunday, she would shout hallelujah

and she was a great church attender, but before Monday noon, through the partition between the place where she and the family dwelt and my room, I would fairly seem to hear her slippers scold the floor. She appeared to have lost all her great grace. She had religion enough for a pew, but she had not enough for a wash-tub. She had great enthusiasm in testimony-meeting, but it was another thing to have five of God's lambs to be fed. Surely this is not all "the Christian life" means. Abide, abide. The world to-day is hunting and God is pleading for a company of Christian people who can shine, every day luminous. Said Paul, "Among whom we shine as luminaries in the world," and he had just said previously that it was to be done in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, too. O, to get over this peripatetic kind of loyalty followed by disloyalty, this building up a splendid structure, and then standing back and seeing it tumble, and then letting our tears fall over the broken timbers, and building up again, until we get tired, and standing back and seeing it fall and weeping over the splintered timbers again. Surely such experience can not be "grounded," like a building, on a deep foundation, or "rooted," like a tree, in love.

Time is as nothing with our Keeper. "O, but the circumstances." Never forget that circum-

stances are our opportunities. A great deal is said to-day about environment. There is no doubt about the value of a proper environment if properly used—it is better to live on the south side of life than on the north, but if you keep improving the environment and do not keep improving the soul, soon all advantage becomes common and the individual becomes thankless and dwarfed. Place a selfish, jealous person into a mansion, provide servants and elegance and pay all the bills for him, and unless he loses that selfishness he will soon become accustomed to the comforts and blister your very feelings with ingratitude. A violin which will not sound well in a log cabin will not sound well in a mansion. Plant a thorn tree in a valley and it is a thorn. Plant it on the hillside and it is still a thorn. In sandy soil, thorn; in clay soil, thorn; in winter, thorn; in summer, thorn. The environment will not change it. All over this world you may find people quarreling with their occupations. The hatter, the barber, the dentist, the tailor, the shoemaker; all occupations illustrating this old quarrel. It is an old device of the enemy to get us to quarrel with circumstances rather than resolutely set our wills by faith in Christ to have the self-life slain and the Christ-life imparted. Are you poor? You can have Christ abide in you. Others have, and the promise is yours.

Are you frail and do you live in a defective body? You may have Christ abiding; others have, and the promise is to you. Are you strong and forehanded with circumstances? You may prove how you do in the secret of his searching draw all your good and all your triumph not from self but from Christ. He would abide. Does some one say, "I have tried this often. Vows have been made in tears and my deepest motives appear to have favored this very life of the abiding presence of Christ, but I have not succeeded. Such a life appears beyond my reach and rather for angels than for men."

A lady whose life had been very ordinary indeed, when compared with the richer privileges in Christ, received through the Holy Spirit's lighting up the things of God to her, such a realization of Christ that her face was beautifully lit up, her voice was soft and her very attitude superior. She began at once to say, "I must go right home and tell my children of the beauty of Jesus. The beauty of Jesus. I never saw Jesus like this before." Then quick as a flash she began to utter these words half sorrowfully, "Can I keep it; can I keep it."

Now, here the gift of power finds its place. We are to be strengthened with *power* that Christ may *dwell*. That life, that Christ-life, forgiving enemies, delighting to serve; sacrificial and free

from pride, jealousy, lust, malice and anger is itself charged with too much force for us to maintain it in constancy. Conscious of this, and either forgetting or not having known about the power of the Holy Spirit, multitudes have become discouraged and have sought to content themselves with what they call the spirit of moderation and balance.

It will do us good to look squarely at the weakness of our nature, since sin has so affected us. In the Old Testament we repeatedly hear about God being our *strength*, but in the New Testament, where the fuller unfolding of God's nature appears in the Holy Spirit, this strength or power is brought out into prominence and we are bidden to receive it. We are like clay pails taken fresh from the potter's wheel. It is frail, moist clay, scarcely capable of holding its own weight up into the form which the potter has wrought. Now let us try to fill it with water. But a few spoonfuls have been poured into it until the pail begins to run over the floor in a muddy stream. Let us take another and see if we may fill it with money. We have not placed more than a handful into it until it is breaking down and the money is falling out. It can not hold the contents. Its fibre is not strong enough. Now let us take still another clay pail fresh from the potter's wheel and place it in a

furnace and turn on the hot fire until it becomes hard. It is ready. Take it and set it on the table and fill it now to the brim with pieces of money; it will hold every one of them. Fill it with diamonds, it will hold every one of them. Fill it with water, it will hold all the water we can put into it. So with the inner man. If the walls of the inner man are not strong enough, they will not hold the Christ-life. There is a little of the old man, a little of the malign, a little of the jealous, of the vain, of the self-life, and the walls break down. But let God's Holy Spirit of power come and enter into the fibre of the inner man, let the walls be strengthened with the silent strength of God's love until we are toned up with divine vigor—then let the Christ-life come in and we can hold it. The love of God shall abide in our hearts, the peace of God shall abide within us, the joy of the Lord shall be our strength, and the hope of God shall be our badge of honor and triumph, and God in all things shall be glorified; we shall be in deed and in truth partakers of the divine nature, strengthened with might, strengthened with his spirit in the inner man.

A very expressive phrase has become quite common, especially at camp meetings and holiness meetings. It is indeed a great phrase. Men have contended sharply about it, and thirsty souls have trembled when it has been uttered. This is it,

"Receiving the power." What I have just illustrated by the clay pail being empowered to hold its contents, I believe to be the true meaning of this great phrase, "Receiving the power."

I would not feel called upon to utter criticisms against displays of religious influence in people's bodies, when men have been known to swoon, when others have leaped to their feet with shouts of great joy, and others with shining faces have just leaned back and whispered their praise to the bounteous giver. Some of these scenes have been beautiful beyond description, and their holy influence has lingered tenaciously for many days, especially perhaps such of them as have marked the death-hour of some of the most triumphant. We would not, we dare not, criticise or speak carelessly in the presence of such scenes.

But the *power* of the Holy Spirit seems rather a girding than a collapse. What immediate results to the physical frame may follow this largest, fullest, richest, manifestation of God's self to man we can not assert. A man whose eye has been fixed upon self, if not lustfully yet longingly for twenty years and who now, suddenly gets that eye *filled* with the vision of the pure, gentle, benevolent Spirit may easily find himself incapable of longer sitting erect. His body prone on the earth may declare how the gaze dazzled and overpowered him for the time being. Or one

whose voice has been mute for a score of years, when the goodness of God appeals to his sense of gratitude, being suddenly ravished with the vastness of that goodness to him and others by the Holy Spirit lighting up the display—surely we can conceive how such a one might be heard to shout aloud his hallelujahs. And we can more than conceive how these things might occur, for some of my readers bear in their memories the very sweets accompanying such experiences. But notwithstanding this, that phase of physical influence upon some temperaments or during some occasions is not what is meant essentially by receiving the *power* of the Holy Spirit. Its essential, distinctive meaning is rather in contrast with these things.

1. Jesus returned in the *power* of the Spirit into Galilee and thence to Nazareth, where he clearly announces his program. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." (Luke iv: 18, 19)

The power of the Spirit appears to have speedily brought forth a calm, vast, thoughtful announcement from prophecy.

2. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you and ye shall be witnesses unto me." That power would then gird a man to be a clear, distinct, truthful witness.

3. Jesus surely taught this truth when he told his people not to be anxious when arrested and on trial what they should answer, nor to try to plan it, for the Holy Spirit would teach them.

4. And in the day of Pentecost, the Holy Spirit's coming seems to have opened as a special sign the intelligence of the receivers of the power, so that they understood foreign languages, thus in a trice accomplishing what would otherwise require long seasons of study.

The power is not of the thunder-bolt class. That would destroy rather than gird us. It is his light we need. Let us have the light whether the match cracks and snaps or is more quiet. Let us not forget that to turn our attention upon our own rapture may be but to tempt the returning of the old enemy, the self-life. Christ is more to us than our rapture, and the strength, the *power*, is more than our ecstasy. And let us remember that as the fire silently found its way into the clay pail, the fire of God might silently find its way into the walls of our inner beings while Christ was preparing the furniture, in order that he might dwell there forever and forever. It might come like the frost stealing

into the stones, unheard and with noiseless footsteps, while the soul is sweetly, silently conscious, "God is strengthening me, I shall overcome now; I feel within me the power of victory; the Holy Spirit is making the walls of my inner man capable of resisting the attacks of the enemy." Many people would feel like hastening away to some silent room all alone to talk it over with the Father, saying calmly, "Oh, the strength of God! The might of God!" coming out again to witness by word and life to the precious work of the Holy Spirit in the inner man—the power of God.

Have you received the power of the Holy Spirit? Can you go out of the most enthusiastic meeting without shuddering to think, "when I get home it will be so still, and that same spirit that harmonizes with me will tantalize me?" Can you go home and say, "He is here, that Divine Person with whom I harmonize is here?" Full assurance of faith, full assurance of hope, full assurance of understanding—three terms which belong to the Epistles of the New Testament, are they your very own? Oh, that he might so come and strengthen us anew in the inner man, that constant as our breathing when we are awake and in toil, or when we are asleep and unconscious, Christ may dwell in us. And when we get out with the problems that are com-

ing upon us in the kingdom of Heaven we shall not say, "I was so happy in that meeting, but I am afraid if they come down with a cold problem and ask me to grapple with it I will get tired and discouraged, but I will go to meeting and get happy again." You can not live this way. You take the level of the sea from the level, not from the crest of the wave. Now, if the power of God is in the inner man, you will say, "Let that problem come. Christ is here and he knows how to grapple with it, and he *will* grapple with it, and his strength in the Holy Spirit is enough to keep me. If my strength fails, if the body die, then I will only have my headquarters of operation higher up; and if he wants my body to stand the strain of the problem for fifty or sixty years with sweat and toil and patient sacrifice, then he will stay right here and see me through, touching me now and again with the blessed inspiration of the vigor that is out of his great fund of strength." What have I to fear or choose since Christ is all the world to me, and all my heart is love? Oh, for the power, the strong, steady, divine might. Oh, for merchants to stand behind their counters conscious of the indwelling Jesus, and not afraid of the customer who may come and try to induce them to deceive. Oh, for people who have no disposition to tempt the devil, but let him come every step before they hear him,

conscious that Christ will master him. Oh, for those who sit beside the couches of the sick, with little provision of victuals in the pantry and with little money in the bank, and with children who need protection and care and blessing, quietly conscious that the inner man is fortified by the Holy Spirit, and of Christ dwelling within, while they say, "The hours are not too long; Jesus is here."

I have heard congregations sing, "Thou my everlasting portion, more than life or friends to me," almost daily for three years, but my soul has been seeking to prove the language mine and I have proven it. O, for such a stability that a man might be all alone in Africa, beyond the reach of any familiar voice or hand, while within a rod of where he stands a savage might appear with a spear poised directly at his heart and a serpent be within a foot of his heel, yet should he consciously say in the might of God, "I believe that Jesus is with me all the time and I am more than conquerer." Such an one, I think, would only represent what it is to be "strengthened with power."

Another beautiful and very expressive phrase has become current in our day. It is the "power for service." Many very rich things are being said about the need of the anointing of the Holy Spirit for new undertakings,

bringing out very clearly the much-needed truth that the power in all victory is of God and not of us. And how very blessedly this power for service finds its natural place in the great plan as we remember that Christ is the *indecider* when the Holy Spirit strengthens with power the inner man. Now, Christ and service are two words which always love each other's company. He gives himself to us. He is servant of all. He washes the feet and seeks the lost sheep. "I am among you as one that serveth." The problem of the salvation of man came upon his heart until it broke it. Let this Christ dwell in a man and how he will serve! "Ye have the mind of Christ," has been translated, "Ye have the disposition of Christ." "The imitation of Christ" is not quite correct as an expression. We must have the Christ-life. Then we will serve. The idea of being good and superior by excluding the great needy multitudes about us is not the Christian idea. Holiness is sacrifice; and sacrifice since Christ came has but one altar, and that altar is *human need*. The power of the Holy Spirit is given to render it possible for us to show forth kindness and gentleness and endurance when all others fail; to study, to toil, to give, to die, that the world may have its sin loved out of it. Thank God, faith brings the Holy Spirit and he becomes the "we can" of the sacri-

ficial life. How evident this is if Christ dwells in the heart by faith and the walls of the inner man are strong enough to hold him! Won't we serve?

Servant of all, come and serve through us. Our hands for thee to use to dispense to those who need. Our feet for thee to use to send us on errands of mercy. Our lips for thee to use to speak messages for thee. Our all for thee to use in a service Calvary-like and victorious.

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THE UNFAILING GRACE.

"All the other matchless attributes of Jehovah are shadowed by the beauty of his holiness and love."

REV. C. M. COBERN, D.D.

"The love of God hath been shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Ghost which was given unto us."—Romans v:5. (R. V.)

"My honored friend and brother: For once hearken to a child who is willing to wash your feet. I beseech you, by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, if you would have my love confirmed toward you, write no more to me about the misrepresentations wherein we differ. Why should we dispute when there is no possibility of convincing? Will it not in the end destroy brotherly love, and insensibly take from us that union and sweetness of soul which I pray God may always subsist between us? How glad would the enemies of the Lord be to see us divided. How would the cause of the common Master every way suffer by raising disputes about particular points of doctrine. Honored sir, let us offer salvation freely to all by the blood of Jesus, and whatever light God has given us let us freely communicate to others."

WHITEFIELD TO WESLEY.

"God's love is put within us as an object of our thought, and as a power moulding our emotions, purposes, actions."

JOSEPH AGAR BEE.

THE UNFAILING GRACE.

WHAT is that power which never disappoints the most radiant hope of the sanctified—that power which God wields in his prolonged Calvary-effort, and which sent forth the only begotten Son, the power of powers? It is Love. And you and I are living in the day when, by the Holy Spirit, the love of God (not less than this) is shed abroad in our hearts, and it is the availing motive-power of the victorious life to which we are all invited.

There is a region of experience where the common difficulties of life which tempt and discourage people do become the very instruments which exalt life into richer conditions. Here in this region difficulties which otherwise appear like mountains are now feeble little mole hills, and the ambitions and competitions that are so common to human life appear bald and worthless. When pride has lost its grip upon the being, and love, pure love sways the ransomed soul, the child-like spirit sweetens all the atmosphere of the life, and God's care for us is seen to be just what His Word calls it, "the riches of grace."

Soul, do you know this region of experience? Is the love of God glorifying your life? Have you got it? Better be a hissing and a by-word in the world, better have your provision of potatoes and salt, better have your sleeves out at the elbows, but get it, get it.

If we were surrounded to-day by pyramids of precious stones—diamonds, emeralds and sapphires, we might say to them, "Precious stones, there is a region where things as beautiful as you are grow quickly in the sunlight and send forth abundance of sweet perfume, and they are placed upon marriage altars, and upon the coffins of the dead." Then the precious stones might say to us, "How can these things be?" And we might answer them, "Well, precious stones, you nestle yourselves down by the root of some orange tree or magnolia or rose-bush and allow yourselves to be taken up by the growth of these trees or bushes, then some bright summer day you will live in the region of rapid growth and sweet perfume and flower, but precious stones you must die to stone-hood before you can live in flower-hood. So I say to you to-day, there is a region where God and the soul are in sweetest fellowship, an uncomplaining, congenial, blessed region of life free from vexatious care, from hate, from anger and from slavish fear; that region is the love of God, but you must die to self-hood be-

before you can know this conquering grace or live this blessed life.

Upon love to God and man hang all the law and the prophets. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." "He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law;" and "God is love." Ceaseless, deathless, holy grace come into our hearts to-day. Holy Spirit, shining amid our tribulations and our shame, shed it abroad, shed it abroad to-day.

It will make no little difference in our understanding of this subject, as well as in the wealth or poverty of our characters, that we have a correct knowledge of what this love really is.

1. It is not a kindlier way. No mere adding on of acts more gentle or more genial can represent this wonderful grace, nor if the best of them could be grounded in a habit would they truly represent what is here meant, nor is the significance like that of a person dwelling in a house, himself separate from the place where he lives. But it is like the sap in the tree or the tides in the ocean or the light breathing out its purity in the opening and fragrant flower. Love, love! Have you got it? Have you got it?

2. It is not what we commonly understand by natural love, such as exists between husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters. Surely if it were the purest type of this kind of love it would be well worth its cost to have it

constantly abiding within us. Who dare but commend pure, natural love? It has kept bonds of kindly interest unbroken for scores of years in the hearts of those who have neither seen nor heard from each other. It has kept the heart of the mother quiet and patient and cheerful during the long hours of night watching while all about her, except the sick child, were quiet in sleep. It has bridged the ocean for lovers, it has made distance appear as nothing, it has made toil and endurance as light as air, it has caused the very fountain of the deeps of the being to break forth with the enthusiasm of regard upon the death of some darling of the household. Sweet human love, thou hast stitched the family life together and knitted the household into oneness!

Portions of this love are manifest in the heart of the heathen and the heart of the Christian alike. It burns high on the altars of childhood devotion, its fires will live when old age has brought the pilgrim to second childhood, and like the fires upon the altar in the ancient temple, it never goes out during the days that intervene. Yet this kind of love, though so great, is evidently not the love which now concerns us. There is a higher love and there is a higher life. As the life of the lily is higher than that of the stone, the life of the kitten is higher than that of the lily, the life of the

child is higher than that of the kitten, and the life of God, the life he imparts to the waiting soul, the "Zoen" in the New Testament, is higher than the human life in sin, so the love of God is higher than human love.

3. It is the love of God. Jesus said to the Jews, "Ye have not the love of God abiding in you." Without doubt these very men loved their wives, and these very women loved their children and these sons and daughters loved each other; but not with this higher love which Christ came to give us. Again he said, "If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him," it is very evident that he meant to show that there is a love which is not like this other love—the love of the Father. The love of the world is born of a natural life, the love of the Father is born of the Holy Spirit, a new life. It is of God's own life. It is the very same love that first conceived the creation of the power of human love. It is the very same love that originated Calvary, not like it, not explaining it, but *the very same love*. It is the taking of somewhat of the dynamo of God's perfect being, and the imparting of this electric blessedness to our imperfect beings until we are made "partakers of the divine nature." He infinite, we finite. The very same light which fills this room is the light which fills the air about us, and the

little leaf dropping from the tree obeys the very same law as the earth in its motion, and the worlds in theirs. So the very same love which is in God's heart is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given unto us. God's love.

Have you got it? Have you got it? If not, be a hissing and a by-word in the world, eat potatoes and salt, let your sleeves be out at the elbows, but get it, get it.

Did you ever receive a welcome surprise, so great and so welcome that you sat down and thought it over? What joy dwelt within you as you went about your toils to find it flowing in perfect floods over the mind and over the feelings until this one surprise was under and over and through and through everything you did that day. This is the way the love of God finds its welcome to the thoroughly surrendered heart. The stranger becomes a friend, the far-off grace becomes the very thrill of our lives, under, above and through all we do or say or think. Yet we are so insensible to it. Holy Spirit, breathe upon us until we awaken and welcome thy dawn of blessedness this hour.

We seem so often to be like one who might stand upon the ridge of the roof of a building and look it over; he would say to himself, this building is so long and so wide and so high. This

roof is made of such and such material and is about so old. But let the man come down from the ridge of the roof and enter into the building, let him sit amid the multitude where the worship is all heart-worship, let him hear the organ and the singers and the speakers, and let the great power of salvation enter into the assembly until men are born again then and there. Now the building is a new building, he is within it, he looks high to the ceiling, he looks out through the windows to the light, he has fellowship with the worshipers, his soul has proven that Christ was there, and to him the building is another place, he is within it and the inspiration of the occasion is within him. Thus we look upon God's love. We are on the outside of it where there are no doors to enter, exalted in the thought of our own purpose or of our own love, but let us come to the open doors and enter in to gather the inspiration that there awaits us until we do know the love of God. Behold these windows, how they look far out to the last struggling sinner who piteously lifts a hand for help. See the height of these ceilings, high as the throne of God. Yonder they glitter in the wealth through the haze of our finite perceptions. But O, feel the fellowship, the breath, the life. It sweetens our preferences, it tones our convictions, it hallows everything but sin.

"For the love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind."

In the presence of this grace, ambitions which otherwise seem so necessary lose their significance and are replaced by one ambition, that is, *through love to serve*. No man can know this blessed sway who is not willing to be poor. Just as long as you can not say that you would rather be poor and hungry with this grace, than be rich and well fed without it, just so long it can not be yours. Neither can any man prove this grace who is not willing to be despised, for it was this very grace which caused God to give his "only begotten Son" to shame and slander and death. Neither can any man have this grace who is not willing to suffer pain. We can not say, "I am strong and have a healthy body, therefore I can undertake great deeds and God would be glad to use me, or I have money and am forehanded and am acknowledged as great because of this, or I have winsome ways and a well developed social nature and I can win friends and make the cause succeed." Wait a moment. Is love greater than wealth? Is love greater than physical strength? Is love greater than social power? There are thousands of forgotten heathens of ancient civilization which had all of these as an in-

spiration, but the Christian religion brings us Christ, and the love he brings is first and last the very atmosphere of a holy life. Depend upon your money and you may lose it. Depend upon your physical strength, and when it is gone where are you? Depend upon your friendships and they will betray you, but be filled with the love of God, then his wealth is yours, and he who uses the weak things will cause you even to bless your enemies.

Get the idea that this is God's love. How it gets into your natures I can not tell, nor can we tell how life gets into the tree, or how the light gets into the flower, or how the fire gets into the iron, or how the frost gets into the stone, or the attraction into the magnet. But God will impart himself to the soul which will give itself up exclusively to him.

This is not only apparent concerning God's love; the peace the Christian receives is the peace of God, the joy he receives is the joy of the Lord, and where Jesus said "Have faith in God" it may well be translated "Have you faith of God." (Mark xi:22.) Of course they all become ours when we receive them and use them. But the Father and the child are to share the same nature; born from above, we get the nature which is from above. "Our citizenship is in heaven" has been translated by some scholars, "Our polity begins

in the heavens." Paul says Christ is the head and we are the body, and Jesus himself said that he would be in us and we would be in him as he is in the Father and the Father in him, while here again in the Epistle to the Romans, Paul says, "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us"—this treasure is in earthen vessels.

4. And while this love is God's love imparted to our finite natures its true expression is evident in the service to our fellow-man. "Let him that saith he loveth God love his brother also; love worketh no ill to a neighbor." The word which is rendered "love" in this connection is the word AGAPE, and it is the very same word which is rendered love in John iii:16. It means the love of intense good will. On the other hand, when God speaks of his love to his children the word used is PHILEO, and it means the love of positive delight. The love here referred to then having filled our hearts gives us to have the spirit of intense good-will towards humanity. It will be so in harmony with the song of the angels and the advent of Jesus that it will produce the very opposite of strife and envy and jealousy and malice and revenge, all of which characterize the Cain-life. Said a little girl down in Illinois last Christmas morning, whose mother had corrected her in a firm tone of

voice, "Mamma, we must not scold to-day, you know, for this is Jesus' birthday." The little child recognized that a right estimate of celebrating Christ's advent would produce a loving harmony in the family, and she was right. The love of God shed abroad in our hearts will change the very aspect of humanity to us. When Jesus came near to his crucifixion hour he said to his disciples, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you." And when we remember that on three different occasions these men had disputed with each other who of them should be greatest, we can plainly see that the love which Jesus had for them is altogether superior in type to that love which they had yet known. His love made him lay down his life in sacrifice for them, but they never understood the deeper meaning of sacrifice until they received the later anointing of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost; then, they began their work of distributing goods among those who had need so that every man was supplied, then they returned counting it all joy that they were reckoned worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. It is the Christly love we need. The Calvary-love will not count the cost; it has its eye on the needy one rather than upon itself or upon visible results.

Now what about that enemy of yours? What are you to do with him? Does some one say "Am

I to call wrong right, and just let everything pass on as if all things were common?" No, my friend, you are not to call wrong right, but you are to seek to get the wrong out of every single life you can influence in this wide world, and you are to seek to get the right into every individual's life you can affect. That enemy, his awful thralldom must arouse your pity if you love him. If you love him you will pray for him, you will study to help him, you will lay down your life for him. You have no right to imprison him excepting for the sake of protecting the lives of others and reforming his own nature. He is ungrateful. But you are not serving him, you are serving the Lord. Christ died for a race of ingrates. "If he lay down his life for us we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

Recently a church member called upon one of the leading pastors of this country. He came to consult him about the advisability of securing a divorce from his wife. He began to tell about the sad story of her faults, until the pastor checked his conversation by saying, "Brother, can you tell me one good thing about your wife?" The man replied, "Well, she is a very good cook." "Now," said the pastor, "can you tell me another good thing? Does she stay at home?" "Yes, she has always been very good to stay at home." "Can you tell me

anything else good about your wife?" said the pastor. "Is she kind to her children?" "Yes, generally," said the man. "Well," said the pastor, "I think she has a good many redeeming qualities. Let us pray together that the Lord may help you to be patient." After prayer they separated. My friend, the pastor, sent for the wife to come and see him. He told her he had heard about the difficulty and he wished to help her. The woman began immediately to disclose the faults of her husband, when the pastor pursued the same plan with her which he had followed in conversation with her husband, and the first question was, "Can you tell me anything good about your husband?" She replied: "Well, he is a good provider." The second and third questions were asked and answered favorably, and the wife was advised to go home and study patience, after the pastor had prayed with her. Then the pastor called at the home when the husband and wife were both in and the children were absent. He paved the way by telling the unhappy couple that he had heard of their trouble, and that he had come as a Christian to help them settle it. "Now," said he to the husband, "I want you here, in the presence of your wife, to tell all the good things about her you can think of." He began to tell, and with the pastor's

assistance, through little interjections of questions, he told a long story. "Then," said the pastor to the wife, "I want you to tell all the good things you can about your husband," and the wife told an interesting and long story. The pastor, gifted with no little grace and wisdom, said: "Now, it appears to me that there are many people in this world who live together in comparative peace, who can not say so many good things about each other as you. . . an, and I want you to promise me that for at least one year, no matter what circumstances occur in your home, you will not speak of any of the bad things in each other's characters, and you will try not to think of them." The pastor told me that some months had elapsed and that he had asked the couple for positive reports, to find that they were living very agreeably, and he said their faces showed that it was so. But we saw that very woman convicted of the need of divine love in her heart. We saw her weep and pray and plead, and we saw her profess to receive it. Who of us does not know that if that woman had the love of Christ in her heart, and that man had the love of Christ in his heart, they would live in harmony and blessedness, and if either of them only had the love of Christ in the heart, that one would be gentle and forgiving with the other, and quite probably, too, win the other from self unto Christ, through

the shining of that same love. Paul says, in his great chapter to the Corinthians, that this love never faileth.

This love is heroic. Perhaps we may as well admit that as a distinct characteristic the old valor does not exist in our day. But his lamentation, "The day of chivalry has gone," would fit us to-day. We are a race of cowards. We are asking "Will it pay, and is it an easy way?" And we always will be a race of cowards until we receive a fullness of God's love. Likely one reason for this condition of affairs is in the fact that man has invented so many machines for defense and they are so well adapted to their intended work that we have come to hide behind the machine instead of trusting in God. Idolatry does not really need an idol made into peculiar figures. But we are told the fathers were stronger physically than we are, and we have not the power of endurance to venture far in the conflict. There we are again calling in our defense a human body. Scores of suffering bed-ridden invalids, who have not walked a yard for twenty years and who suffer indescribable pain, shame any such suggestion away from us. No, we need the love of God in our hearts. We must have a baptism of divine love. Not a thing, not a single thing, must intervene between us and the Holy One, not a mo-



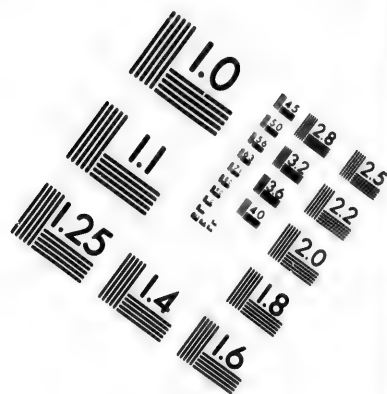
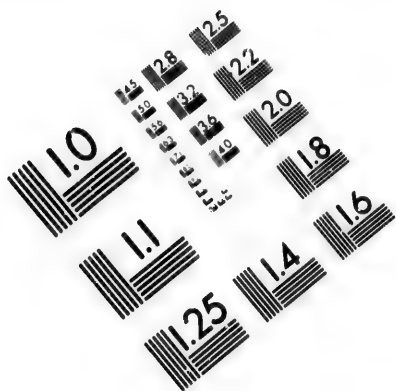
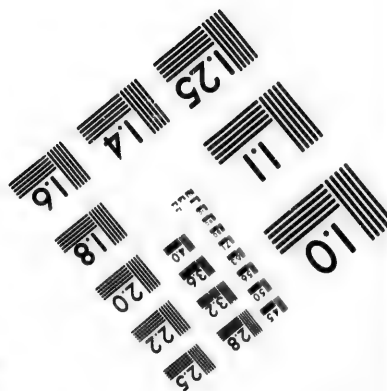
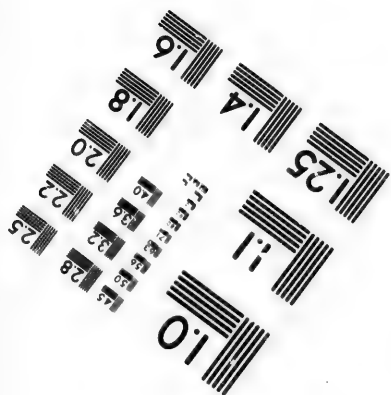
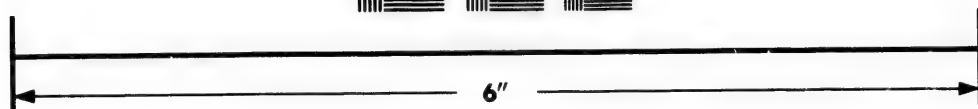
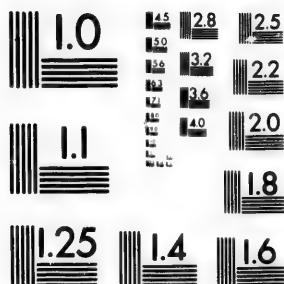


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ment's nursing must be given to our cowardice and idolatry. Love is the very opposite of idolatry, for God is love. Men can be loved into heroism. The principle is strong enough and the supply is large enough. Prices must not be reckoned here. Let us have it, let us have it. Fresh from his own heart! Then men's hearts shall be girded in the storm, and the witness, the very miracle of the Divine, shall appear to infidel and heathen alike, for be sure that by this shall all men know that we are Christ's disciples when we have love one to another.

Infidels who can endure eloquence and organization, singing and praying, philosophy and zeal, exhortation, argument and tears will be won by this power of powers, the love of God.

Indians in their sun dances will lacerate their bodies until pools of their blood soak into the earth around them. They will dance almost incessantly from four o'clock in the morning to ten at night for four days or more in some of their religious observances, like the medicine dance.

Look at the Mahometan pilgrimages. What weariness, filth and death mark their journey.

See the people of Siam. They in former days burned the bodies of their dead and mixing them with lime used them as plaster for their temples.

The maidens of Carthage gave their hair that it might be braided into bow-strings for Hannibal's

archers, and the maidens of Tyre gave theirs for cordage in the navy of Tyre.

Now, get that faculty thoroughly imbued with love, let the divine nature fill the soul with the greatest motive power known in the universe, and who can dream what buoyancy shall appear in the life consigned to service as a fish is to the water in which it lives. Then nothing will be so delicious to the soul as the privilege of service. You might as well think of the sun running a million miles out of its sphere to gather up light enough with which to shine as to think of such a life separated from a conscious delight in blessing all other lives about it. Do you realize that it has never changed through all the centuries? It is the same love and just as great as in the hour when Christ was slain. Like the little wheat seed which thousands of years ago received its treasure into itself at the hands of God. That seed has folded that treasure close in its embrace all down the years, in heat or cold, in storm or calm, by day or by night; it is to-day after successive harvests, not barley or oats, but wheat. With like fidelity through all the ages has been, and will be, this love of God always the same, but reproducing itself in successive harvests where human hearts receive it. Love never faileth. When malice and jealousy, pride and lust have burnt out their rapidly wasting stock of fuel, then LOVE,

fair as a morning without clouds and strong as the heart of the Lord, our God, shall stand forth chanting triumphantly the victory of the saved; never to weary or want or die, for God is LOVE. And that this grace should be given to flood your nature and mine! Dear reader, tell me, is not this life? And is not all the other common struggle death?

The trees of life grow in that thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Let us move into that orchard to-day. A perfect abundance of ripe fruit hangs invitingly from the low-bending branches here.

Like the fish to the ocean, like the lamb to the meadow, or like the babe to its mother's arms, let us give ourselves to His LOVE, who first loved us.

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SOME SCRIPTURE SYM-
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"The eye is quicker than the ear. And there is therefore a language of symbols. The multitude will better catch your meaning by one apt symbol than by a thousand words. The mind shrinks from the intellectual effort of grappling with the subtle essence of things, and loves to have truth wrapped up in a form which can easily be taken in by the eye, the ear, the sense of touch."

F. B. MEYER.

"And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, parting asunder like as of fire."—Acts ii:3.

"The church of God is to-day courting the world. Its members are bringing it down to the level of the ungodly. The ball, the theater, nude and lewd arts, social luxuries, with all their loose moralities, are making inroads into the sacred enclosure of the church. As a satisfaction for all this worldliness, Christians are making a great deal of Lent and Easter and Good Friday and church ornamentations. It is the old trick of Satan. The Jewish church struck on that rock, the Roman church was wrecked on it, and the Protestant church is fast reaching the same doom. Our great dangers, as we see them, are assimilation to the world, neglect to the poor, substitution of the form for the fact of godliness, abandonment of discipline, a hireling ministry, an impure Gospel, which, summed up, is a fashionable church."

BISHOP R. S. FOSTER.

"There are orders that go straight to the hearts of men unheard by mortal ears. Some day, under divine orders, the church of Jesus Christ will move out to take the world. Get ready for it." BISHOP C. C. MCCABE.

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SOME SCRIPTURE SYMBOLS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

EITHER because our moral needs are so great or because language is so incompetent, or perhaps on account of both of these, God has chosen to use many symbols with which to illustrate and send home the truths we need to know and cherish. A large share of the differences which exist between people in their beliefs is due to the narrowness of language. The truth may be in your mind and in your heart, but when you come to tell the hidden worth which is in it, what a poor, lame instrument is language. If we would consider this duly, it would help save such a tremendous amount of religious discussion, and it would help produce such a great aggregation of true harmony among Christian people, that the world would much sooner get a deep conviction of a divinity of the Christian religion. Little differences of doctrinal expression, which have no particular significance as to our life and as to our estimate of Jesus, ought at least to be placed in abeyance, in the presence of the awful needs of humanity about us and the eagerness of God's heart to reach a lost world.

In recent years the public schools have been adopting what is called teaching by objects. Children are taught to count with the use of balls and sticks and apples; or the picture of a horse is drawn and the word horse written under it; then the child's attention is called to the picture and to the word, so as to associate the word with the object in his mind. But this has long been heaven's method of teaching us, another proof of the modernness of Biblical methods, for the first Great Teacher has always led the way. The generations are in the distance behind him. Let us hasten into his school.

A symbol is to a truth what the wings are to the bird. Under proper conditions it carries the truth right forth on its journey to the soul. May we see more than we put into words as we study a few of these symbols of the Divine Spirit.

1. *He is revealed in the symbol of fire.* This strange, weird element, so dangerous as an enemy and so necessary as a friend, has been very widely employed by the Lord as a method of getting the truth through our dullness into our souls. He fixed it in flaming words at the gate of Eden, he kindled it in the temple, he caused it to glow on Sinai, he raised it aloft as heaven's finger-board for Israel, and he made it the symbol of the baptism of a Christian. Fire. Fire.

What a separator! The iron and the silver +

and the gold are liberated from the dross when the flames of fire come to emancipate. With a blast of fire, five times as forceful as the most violent of hurricanes, the pig-iron is liberated from the ore; and the silver is poured out and the gold refined by the same mighty agent. So here the agent employed for the separating of the soul from sin is the Holy Spirit, the fire of God. The deep disease of iniquity is so fastened into our beings that it will not be taken out except it be burnt out. The great problem of our lives is involved in our willingness or unwillingness to part with our sins without any compromise; to pass over into the life hidden with Christ in God and let his fire burn the bridges, so that retreat will find no place in all the programme. We are bidden to leave the whole old life behind us and to take the whole new life for our own. Forsake sin. As William Gurnall said when the gloom of the seventeenth century yet hung over the people, "To forsake sin is to leave it without any thought reserved of returning to it again. Every time a man takes a journey from home about business we do not say he hath forsaken his house, because he meant when he went out to come to it again. No, but when we see a man leave his house, carry all his stuff away with him, lock up his doors and take up his abode in another, never to dwell there more, here is a man

who hath indeed forsaken his house." It "were strange to find a drunkard so constant in the exercise of that sin, but sometime you may find him sober, and yet a drunkard he is, as well as if he was then drunk. Every one hath not forsaken his trade that we see now and then in his holiday suits. Then the man forsakes his sin when he throws it from him, and bolts the door upon it with a purpose never to open more to it."

"Out of the world," said Jesus. Those words of his seem to be charged with electric force, when you sever them from all others. What a title for a book they make. How they catch the attention, "Out of the world." Those whom thou hast given me "*out of the world*," "I have chosen *them out of the world*." The drift of affairs in the world of that day was all wrong, because, as we have seen, it was of the self-idea, and how sadly, how hellishly, this same drift moves on to-day. That it moves on is not so deplorable as that it is believed by so many to be the only possible way of living. That belief is so deep in the convictions of the people that the practice of it is a natural result, and the little children are taught it in the schools, in the homes, and, too, betimes at least, in some of the churches. Now we know that the Christian life is another kind of programme, operating under another kind of rules, seeking another class of results, and inspired

by another Spirit. We are sent into the world even as Christ was. When Darius fled before Alexander, he threw his massive crown from his head that he might run the faster, and in this conflict of light with darkness, we, who do believe in God, must throw aside all our own ambitions and plans; for it will take an untrammelled soul for this task.

We have seen attempts to enforce this idea of separation from the world by the use of peculiar forms of dress. It may be better to give us this plan than none, but we must know that there ought to be something in the Christian heart, something in the life, which will appear as a contrast, that sinners may see the difference between the clay in the pit and the rock where the delivered one stands. Let not the fear of man ensnare you. The stamp of genuineness is involved here. If shams are to be plentiful as weeds, let us give this Christian religion the stamp of genuineness, in the presence of the perverse. Separate. Separated by fire. So often we speak of young Isaiah having his lips touched with a live coal from off the altar. Do you not suppose those lips of his were blistered after the live coal touched them? Yes, this fire burns. It will blister, but heaven's blisters are preferable to the world's freezing. The church must be separate from the

world. And it will be so when the Holy Spirit is duly honored.

She can not lay her great undertakings tribute to all kinds of questionable methods of financing, and to the business shrewdness of sinful men who possess gold, without violating her virtue and wrecking her prospects.

She can not undertake to indorse the amusement-loving self-life of the people about her, going into the same methods of killing time and currying self-conceit which the world loves, without grieving the Holy Spirit.

She can not choose the glitter and lose the worth, she can not, either for money with which to perpetuate her great undertakings, or with friendships with which to console her vanity, plead that society demands her compromise, without losing her power and grieving her God.

She can not, through her amusements, fund the treasury for God's poor and attempt through her pleasures to provide the social stimulus which the sinner, amid ten thousand temptations, needs, without betraying the wisdom of her Leader and slandering the Calvary of her Redeemer. Whose heart has not been made sick in these latter days with the terrible travesty of a mixed intoxication of amusement and so-called charity and of a promiscuous jumble of worldliness and religion? I saw not long ago a church arranged for a church-

supper with a fee, where the words of the *wicked rich man* were framed and hung up near one of the tables, "Eat, drink and be merry." And this in Christ's church!

Nor may she withdraw from the world. The iron worker will thrust his hand into the water and then into the molten iron for an instant, without receiving injury. The water has made a case of vapor about the hand for its protection, and the Lord makes a wall of fire about his people for protection. We may not withdraw, saving for that secret communion which girds us. Out, right out into the world's needs will we go, too intent for its salvation to dare adopt any secondary measures or methods, and too sure of the wealth of the things of grace to dare barter with a bankrupt world. The fresh fish lives in the salt water. "Our polity begins in the heavens." We must be cut loose from this world-spirit. The world which knew not Christ when he came among us in the flesh does not know him yet, and John says that this is the very reason it does not know us because it knew not him. And it never will know Christ until it has lost the goaded, competitive, vain, self-assertive spirit. O for a baptism of *Christian* faith.

Fire has a very penetrating quality. Hide it² away as deeply as you may, and if it has fuel⁴ enough and draft enough it will burn to the sur-

face. See it belching out of the crater of the volcano and darting through the tops of the flues of the great factories. Put it under six inches of iron, and the iron will become hot on the surface; put it over on one side of the room, and it will gradually make its way out, until, if you open the door on the other side to enter the building, the waves of heat will meet you there. And I am glad that the fire of the Divine Spirit is ever penetrating and will find its way to the surface. Christianity is not shame-faced. She has committed no crimes, she is guilty of no selfishness. Her record is above all compare, and she does not require to hide away in shame. On the other hand, her characteristic is to do, to give, to dare, to turn the world upside down. No such revolutionary thought was ever cherished in the mind of man as that thought which is the prime factor in the Christian religion—love to God and love to man. This Holy Spirit fire will burn out to the surface.

It will take the cloud off the face. You may not know that your face shines; Moses did not know that his shone. Had he known it, vanity might have stepped in and beclouded it again. Disease, too, may have rendered the skin of your face far otherwise than ruddy, but the Divine kindling will be yours. This fire burns out, to, into the conduct, into the very

movement of life. I have actually seen people move their hands with beautiful grace when a fresh anointing had come upon their hearts. But this effect is far more expressive than in physical expression or physical movement. With this fire burning within us, we shall let people know whether we are servants of God or not. At the close of a meeting some time ago a gentleman came up to me and said, "I can not tell you how interested I was in those few words spoken by my partner. I was delighted. It completely surprised me. We have been partners for twelve years, and this is the first time I ever knew he professed to be a Christian." Now, the man in his testimony had said that he had been some twenty years in the service of the Lord. God forgive. A man who is a Christian should assert it. I hear people say that they are going to live it, but they are not going to tell it. One might as well say that he is going to be dead-alive. You can not be a Christian without telling it. It is a part of the programme to tell it. In this connection the Scriptures mention the organ with which we express it. The mouth, the lips, the tongue; "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation." "My lips shall show forth thy praise;" and when Pentecost came, the symbol was the *tongue* of fire. But people say it is better to live it and not profess it than to profess it and

not live it. But this boat has two oars, the one is "to live it," the other is "to profess it;" if you throw away either oar you row in a circle; with the use of both oars you make your way heavenward. It is painful to find a large company of people gathered together in what is called a Christian testimony meeting when only the smallest percentage appears to have anything to testify. As if there were nothing to say, as if Christ were not on trial, or as if no struggle were pending and no great victory was to be won. I tell you, if the fire of the Divine Spirit gets into the people's hearts it will revolutionize the testimony meetings and we shall not only be ready to speak, but, what is of evidently more import, we shall be faithful witnesses to the Christ, and men shall feel the conviction of our witness.

And this fire of the Divine Spirit will revolutionize our social customs. I think I see the day coming when an afternoon call will no longer mean a few casual remarks about the weather and ordinary things, with a visitor's card added, but when if no other method will successfully lift us out of this insipid, uninviting custom, we shall have Caller's Societies or Leagues or Unions to provide a programme, so that for one month all the callers may converse mainly about the work of the Gospel in Africa, and another month the work of the Gospel in India, and another the in-

fluence of good reading upon the children, etc. Must we hear the plea that the people would not be sufficiently informed to converse intelligently upon the subject of missions? Then they may be informed. The people who are accustomed to pay social calls ought to be informed. Let the fire burn brightly enough in every church service, in the missionary meetings and in the wonderful missionary papers and magazines, and they will be ashamed in this day of privilege and need to ever suggest for one moment a paltry excuse for wasting time by merely "passing the time." This awful lethargy, whether it exhibits itself in the cold testimony meeting or in the system of polite calls, must be substituted with a mighty quickening. Our Christian expressions are too much like the names on the handkerchiefs when they used to print them with old-fashioned indelible ink. They had to pass a hot iron over the printing, so as to bring it out clearly and make it legible. The deep things of the Divine Spirit need to be brought out to-day. The cold refreshing water is at the bottom of the well. One of the richest compliments I have yet heard paid to any man was paid to a minister of Christ who has recently spoken in most of the cities of the central and eastern States. We were seated at the supper table when his work became a subject of comment. One of the company said, "That man +

made me think of Jesus every minute," and her comment was promptly followed by two or three others, who said that they felt the very same while listening to him. That man so specializes the work of the Holy Spirit that he says, "The Holy Spirit's fruit and chief work is to get Christ and the love of God in us for our every-day life." Love burns.

Fire is a unifier. Need, awful need, stalks everywhere about us while perhaps plenty of our strength is expended and certainly enough time occupied, somehow, and too often, I fear, anyhow. But the claim of a divine harmony is wanting. We can not steadily execute because we do not steadily keep step; mob-like rather than army-like. It is as useless as it is faithless for us to say that the harmony can not exist and especially that it can not be perpetuated long, where the peculiarities of many people are to be taken into account. It will cost our great Savior no more taxing of strength to keep a soul true for a minute than for a second, or for a day than for a minute. Do not think of any strain being placed upon the strength of the Lord in keeping us.

"Tell me," said a trembling soul, "how the Lord can keep one spotless every day." The teacher answered, "I carried a vessel full of oil all the way around the city without spilling a

drop of it. How did I do it? I kept my eye on it all the time."

The Almighty God, the everlasting Father, fainteth not, neither is weary. Then he can just as easily keep us for a year, or a century, or a million centuries, as for a second. Indeed, we mortals are not acquainted with time, anyway. When I was a boy the length of time from Christmas to Christmas seemed like a century, now it seems rather like a day. When we awaken in the morning, the night's sleep appears to have been but an instant. Wrapped in conversation, time passes unnoticed. So we do not know time. I can not tell whether the battle is long or short. With the Lord a thousand years are as one day. And it is equally true that God can as easily keep a million souls as one, in perfect accord. George Müller uttered a great philosophy when he was first called of God to build his large orphanage. Said he, "I knew that the Lord could as easily support a thousand orphans through me as three hundred." Yes. He can do it.

Then, too, we show a want of faith in both God and man by our chronic *emphasis* upon reporting things. This religious denomination is of such a size, and it collected so much money. The property of that religious denomination is valued at so such. The converts for the year aggregated so many. The effect of all this would not be so serious were it

not a fact that the habit colors our estimates and casts a sort of hard, mathematical influence about the work until one is led to wonder whether the Lord will not repeat the history of Gideon's army and deplete the numbers. It is nothing new to hear men say to-day that the greatest danger of a religious organization is its vastness. Why? This is not necessarily so. Our Lord is the God of the millions and his resources are infinite. But remember the real work of the Spirit of God can not be read from an annual report. You may report calls, so many, and the distance between them, so many rods, and the length of each call, so many minutes, but you can not report so many yards high, and so many yards wide, and so many yards deep, of fidelity. The thing is unreportable. God weighs where man measures. Man runs into mathematics God holds to dynamics. Let the report be the varnish if you will but let the great, holy, divine principle be the structure.

And that shrewd eye which prides itself in keenly estimating grades of redeemed men, so that it promptly distinguishes between what it pronounces "the upper and the lower classes," is not a safe discernor of the movements of the Holy Spirit in the Kingdom of Heaven. Strife in the church is the same evil monster that it is in the bar-room, only the garb is different. Ten fingers

on two hands obey the will of one person, and a truly surrendered people, even the body of Christ, shall harmonize with the *One Divine Will*.

At a great camp meeting scores of tents were pitched in the grove just out of the city. These and the board cottages accommodated hundreds of people. Many of them cooked their own food during the sacred outing. Meetings were held almost hourly and continued late at night. A heavy rain fell and the bedding had to be carried out of the tents into the sunlight which followed. Many of the people carried fruits and other provisions from the city, necessitating a long walk each trip. Thus the people were kept unusually busy. Their tents were close together and many conveniences were wanting. Yet they lived for a week without a known disagreement. No need of police interference—no violence, no harsh words; but singing, praying, weeping, and buoyant victoriousness prevailed there. Stand off and look upon the scene, and let us consider: If God would give those hundreds and thousands to live so harmoniously for a week why may we not claim the same victory for the multitudes, and years of it, too. Or surely we may claim it in Missionary Societies, in Young Peoples' Societies, in Sunday Schools, in assemblies of preachers and of Christian workers, yea in the church of Christ. Do you say how shall we secure this

blessed unity? Give us the rules. Ah, there is the trouble. We would adopt the rules, we would pay the money, we would fast and read and plan and toil, but we would not meet that crisis which we fear. We dread to open wide the hearing of the soul and let those words search us, "You must either deny self or Christ." That awful crisis moment reveals our cowardice. Faith is heroism. Let us dare to die. Let us be brave enough to give up the ambition to live here a long time, goaded on by a kind of religious hypochondria. Let us count God in, and say, "Thy sweet will is enough." Let us meet the crisis. Satan will say you will die physically, you will be poor, you will defeat all the better possibilities of your character, you will be hidden away, no one will know you, you will be a fool. Let us say, "Granted. I must choose: I will choose the will of God; I die that I may live. Holy Spirit, it is enough."

Come gently, moments of mine. Gladly I greet you, fresh from my Father's hands. My future is not a speculative future. It is all good in the pledge of my Redeemer. Come, then, moments of mine; ye bring me naught but good.

The whole difficulty is the want of that faith which receives the Holy Spirit. This neglect may be largely cultivated through fear of fanaticism or a delicate fondness for moderation, rather

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 into the hands of Him who breathes the breath
 of holy life within us. We can give up to God,
 throwing away the millionaire spirit and assert-
 ing the spirit of deepest want.

There, at the very opposite of this spirit of
 harmony, lies our competition and strife which has
 given rise to that sort of religious mathematics,
 which, like the frost with the feeble meadow
 brook, threatens to freeze solidly the genuinely
 spiritual activities of the organizations it afflicts.
 A living child two feet in height is unspeakably
 preferable to a dead doll—a thing—six feet in
 height. The Lord send us *living* UNITY.

2. *He is revealed to us in the symbol of water.*
 I have before called your attention to Jesus' words
 in the seventh chapter of John, where He em-
 ployed this symbol during the Feast of Taber-
 nacles.

What a beautiful and expressive symbol! See
 it in the iris bend as a wreath about the brow of
 the storm, see it in the soft-tinted veil over the
 rising sun, or the white, fluffy frill about the
 evening star; beautiful in the brook, beautiful in
 the river, beautiful in the sea, the fountain, the
 ice-cake, or the dew-drop.

The Psalmist speaks about the *beauty* of holiness. If we should undertake to represent the graces of the Spirit with the use of human characters, how beautiful we would require to make the faces!

What is more refreshing than the water to the thirsty pilgrim, as he drinks it, or to the dusty traveler, as he bathes in it. The grass, the flowers and the trees wear new forms of beauty and share a new life, after the warm showers have fallen. The dry, adobe plains of the West, are turned into splendid gardens, luxuriant with harvest. What did it? Water. Why that stretch of country yonder, bearing now and then a bunch of grease weed, while here, within a few rods of it, fruits and flowers abound? Water. Water has been brought from yonder mountain lake or stream in the canon, and the refreshing is like the roses on the cheek of health. And when the Divine Spirit is fully entertained in our souls, how refreshing! Human cares lose their drudgery, common duties cease to be irksome, the feverish thirst for something exciting is gone, and the soul loves the philosophy of Jesus' words, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." We do not require the overdrawn plot of the exciting story to rouse up our spirits to the point of endurance. We drink of the water from the hidden rock and

bathe in the fountain of perpetual strength until "the inward man is renewed day by day." Does the reader know the secret of this precious refreshing? Have you gone alone and found a really new revelation of faith or hope or love to your soul? Have you seen that these things which are prime truths to God, devoid of all speculation and dreaminess, were becoming very real to you? You have proven his refreshing in the communion of Christian people and in seeking to help the most helpless. You have proven what the world wonderingly, or may be helplessly, hears, that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Now, for you, through all nature, revelation and providence, the Holy Spirit offers an infinite refreshing. An apple now and then? Yours is the liberty of the whole orchard.

But the water is more than refreshing and beautiful. What a carrier is water. What floating cities find their way from continent to continent, while the old ocean bears their burdens, and it seems as easy for the ocean to carry a steel-clad as to carry a feather. The Divine Spirit within us shall render us burden-bearers. There is plenty to do. The calls are loud enough, the want is vast enough, but the heart to do it, and do it steadily, day in and day out, without wearing down into harshness and complaining, we never

can find, unless the Holy Spirit comes as the water to bear us and our burdens along.

3. *He is revealed to us in the symbol of a dove,* specially used at the time of the baptism of Jesus. The dove has long been held to be the symbol of modesty, gentleness and peace. She will not nestle among the briars or rude surroundings. Her nest is downy and soft. And it is one of the sweet characteristics of the Holy Spirit that he prepares the nest for himself in our souls, with mildness and gentleness for its lining. That sweet subduing is often manifested in tears of tenderness, like the thawing out of winter, preparing for the spring showers to come. Unkind words and unkind looks do not belong to that soul which is the nesting place of the heavenly dove. His gentleness doth make us great. What could be more appropriate than this symbol at the baptism of him "who is meek and lowly in heart." Why, it seems almost superfluous to speak of Jesus as sweet-tempered and gentle! The Holy Spirit will make us like himself. The ruffled soul can not speak even the truth well, because it is to be "spoken in love."

4. *Then there is the symbol of the wind.* This is another of those strange, swift forces so common to this world. Jesus told Nicodemus that we could not tell whence it came or where it went. The little breath of morning air, called the rustle

of the dawn, gathers little breaths to itself, until volume after volume has become harmonized, and then sweeping over the hill tops, it plays with the fields of grain and the tall trees, and the sailing clouds, the wind-mills and the seas, as if it had a limitless sweep and cared not how great the demand. It gets into the sails of the ships and propels them on their course, it gets into the wind-mills and pumps the water for the farm.

✓ This great motive power of the Holy Spirit, wherever cherished, has been signalized as the mighty motive power of God. The heavenly motive power! This power got into the heart of Paul, until day and night he sought a lost world, like a mother seeking a lost child. He preached, he toiled with his own hands, he pleaded, he prayed, he wept; imprisoned, he witnessed for Christ; set free, he journeyed on foot from country to country; caught in a storm at sea, he communed with God and taught the people; cast upon a desert island, he so displayed the presence of God with him, that the natives gathered together provisions and put them on ship-board with him, and when he resumed his journey he feared neither Rome, nor the Romans, nor death. In the mighty sway of the Divine Spirit, he moved through this thankless world to represent the Christ. And he still keeps moving. This mighty force has moved men and women, until

they could not remain surrounded by their comforts and apparent advantages. David Livingstone was entreated not to be so foolish as to bury his great intellect in Africa. William Carey, after drawing rude maps on old pieces of paper and sole leather in his shoe shop, determined to go to India. Count Zinzendorf, the father of Moravian missions, stirred to the depths while looking upon Stenborg's altar piece picture of the crucifixion, under which was written,

"All this I did for thee;
What hast thou done for me?"

threw his fortune out to humanity as an offering of holy love. How this mighty force moved upon the soul of the sainted Frances Ridley Havergal. "Perhaps," she says, "you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, 'Take my life.' I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted but not all rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord give me *all* in this house!' And he just *did*. Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart, one after another, till they finished with, 'Ever, only, *ALL* for thee!'"

We may not belittle the great undertakings of Christian people during the past centuries. We may not forget the toil and endurance of our fathers who opened out these new countries for habitation, but O, no being can tell the need of a mighty motive power in the activities to-day.

Under this mighty inspiration the power of endurance would be ours. We hear very much to-day about the swift activities of the day in which we live, but I question if we have begun to realize the extent of our powers of endurance, when we are harmoniously committed to the Lord's will. We do not wear out with the work as we do with the worry. This constant effort to pump up energy enough to keep us faithful is enough to slay us, but when the Holy Spirit comes, as a mighty motive power, to live within us, then our activities are his activities, and the sweet rest of the busy undertakings increases our capacity as it does our delight.

The money is about us, we have the co-operative congeniality of an open field, the world has become a neighborhood, and no small percentage of the intelligent people of the heathen nations are fond of our civilization. Organizations are wonderfully perfected, and the needs of humanity are recognized as never before in the history of christendom. Yes, indeed, the ships are good ships, the waters are good waters and the course

is a good course; may the Lord send us the propelling power.

The wind is a very cleansing element. It searches the garments hung out in the open air, cleansing away their impurities with its sweetness. Indeed, the wind and the fire and the water are all cleansers, and when God manifested himself to humanity in this latest, supremest way, it was in his plan, and it is still there, to make us a people with clean hearts and clean minds. No stains go so deeply as stains in the character, no washing needs to be so well done as the washing of the soul. The prayer of David was based upon soundest philosophy, "Wash me *thoroughly* from mine iniquity."

5. *The last symbol to which I will call your attention is that of the seal.* You know how the seal is used in city and government offices, in court rooms and business houses. The die bears some picture upon it, chosen by those who own it, and when some document is to be sealed, melted wax is poured over the place and the seal is firmly set down upon the melted wax. The picture on the die is left in the wax, and the property is said to be sealed. The use of the wax was quite common in ancient days. Great writings were inscribed with the use of a stylus in wax, covering the tops of the tables. Here the sealing of the document

is used as a symbol. Now, the Holy Spirit represents the seal, and we represent the wax. You know in the use of wax for sealing purposes it is necessary to have it thoroughly heated, until it is quite soft and yielding, otherwise the wax would break into pieces and no impression would be left. The seal must also be held firmly, so that the impression becomes accurate. Now, here is the illustration; the Holy Spirit is the seal and we are the wax. The government of heaven would claim us, and the order is given for the sealing. Our heavenly Father is more willing to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him, than a father is to give bread unto his children. Dr. A. J. Gordon says that when we come to Christ for pardon we set to our seal that God is true, but when He seals us with the Holy Spirit he asserts that we are true. Have you, dear reader, this double sealing?

As for the firmness of the seal, God will care for that; but as for the plastic condition of the wax, we must see to that. Our wills fully yielding, our affections cheerfully assenting, our whole beings prone in his presence, the Holy Spirit shall produce the impression. And what do you think the picture on the seal is? I think it is the image of Jesus. For "He that saith he loveth Him ought himself also to walk even as He walked," and "This was the

mystery which was hidden from the ages, Christ in you the hope of glory." Again, "If we have borne the image of the earthly we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

And Paul continues, "We are sealed with the Holy Spirit of adoption," and this is *the earnest* of our inheritance; that is, if we are sealed by the Holy Spirit of adoption we have the first portions of the coming possessions, the heavenly wealth. A little piece of heaven, a slice from the big loaf, has been given us here; we have the foretaste. Bear in mind that this foretaste becomes ours through the sealing of the Holy Spirit.

In those days, when a man bought a flock of sheep, the bargain was made and the man who sold them took a piece of wool from a sheep and gave it to the other, just as a man to-day might pay five dollars down to bind the bargain. If a man sold a field in those days, the man who bought it was to get a bag of earth from the field as a token of the bargain. Mr. Haslam gives a very interesting illustration of this in our day. He sold a large elm tree to a deaf man, in England, who promptly paid him a shilling. Placing the amount in Mr. Haslam's hand he shouted, "That is earnest." When he had nodded his assent the deaf man repeated again, "Mind, that is earnest." The price of the tree was ten pounds.

The shilling was not to be returned, but it was part payment. Now, the apostle says the Holy Spirit seals us, and that this is the earnest of our inheritance until the reward of our purchased possession. Everything we ever get in heaven we are going to get here. Love, the love of God, is in heaven, the love of God is in our hearts. Peace, the peace of God, is in heaven, the peace of God is in our hearts. The joy of God is in heaven, the joy of the Lord is our strength. The life of God is in heaven, the life of God is here. Christ is as able to save me before I die as he ever is, and the Holy Spirit is as truly here as he is in heaven. What is this that burns in my heart and comes out in expressions of praise? Why, it is a little piece of heaven. What is this that makes me want to see every one else turn from sin? Why, it is a little piece of heaven. What is this which makes my soul rest calmly in trial? Why, it is a little piece of heaven. "Well," said the visitor to a sick Scotchman, "you have one great comfort, you will soon be in heaven and get out of this poor, afflicted body." The old man looked up and smiled and said, "Heaven! I have been there ten years already." This is paradise regained. The following taken from Rev. Asa Mahan's book, "Out of Darkness Into Light," suggests very happily this kind of a heaven life. He says, "A sister in Christ, whom I knew very

intimately for upwards of fifteen years prior to her death, was when I first saw her so far from Christ that she had merely, as she herself often said, 'a name to live.' She immediately sought and obtained 'the sealing and earnest of the Spirit.' From that time until she was called home, 'her sun did not go down, neither did the moon withdraw itself.' Her own family and all who knew her most intimately testified that they never witnessed in her an un-Christ-like act or utterance. In every circle in which she appeared her single aim was to lead sinners to Christ, or believers 'out of darkness into the marvelous light of God,' and she had 'power with God and man.' At home she was as a farmer's wife, a model housekeeper, and at home and in the community her influence was 'as ointment poured forth.' All who knew her will testify to the strictest accuracy of the above statements. At one time her husband employed as a help in his labors a very bigoted but profane Irish Catholic, who had been taught from infancy that out of the Catholic Church salvation is impossible. His attention was soon arrested, however, by the wondrous serenity and sweetness of that woman's spirit and conversation. At the table he would listen with the intensest interest to her conversation upon the love of Christ and

the beauty of holiness. He would frequently tarry after meals to speak to the woman on the subject. As he had been listening for some time to her conversation one day, he exclaimed with deep earnestness, 'Madame, you will get to heaven before you die.' That is it. A little corner of heaven in your kitchen, another little corner in your workshop, another little corner of heaven in your store, and another little corner in your school room."

Then will not heaven be wonderfully more? Yes, yes. We have the little handful of wool, but there is the whole flock of sheep; we have the little bagful of earth, but there are the great big fields which we could not carry away in five centuries. O, yes, I get as if the little edge of the thumb-nail here, I get the whole Infinite nature forever there. "Now we see as in a glass darkly, then face to face. Now I know in part, then shall I know even as also I am known." Nor is it a rash thing to say that if I am ever going to call Christ all in all in heaven, if I am ever going to be awakened in his likeness to be all in all and always his, I ought to begin to get his very own life within me at once by the power of the Holy Spirit. May he find our hearts so passive that he can stamp the Christ image upon our characters and we shall be sealed. Then by and by the fig-

ure, the symbol, shall not be needed, for we shall be no longer little children in the first grades of the school, but we shall graduate into the holy business of eternity.

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NOT YOUR OWN.

"Every sin suffered to remain in the heart raises a family."
ELIJAH P. BROWN.

"It is a great mistake to ask God to help us to work; we should rather give up ourselves to him that he may use us. Therefore, instead of our asking him to help us, we should understand that he is asking us to help him. The work is not ours, but his; and he is the worker or doer of it. It matters little how unworthy the instrument, the great Lord can accomplish his purpose with it. The weaker the tool, the greater is the glory of him who can produce successful results."

REV. WM. HASLAM.

Ye are not your own. 1 Corinthians vi:19.

"Be sure that at the root of all real experience of more grace, of all true advance in consecration, of all actually increasing conformity to the likeness of Jesus, there must be a deadness to self that proves itself to God and men in our dispositions and habits. It is sadly possible to speak of the death-life and the Spirit-walk, while even the tenderest love can not but see how much there is of self. The death to self has no surer death-mark than a humility which makes itself of no reputation, which empties out itself, and takes the form of a servant. It is possible to speak much and honestly of fellowship with a despised and rejected Jesus, and of bearing his cross, while the meek and lowly, the kind and gentle humility of the Lamb of God is not seen, is scarcely sought. The Lamb of God means two things—meekness and death. Let us seek to receive him in both forms. In him they are inseparable; they must be in us, too."

ANDREW MURRAY.

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WE CAN scarcely be too often reminded of the preciousness of the thought that our Father in Heaven knows all about us. For, if any defects are apparent, he is so able and willing to remedy them. He upbraideth not. And if any commendable conditions exist he will reward and glorify them. We need not fear his searching. It is the searching of love. Only let us be in his hands perfectly passive, that he may search us and try us. What better time than now?

I sometimes say that we need barber-shop consecration. If men would commit themselves to Christ as they do to a barber who shaves them, what marvelous results would follow. See this man in the barber's chair. He dare not talk or laugh or gesture. There he reclines. The barber, perhaps a total stranger to him, proceeds to lather his face, and then with a keen-edged knife drawn near the eyes or over jugular vein, he shaves the man, turning his head as he wishes, catching him by the nose or ears, pinching the skin between his fingers and thumb, until finally he gives him notice to arise and go a clean-faced

pilgrim. And if you would resign yourself so exactly to Christ, how he would clean you up, until the pure soul would shed its light all over the face. This and nothing less than this is our proper position before God. The claim is as gentle as it is righteous, "Ye are not your own."

We are not self-producers of good. These constant supplies of provision and clothing are the outflowings of an infinite heart. It is one of the most rational acts conceivable to "ask the blessing" at the table. In many homes they say "make a beginning" instead of "ask the blessing" or "return thanks." There is really no other rational way to make a beginning at meals than that of acknowledging the Giver and seeking direction concerning that which exerts an influence so wide-reaching and so acute. I asked the bread where it came from, and it said from the flour-bin. I went to the flour-bin and asked it where bread came from. It answered from the mill. I asked the mill. It said from the mow. Then I questioned the mow, and it told me from the field. Then in the cold of winter, when the winds blew and the ice sheeted the earth like armor, I asked of the field where the bread came from, when it replied, God sends the sunshine and the showers, God made the wheat-germ, and in due time you will find the wheat product here waving, golden in the summer sun. God gives the bread.

Go thy way, pray it again: "Give us this day our daily bread." But man toiled for it. Yes, but where did he get the strength and ingenuity for toil? Man does not produce; he gathers, he receives. And as for the clothing, the sheep wear the woolens first, the wild animals the furs, the domesticated animals the shoes, and the fields the cottons, then, by the blessed providential law of need and supply they are raised to the higher uses of *man*: for "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

How prepared they were when we came. What hands received us, what soft garments clothed us, what provision sustained us. We were received as kings' sons into palaces. Born receivers! Why should we contest the original and uninterrupted claim of God our Father. There is a phrase quite commonly used which might be substituted with a much safer one. It is this, "Take God into partnership with you." I have two objections to this expression, either one of which seems to be sufficient reason why a better phrase should be substituted for it. The first objection is this: I never produced anything to deposit upon which I could have a claim as a partner. And the second is this: Since the self-life is so truly *a life*, and as such, so surely assertive; if the Lord and I were really part-

ners, it would not be long before, instead of it being the Lord and I, it would be I and the Lord. No, no, the Lord is *proprietor*. Let us walk right up by faith to the first commandment and plight our loyalty to our God as King and Master.

We are very costly kind of property. Who of us can tell what expenditures are represented in a single soul, centuries before it appears on this earth. Although we might not be able to reckon any of these things as directly involved in our being created, yet their influence can be directly traced in the soul quality or tone of character. Those ancient heroes and heroines who followed God by faith until He spoke in plain terms of peace and assurance to them, they lived for me. Those faithful ones who veered not from the holy way when lions, and fires and dungeons were called into requisition to slay their faith, those teachable sacrificers, who felt the winds of earth blow about their cheeks as they do about mine, and knew in them the symbol of a life of triumph. These all lived for me. No patriarch who went out to sacrifice to God but he did it for me. No prophet told the message of God but he told it for me. No Psalmist sang the praise of God but the melody was for me. And the dear Christ poured out his life a holy, perfect sacrifice for me. Verily, it is as if all the goodness of the past, like millions of con-

verging lines, came to an electric focus at the very center of my vast heart-needs. As to the sin and misery, God has pressed upon us the privilege of the loss of all that any day, and as for the inheritance of grace, it is our wealth now for the asking. Vast vaults filled with loving providence, why should I be born in these days of their outpoured wealth?

Then there is, in our immediate history, that expenditure of care and prayer, of patience and toil, of forgiveness and fidelity, of which father and mother seem inexhaustibly possessed. To come to the plainest terms, how often we wounded their righteous sensibilities, how often she especially went alone and wept over our ingratitude. They reproved us, they apologized for us, they practiced the very insistence of mercy, and out of the fullness of their sweet affection complemented that which needed some kind of a spiritual microscope to detect any merit in it. And those school teachers and tutors! How the heat of their toil dried up the very life-springs as they taught us the very same thing over and over again. They fought ignorance on its own field, while no brass band roused their chivalry with music. They said that our voices were musical. And even this frail compliment roused our conceit until we were again worse ingrates than before. Then some new hardship

again taxed the patient teacher's assistance, and we galloped away like unbroken colts until something broke, perhaps our temper, and we ran away in a fury. So costly! They say to the missionary, "How can you endure those coarse and ignorant peoples and tribes?" The missionary looks at Jesus and says, "How can they endure me?" And so it is. What words of mine yet stay festering, like poisoned daggers, in the hearts of those whom I have wounded. What frowns, what tones of voice, what evident ingratitude, what bitter criticism, have called out the tolerance of a multitude for me alone. So costly!

Nor dare we fail to mention again, though so briefly, the redemption which Jesus provides: Do not imagine that he shrank back from the effort. Do not slander Christ as reluctant. People say that it was wonderful for him to come and suffer and die. Not from his standpoint. Jesus could not be Jesus did he not delight in the sacrificial. When he seemed to hold his life as if some parcel in his hands he said, "I lay down my life of myself; I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." Again he said, "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many." There were incidents connected with this which he would have pass from him, but never the sacrifice, so long as he

bears the title "The Lamb of God." But the cost of our redemption—who can tell it? As the Rev. F. B. Meyer has said, "Every drop of the Saviour's blood was so much coin in the price paid." Earth never can reckon, and heaven's programme contemplates an eternal reckoning upon this theme of themes.

But more. We are very destructive beings. We have battered down walls of defense and dug out channels of destruction. Hopes and joys, faiths and charities, have fallen before us. A man might well turn to Christ and fight against sin during the centuries to come if he might only lessen the total amount of human wrong. Perhaps you repented at the age of thirty and have for some years been in the way of life; but, my friend, there are those who took their first glass of intoxicants or trampled upon virtue first through your influence, yonder in asylums or penitentiaries. There then the seed you sowed is bearing its fruit. They are in death. The pity of it! Christian, what price would you not willingly pay if you could dry up the poisoned stream of events. But there it keeps flowing on a constant testimony to your destructiveness. Ah, if the accounts were balanced so that all that appears of a redeeming nature were placed to our credit, and all that which has been destructive placed upon the debit side of the account, then we are bankrupts.

For see, the self-life, the spirit, the tone of our actions, is as apparent before God as the rumbling of musketry or the sweep of a tornado. In the stillness of the why and the how of life our God is looking. And motives are very heavy commodities in the moral realm. The man who *meant* to break your flowers down is guilty, but the man who came as a friend to visit you and stumbled over them in the dark, he is not guilty. It is the motive that made it. One bad motive outweighs a hundred apparently good outward acts. "It is the bein' of it," said Uncle Tom to Cassey when she would discourage him as he suffered from the severe whipping ordered by Clarence, because he (the hero) refused to whip the other slaves.

Now, what a wonder of grace, when the holy God takes us, the non-producing, costly, destructive beings, to be all his own, saying: "Ye are not your own."

Neither our things nor ourselves are ours. One has come with the hand of mastery to gather up the destructive and put it to divinest uses. Trying to manage ourselves we are like fire let loose. God managing us, we are "cities set on hills whose lights can not be hid." Come, now, let us present ourselves without a question or peradventure to our God.

It is idle to say, I did so years ago. Do so now.

There is more of you to-day than ever before. Make the dedication without wavering and take your hands off of the offering. Let it go to whom it belongs. Be the property of God with the utmost of your will and the completest agreement of your affections. Give up to God. Ah, yes, there is the phrase we hear so often and find so unwelcome: "Give up, give up." Must I give up this habit and that enjoyment, this fondness and that amusement, must I give up? Hear me patiently. I know something of the meaning of that sad cry of the soul, as if every new demand of the Gospel of Christ were a bereavement. I have felt that that pitiable loss was just a step before me. I looked through the windows from the distance and from the outside of the building, and I saw no light, no beauty, within the temple. Yes, I have felt this. They asked me to give up, but could I not be saved without this extreme rule. There was the difficulty, I did not see what it meant to be saved. To be saved. Does that mean to gain heaven and escape ruin? Never. Heaven and hell are involved in the question, but to be saved is to get the *Life*, the *Christ-life*, to know Christ, to love Christ, to live Christ. And to be lost is to live for self. Heaven is thrown in with the life, just as the color comes with the oranges when you buy them. You do not go to the store to buy the beautiful color; you buy the fruit,

the color is thrown in. So here you do not become a Christian to go to heaven. You become a Christian, a Christ-i-an, because Christ charms your soul, then incidentally he says, "Great is your reward in heaven." Heaven is thrown in with the salvation.

They tell us that we do not preach hell-fire as they used to preach it. I reckon that the statement is very pertinent. We are not so much concerned to keep the people out of perdition as we are to get perdition out of the people, and we are not so much concerned to get people into heaven as we are to get heaven into the people. This change of expression in the pulpits is but a placing of the emphasis where it belongs, that is, upon Christ rather than upon destiny. Given a Christly soul, and destiny is demonstrated. Given a man who prays and sings and gives and vows and preaches, but is not Christly—is not Christized, and no conceivable destiny could make a heaven for him. One may be conceived to seek heaven as a miser would seek gold, employing the same avarice and the same eagerness, but we know full well that no streets of gold and no gates of pearl and no songs of praise, literal or figurative, would make a heaven to a soul, without the eternal wealth of the Christ-life pouring into the being. Therefore, beloved, I would not have you give up with

your thought mainly upon saving your soul. But forfeit self, forfeit all, for *Christ*, just for Christ himself. Jesus will charm your soul. Inquire for his beauty, look upon him with the spirit's eyes, study him, yield to him; he will charm you.

When will we learn that to deny self is to indulge ourselves? To be poor in spirit is to inherit the earth. Give up? Yes, give up. The old tree stood straight and high in the forest, the lumberman came along and made it give up the great chips or the sawdust at the trunk, until it fell down with a crash. Then it must give up its limbs to be sawed into logs. Next they passed it through the saw-mill, until it gave up a slab on this side and another on that, and still another and another. Poor thing, it is not half as large as it was when it went into the mill, but it is straighter and smoother and more useful. And now they make it give up more saw-dust until it is of the right size, a timber to be planed. They take it to the planing mill. Here it gives up more shavings than a child can carry away in a basket. And now the carver has it. Chip after chip, coarser and finer, are given up, curves and circles and right lines have been cut, until at last the sand paper is applied and the stick gives up the small dust as a last demand of the skill and art and wis-

dom which fitted it for a pillar in the great temple. By giving up it gained its rank and worth. God wants to beautify us, and he will fulfill it if we will but "give up." He knows what we should do and where we should be, make up your mind to this. The Lord knows how to make the best possible out of you, and the plan is revealed in the Christ-life. Hester Ann Rogers was so intense in her determination to perfectly admit the claim of the Lord upon her life that she retired to her room and cut her hair short and ripped up some of her choice dresses, for she had been so vain about her hair and her dresses. And when she came to that place where she could say Christ is all, go dearest things, great or little, go, give me the Holy Spirit, then the blessed life began to pour into her soul from the highest, and she knew a heavenly charm. She meant it and she received it. Not your own. Not your own.

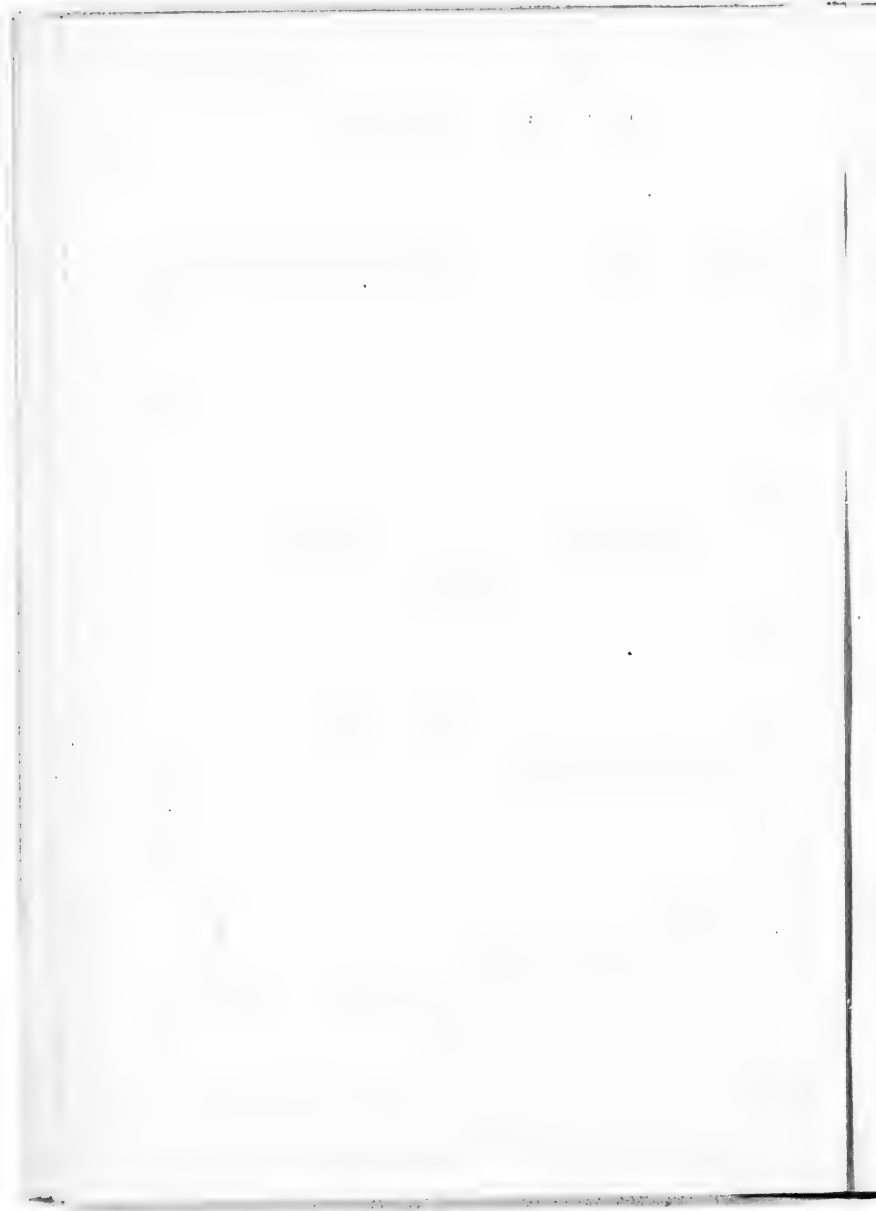
There may be no such question involved in your giving up to Christ, but it may be something more simple than this, rather than something more abstruse. Satan is an economist. He will not use a rod when a green blade of grass or a feather will answer his purpose.

Blessed condition, not my own, not my own
The claim is made, the control is granted.

"All, yes all, I give to Jesus.
It belongs to him."

He hath taken me (not merely my things), he hath taken me, yea he hath hidden me in God, for does he not say, "Your lives are hid with Christ in God." A friend of mine illustrates those words by placing a little text-ticket between the leaves of a small thin Testament and then placing the Testament between the leaves of a great Bible. Then it is hidden away in holy truth.

Are you ready? Soul of uncounted worth, are you ready? Then do not simply say "yes," as Peter said, "Though all men forsake thee yet will not I," but pause and say, Thou Holy Spirit of God, who dost know how much there is to me as a redeemed soul, take an account of all that there is involved in my life, and now, even now, give me grace to bring the last little thing to thee. This I do in Jesus' name. Amen.



RECEIVING THE HOLY
SPIRIT.

"I knew Jesus, and he was very precious to my soul; but I found something in me that would not keep patient and kind. I did what I could to keep it down, but it was there. I besought Jesus to do something for me, and when I gave him my will he came into my heart and cast out all that would not be sweet, all that would not be kind, all that would not be patient, and then he shut the door."

GEORGE FOX.

"Be not drunken with wine, wherein is riot, but be filled with the Spirit."—Ephesians, v: 18.

"The real battle in the Christian life is with self, and there is no place in it in which what Rutherford calls that 'house-devil of self' is more apt to hide away than in the pocket-book."

DR. T. L. CUYLER.

"Now, I think in regard to our being filled with the Spirit, of course it is a gift. The command, 'Be filled,' implies the willingness of God to give the Spirit, so we must begin to anticipate. Why, the hope of it will lift you up. So Charles Wesley wrote:

'It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagle's wings.'

MARGARET BOTTOME.

RECEIVING THE HOLY SPIRIT.

DO I HEAR some one say, "Ah! this is what I want to hear. Tell us how to receive him. The need, I admit it, and "I would rather be full of distress than thus empty." Explain it as thoroughly as you can, giving the ins and outs of this and that truth until I see it clear as the noon-day sun. Then immediately I will act, and I shall be filled with the Holy Spirit."

But there is the difficulty. We want some one to describe the way. Dear soul, he will describe the way for you. Ask him. The details of expression, very dear to one soul, may become the most dangerous snares to another soul. Go to his own word. Do not allow yourself to even hint at such a thing as that you, or any other human being, can be more concerned about finding the fullness of the Holy Spirit than he is about our finding it. Everywhere the admission of the great need is readily expressed, but so often the eager determination of faith to receive is totally wanting.

A very evident reason for this is in the fact that away down in the depths of our beings there

lives a falsehood. We may be slow to admit it, and if we were going to write out a general statement of our convictions and characteristics we would not place the record concerning this falsehood in the list, but under the searching of the Holy Spirit it becomes very evident. Indeed, a little deep, quiet thinking will manifest it to most souls. Even those common, every-day undertakings which belong to our lives reveal that we do not deeply believe in God as the present, perfect God. We do not believe in his love, we do not believe that he cares for us, we do not believe that he is really with us. We can argue with ourselves and say it is so, and his own witness will give force to the argument, but the falsehood asserts itself again. It will not down! Do we not fear to trust him, and do we not actually believe, for instance, that toil is a disaster? O, sad infidelity. Is this the reason why the Holy Spirit is called "the Spirit of Truth," the opposite to the falsehood? When he is cherished in all the depths of the being the falsehood dies out. Fear and doubt and complaining take their flight, and the new truth is cherished in their stead.

Now, the conflict is with that old falsehood. In so far as we cherish the spirit of complete submission to the Holy Ghost we gain victory over the falsehood, but we are to come to that condition where we so abandon ourselves to him that

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the falsehood is turned out of the being, and the very truth of God is firmly settled in the cleansed heart. It is astonishing what new light this will throw upon life's trials. The idea of a man saying that he glories in tribulation! How could it be? Ah, that can never be seen until the falsehood of fear is gone out and in its place lives the Spirit of Truth, working Patience and Experience and Hope through the tribulation.

Resolution will not do this. Many people admire a holy life, but never will admiration bring it. Admiration is not resolution. Resolution is not faith, and faith is not the Holy Spirit. Admiration may lead to resolution, resolution to faith, and faith in turn lay claim to Him. But right there lays the stepping stone to our victory. We are to receive Him.

An easy way of consecration is a false way. If it be simple to-day it will be more abstruse to-morrow. Some, who find the more difficult elements of consecration when they for the first time seek Jesus, seem to enter into the blessed and full reception of the Holy Spirit then and there. But no responsible man or woman can realize that deep and thorough dedication who has not been willing to let the divine One search the soul to its depths. Do not say "I am consecrated fully to God. Such moments of ecstasy as I have could not come to me otherwise." Let the Holy

Spirit search you. Die, die to self. Count no costs. Seek no personal advantages. Let the Cain-life die. The quest for the riches of God monopolizes all other quests. Rich or poor, young or old, loved or hated, let us die.

Is your temper the stumbling-block? Murder, we seek to put away from us as far as possible. If any one should say that a murder had been committed in the next street from our home, and we should learn in an hour that it was done in the avenue by the same name twenty blocks away, we should say, "I am glad it was not right in our neighborhood." This viciousness of temper belongs to the murder-spirit; it is a remainder of the Cain-life. The Holy Spirit will give us not only to have it subdued, but to have it rooted out and cast far, far away from us, the farther the better. Not the temper, but the viciousness. For the temper is to the life what the tension is to the bow or what the tone is to the harp. When the tension is correct the bend of the bow is pleasing, and when the tone is correct the harp will respond to its master, but let the bow be so limp that it will not spring, or so stiff that it will break, and it is a failure; likewise a harp without tone would respond melodiously to the touch of no master. Do not pray to have the temper broken. Give it over to the unfailing Temper-Keeper, whose name is Love.

Beware that your heart is not set upon circumstances instead of Christ. One given to complaining may become cheerful and affable and remain so for months because some one has promised him a trip over the mountains. This promise throws music into that life in less than an hour. But has his motive necessarily been changed? And will this kind of cheer and affability abide the stress of the years? Is it not the joy of self-delight instead of the joy of the Lord?

Thank God, His joy is very apparent in the many young and old people who have left the outing and the comfortable home for sacrificial service in mission fields of the great cities near and distant, and whose pure, rich joy delights in weariness and in enduring the cross for others.

What does it matter to one entirely given over to Christ and living in true fellowship with him, ready to perfect obedience, whether he appears to be in prosperity or not? Suppose he to-day should receive ten thousand dollars as a gift. He knows that he is no richer than before. He knows that in less than an hour he may be required to give it all over for the building of an orphanage or for the carrying of the Gospel to the neediest or for some similar service. Money or lands could not make him richer. There is one kind of riches to him, that which endures and

glorifies, even "the riches of grace in Jesus Christ." The possessions are only the peelings around the new opportunity, and it may be necessary for the Lord to strip off the wrappings so as to get at the opportunity for us, or it may be that we can use it like apples, peelings and all. It matters not which way to such a one, for he knows that neither his joy nor his sorrow comes from these things. He worships the dear will of his God. "I get what I want," said a Christian lady, "because I want my Master's will."

Can you this day step out beyond the last old entanglement and say: "Lord, give me thy will." Can you? Then, hear him say to you, "Be filled with the Spirit." Are you sometimes complimenting yourself upon your respectability or achievements or possessions or health? Abandon them all to the blessed Lord and do not wait to cast a lingering look upon your idols. Said Miss Havergal: "I think this very sense of not having gifts is the best and most useful gift of them all." And Paul: "As having nothing and yet possessing all things." Our very outfit gets into our way. "Let us lay aside every weight."

Pleasing our Father becomes the rapture of the fully consecrated soul. Having the disapproval of others when he knows he pleases God is no more

to him than if a man seeking for ivory in Africa should bring home a ship-load of the treasures and lose a coat-button in the attempt. Come, then, to the great moment which eternity will celebrate, and receive the gift of the Holy Spirit in his fullness

Come as Abraham did. He had become the man of faith. He had believed God when all nature seemed opposed to it. The great promise had been given, but a new test must be applied. He must take his only son Isaac and go at the Lord's command up into the mountain and obey the orders given. See him! O, the struggle. His son follows hesitatingly with him, saying: "Where is the lamb?" He answers: "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for the offering." Go on, Abraham, go to the end of self. How his hand must have trembled as he built that altar, but how much more as he binds his son and places him on it. Will he kill him, will he kill his own boy? And will the Lord allow him to do it? In the Epistle to the Hebrews we read: "He accounted that God was able to raise him from the dead, which also he did, in a figure." The knife is raised above the child. Poor child. Poor father. Nay, they are both receiving new riches. Abraham has gone to the end of self. He has thrust the knife, not into Isaac, but into his own

father-heart. It is enough. God provides the lamb and Abraham goes away glorified.

Have you gone to the end of natural affection? Have you given over your fondnesses and your affinities to Christ? Your filial heart, your mother heart, your father heart and your lover's heart, have you given this over to the King? Jesus meant just what he uttered when he said, "If any man cometh unto me and hateth not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he can not be my disciple." Notice that he says that we are to hate our own lives. We are not to hate them more than we hate others or others more than them. It is the self-life wherever we find it. Deadly opposition to this everywhere will prepare us for the immediate receiving of the Christ-life with which we are called to lovingly drive the self-life out of our fellows. We see now the possible righteousness in that strange saying reported of Mrs. Spurgeon, the mother of the great Charles, "I seek to bring you up to live a life all for the glory of God. If you grow up and dare to run into sin and die unsaved I will go to the judgment and witness against you."

Then we may lose the power of appreciation of our friends? Never. We shall love them as we never did before. We shall sacrifice our own tastes and comforts for them with a delightful

eagerness, and we shall cherish them with that regard which shall live right on in heaven, sweetly in harmony with the love of our King. Let such love as this rule in our souls, and how obediently the appetites and passions will own its sway. Oh, the Christ-love! How it sweetens and elevates and glorifies the family life. The higher life is one of higher affection. The Calvary spirit at the dinner table will make the children extra well behaved,

A young lady asked me one day why she could not enjoy a victorious life in Christ. She gave evidence of many good qualities of character but of one great defect. I noticed it, and said, "Sister, were you ever conquered?" "What do you mean?" said she. "I mean did your mother or father or anyone else ever conquer you, until you gave up to be ruled?" Then she replied, "I think such a thing never really occurred in my life." There was her difficulty. She had never positively hated rebellion. The soul is deep; great soundings must be taken and great depths broken up. Do you fear it? Fear what? The truth?

Love it if hell seems to skirt it, love it, love it. The gentle God help you. Beware of planishing. In straightening out plates of iron which have become bent at the corners, the workmen do this. They begin to pound the iron at a dis-

tance from the edges and then gradual'y come out to the edges, thus effecting a smooth surface. But there is no room for planishing here. This is breaking off, this is giving up. Drop the self-life like a hot iron. It burns with awful fires. Full-shining of the love of God, smite our self-life dead!

Look at Elisha. Word is come that his master Elijah is to be taken away from him. He and Elijah are on their way to the other side of Jordan, where the great scene of Elijah's translation is to occur. The young men from the school of the prophets wait yonder on the hillside, jeering at Elisha. "Knowest thou not that thy master will be taken away from thee to-day?" He answers, "Yes, I know it, hold your peace." The journey is completed and Elisha makes his request that a double portion of Elijah's spirit may rest upon him. The assurance that his request will be answered, if the condition is fulfilled, is given to Elisha. The condition is fulfilled. Elisha has watched him ascending, the mantel has fallen, and Elisha has made his way back to Jordan. Elijah with that mantel divided the waters of the Jordan when they passed over together. Can Elisha divide them now? The test is ready. The boys from the school of the prophet watch to see what he will do. I think I see him step forth

until his feet are close to the waters of the flowing river. I think I hear him say to himself, "These waters will not divide; it is against nature to try to make them divide; see how sullen they look, and what is this mantel, and if I should try to divide them and fail, all the days of my life I shall be taunted by those boys yonder or those whom they tell of my failure. I will have an undying reputation as a fool. No, I can not do it." He waits and wonders, half believing. Behold the soul's battlefield. Who will win? God or the enemy? Elisha waits. And now I hear him say to himself. "Then let me fail, let me be a fool, let those students laugh at me as long as I live, or let me die and let my body fall into this muddy stream." But his vision is rising. The river is almost forgotten, so is the mantel, so are the boys, they are all hidden in the great consecration. He has lifted his eyes unto God, unto God alone. He cries, "Where is the God of Elijah?" and throws the mantel down upon the waters, dividing them right and left, while the boys from the school of the prophets shout down through the valley, "The spirit of Elijah doth rest upon Elisha." See, when Elisha got to the end of the students and the mantel and the water and *Elisha*, and saw God only, his victory came. Oh, soul, make way, make way for the divine, let it rush in. It alone

shall endure throughout all generations. Death of the self-life. This be thy watchword. *

Let us go to that memorable night when there wrestled with Jacob an angel until the break of day. Jacob was a follower of God, he was not a heathen, but he was contentious and sly, he was strife-ridden and given to supplant other people. The angel wrestles with him. The angel here mentioned has by many been thought to be Jesus before his incarnation. Jacob wrestled too. Jacob believes in Jacob. He would indorse the theory we so often hear, "Do the best I can and let the Lord do the rest." Anon the angel touches Jacob on the thigh and puts it out of joint. Jacob's power to brace himself and strive in the struggle is gone. What can he do but hold on to the angel. Then the angel cries, "Let me go, for the day breaketh;" and Jacob, no longer capable of wrestling,

*Note the steps up which the Lord led Moses.

Ex. 3: 4. (The Lord) "Moses, Moses."

Ex. 3: 4. (Moses) "Here am I."

Ex. 3: 10. (The Lord) "I will send thee."

Ex. 3: 11. (Moses) "Who am I?"

Ex. 3: 14. (The Lord) "Thus shall ye say, I am hath sent me."

Ex. 4: 1. (Moses) "They will not believe me."

Ex. 4: 8. (The Lord) "They will believe."

Ex. 4: 10. (Moses) "O Lord, I am not eloquent."

Ex. 4: 12. (The Lord) "I will be with thy mouth."

Ex. 4: 13. (Moses) "Send, I pray thee, by the hand of whom thou wilt."

Ex. 4: 14. (The Lord) "Is there not Aaron?"

Ex. 4: 30. (Moses) "And Aaron spake the words."

Ex. 6: 29. (The Lord) "Speak thou unto Pharaoh."

Ex. 6: 30. (Moses) "Behold I am of uncircumcised lips."

Ex. 7: 1. (The Lord) "See I have made thee a god unto Pharaoh."

(Moses) "Works miracles."

Ex. 13: 21. "And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; that they might go by day and by night."

holds with his plea for a blessing until it is said, "Thou shalt no more be called Jacob (meaning a supplanter), but thou shalt be called Israel, for as a prince hast thou had power with God and prevailed." His victory came when incapable of wrestling, he could only hold on and act.

Come, let us be princes. Not doing the best we can and then asking God to supplement it, but let us die unto all effort, and then the strength of God shall work through us, our own victories, and the victories of the kingdom.

When Paul had received those great revelations in the upper heavens it was necessary for him to be preserved from any assertion of self. He says, "Lest I should be exalted above measure there was given to me a thorn in the flesh," and after beseeching the Lord three times for its removal, you remember the answer, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Testifying to our own leanness does not imply humility. It may rather imply sloth and the taking of the name of the Lord in vain. We may confess our sinfulness and honor our Saviour best by witnessing to the victory we actually prove hour by hour. Personal pessimism is wicked doubt. Yet we are weakness. Let us admit it, let us believe it, and, in fullest consciousness of whatever it may imply, let us receive God and his strength. Paul did not hesitate to admit

that he was nothing. Men will tell you that you will become limp and aimless and ambitionless if you undertake so to abandon yourself to God; but is Divine love limp, is Calvary aimless, is the Christ-life without energy, is God dead?

The legend says that when Mahmud captured the Hindu temple of Somnath he found there a great idol. Approaching it he smote the hollow thing with his battle axe, when, forthwith it split and showered forth a profusion of costly jewels and gold. By destroying the idol, Mahmud secured the treasure. And by abandoning our wishes and preferences, yea, ourselves, unto God, we find the wealth of the energy of the life of the Holy One. Smite the idol, the dearest idol, and be filled with the Spirit to-day.

To the Ephesians Paul says, "Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit" (Eph. v: 18), and on the very same page of his Epistle he tells husbands to love their wives, and wives to be true to their husbands, and children to obey their parents; hence it is just as important and just as binding upon us to be filled with the Holy Spirit as it is for us to be true in our family relationships. The figure Paul uses here is a very expressive one. We will not get the best results by having in our minds the picture of a receptacle being filled with some kind of commodity, as for instance, a pail being filled

with water or a basket with fruit. We must go beyond this. Luke says, "All in the synagogue were *filled* with wrath." (Luke iv: 28.) Also, "Behold a man *full* of leprosy." (Luke v: 12.) Now, a man *full* of wrath has every secret spring of his soul's action touched and moved by wrath, and a man *full* of leprosy is permeated with the disease. So here, a man full of the Spirit has every secret spring of his soul's action touched and moved by the Spirit and he is permeated with the Spirit. It is life to life and Spirit to spirit.

While the tense of the verb used in this text would make the verb read "Be ye filling with the Spirit," that in Acts ii: 4 literally reads "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost," and that in Acts xi: 24 literally reads "He was * * * full of the Holy Ghost." So we have three tenses of the verb, giving us a fullness, realized definitely as an incident in the past, a present fullness, and a continuous filling—filled, full, and filling. A moment's reflection will suggest space for growth and for the impartation of help for others through us, for which the Holy One provides, through this three-fold expression of the word "fill." Start anywhere on this thought and run out upon any one of its direct lines and you find it literally paved with opportunity. Again, being filled with the Spirit is expressively placed over against being drunk with

wine. A man who is drunk does not live his own life; his thoughts are wine thoughts, his gait is a wine gait, his words are wine words, so the man who is filled with the Spirit does not live his own life, his thoughts are to be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, his words are pure words, he lives in the Spirit, and he walks in the Spirit. This is the way out of the Cain-life; we die with Christ that we may live with him. What a beautiful life must follow

Limitless territory awaits us. The Infinite One hath placed himself at our disposal, he hath filled us with himself, we have received the promise of the Father, by faith the gift is ours.

Now is the work done, is this all? No, we are to share the glory of the King in his beauty and our bodies are to be made like unto his own, we are to come where we have perfect liberty. Citizens of heaven! Tearless, stainless, sinless heaven! There no tempter could ever suggest the wish for sinning. And here and now, while we breathe through this weak clay in which we live, all the universe is filled with opportunity and advantage for us in Christ. The full heart should become larger and the large heart should grow during the centuries to receive more and more of the teaching, the leading and the power, to the glory of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

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"All like-minded, compassionate, loving as
brethren, tender-hearted, humble-minded; not
rendering evil for evil, or reviling for revil-
ing; but contrariwise, blessing." (I Peter iii:
8, 9.) "I venerate Christ in the slave who
cleans my sandals," said the benevolent Paulinus.

We have left Cain in the distance. Look not
back upon him. Manhood is to be found in the
very opposite direction, where stands the Christ,
"the Way, the Truth and THE LIFE."

